

# HISTORY OF NEW MEXICO

BY

GASPAR PÉREZ DE VILLAGRÁ  
ALCALÁ, 1610

TRANSLATED BY

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INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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## FOREWORD

AMERICAN historians were prone to neglect the use of historical ballads, regarding them more for their poetical worth than as source material for investigation. For this reason the work of Villagr  was not regarded seriously until recent years, and even now the mention of our author as a historian is sometimes met with a questioning smile. Yet Villagr 's *Historia de la Nueva Mexico*, published a decade before the landing of the Pilgrims and fourteen years ere Captain John Smith's *Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles* appeared, may claim the distinction of being the first published history of any American commonwealth.

According to the most trustworthy information available, Gaspar P rez de Villagr , or Villagran, son of Hern n P rez de Villagr , was born in Puebla de los Angeles in the year 1555.<sup>1</sup> We gather from L pez de

<sup>1</sup> In the *Proceso contra los yndios de Acoma*, following Villagr 's testimony, February 11, 1599, his age is given as forty-four years, hence the date of his birth according to this was 1555. This is verified by the "edad 55 anos" in the border of the portrait (see frontispiece), doubtless engraved in 1610, the year of publication of the *Historia*. Other references to Villagr 's age hardly seem to be worthy of serious consideration. In the certification of Vicente de Zaldivar (Appendix F), dated Mexico, August 25, 1604, Villagr 's age is given as "fifty-three years, more or less"; in a declaration by Nicol s de Zepeda, dated Seville, May 10, 1610, but perhaps referring to the preceding year, Villagr  is accredited with fifty years (Appendix R); and in the official list of the soldiers who accompanied O ate to New Mexico in 1598 (Hammond, *Juan de O ate and the Founding of New Mexico*, 187 ff., Santa Fe, 1927) the age is recorded as thirty years, which is certainly an error, as he must have been forty-three at that time. Luis Gonz lez Obreg n (Introduction to the Villagr  reprint, Mexico, 1900, p. v) conjectured that he was born be-

Haro that Villagr  was descended from the illustrious house of the P rez of Villagr , a town in the province of Campos. The P rez family had included several valiant captains, among them Don Francisco de Villagr , noted in connection with the warfare against the Araucanians in Chile, an event to which Villagr  alludes in his *Historia*. Villagr  was graduated with the degree of bachelor of letters from the University of Salamanca, but the date of his departure for New Spain does not seem to have been recorded, although Mr. Wagner believed that this occurred about 1580. Villagr  mentions in Canto 20, however, that he was "about the court" of Philip II for seven years, which was prior to 1595, in which year, it is assumed, he first became associated with Don Juan de O ate at the inception of his northern enterprise.

At the time of his enlistment under the banner of O ate for the conquest and colonization of New Mexico, as revealed by the muster roll of 1598, Villagr  was referred to as of medium stature and gray-bearded. In 1604 Vicente de Zald var described him as of small stature, heavy-set and well formed; his heavy beard had become gray; he was bald, and two deep furrows seamed his brow. In 1609 or 1610 he was described as well-built, gray-haired tinged with red. His visage at this time, if one may judge by the portrait in the *Historia*, which presumably met the approval of the author, seems to reflect the seasoned warrior who, according to the spirit of the time, could with gusto cut the throat of a defenseless deserter and leave him lying in the trail, as our author himself relates.

In appraising the historical value of Villagr 's work, the fact should not be overlooked that it had long been

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tween the years 1551 and 1555, and Henry R. Wagner (*The Spanish Southwest*, Berkeley, 1924, p. 95) gathered that the year of his birth was about 1561.

the custom in Spain to record the exploits of Spanish arms in the form of poems, as witness the classic *La Araucana* (1569-1590) of Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga, who recounted in verse the wars against the unconquerable Indians of southern Chile, in which he himself participated during a period of seven years. And there were many more of similar tenor, only relatively few of which have been published. But unlike *La Araucana*, which has been characterized as one of the most celebrated of Spanish epics and one of the best written in any language, Villagrà's *Historia de la Nueva Mexico*, while of extreme value to the student of the colonization of New Mexico by Oñate, and especially of the tragedy of Ácoma, cannot be regarded as of poetical merit.

The first criticism of the *Historia* was by the censor, Professor Espinel, written at Madrid in 1609, the year before its publication (see Appendix A). We shall again refer to this.

Bancroft (*History of Arizona and New Mexico*, San Francisco, 1889, p. 115) refers to Luis Cabrera de Córdoba's *Historia de Felipe II* (Madrid, 1619) which gives "a brief account of the conquest, in which he follows Villagrà." He adds: "This is the only instance known to me in which Villagrà's work has been consulted. The extract on New Mexico is translated in Ternaux-Compans, *Voyages*, ser. I, tome x, pp. 429-50."

In stating that Cabrera de Córdoba was the only writer to consult Villagrà, Bancroft of course referred to early authors, for he takes to himself the credit of utilizing it "practically for the first time . . . I say practically, because in the long interval between the writing and final revision of this chapter, a Spanish investigator [Cesàreo Fernández Duro] has given to the public a résumé of the book referred to, and another in America [Bandelier] has made known his acquaintance with the

volumes containing the confirmatory documents." In a note Bancroft adds, "My surprise in this matter has been for 10 years that the . . . and the work of Villagr  have not been utilized by historical students." From this it is evident that Bancroft did not regard Fern ndez Duro as one of the historical elect, notwithstanding the importance and usefulness of his *Don Diego de Pe alosa y su Descubrimiento del Reino de Quivira, Informe Presentado a la Real Academia de la Historia*, published at Madrid in 1882, seven years before Bancroft's *History of Arizona and New Mexico* appeared. It is in this work by Fern ndez Duro that the comment on and extended summary of Villagr 's *Historia* appears (pages 148-160).

From Bancroft's statement it must not be supposed that Bandelier made reference to Villagr  in his *Historical Introduction to Studies among the Sedentary Indians of New Mexico*, dated September 19, 1880, and published under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America at Boston in the following year. Indeed it is possible that Bandelier did not know of Villagr 's *Historia* until he visited Mexico in February, 1881, when he would have had an opportunity of consulting it in the Ram rez Collection now in the Museo Nacional. It was there, no doubt, that he transcribed the work by hand, a copy that he had occasion to refer to many times in his later studies and which is now in the Hemenway Collection of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University. Bandelier made a second manuscript copy which he presented to Thomas B. Catron of Santa Fe, according to Twitchell (*Leading Facts*, I, 302, Cedar Rapids, 1911), who regarded it as "a beautiful specimen of Bandelier's work with pen and brush."

Bandelier commended the high value of Villagr 's work as an historical source. In 1892, for example, he wrote:

"The book contains very heavy, nay clumsy, poetry. Still it is exceedingly valuable. Villagran was an execrable poet, but a reliable historian so far as he saw and took part in the events himself. His narration of the tragedy at Ácoma and of the recapture of the pueblo is too Homeric altogether; but in this he followed the style of the period." (*Documentary History of the Zuñi Tribe*, p. 82, 1898, but written several years earlier.)

In another paper, written nearly two decades later than the one last cited, Bandelier again comments on Villagr  in the following terms:

"One of O ate's officers, however, Captain Gaspar P rez de Villagr , or Villagran, published in 1610 a *Historia de la Nueva Mexico* in verse. As an eye-witness of the events he describes, Villagran has the merits and defects of all such authors, and the fact that he wrote in rhyme called poetry does not enhance the historical merit of his book. Nevertheless we find in it many data regarding the Pueblos not elsewhere recorded, and study of the book is very necessary. We must allow for the temptation to indulge in so-called poetical license, although Villagran employs less of it than most Spanish chroniclers of the period that wrote in verse. The use of such form and style of writing was regarded in Spain as an accomplishment at the time, and not many attempted it, which is just as well. Some of the details and descriptions of actions and events by Villagran have been impeached as improbable; but even if such were the case, they would not detract from the merits of his book as an attempt at an honest and sincere narration and a reasonably faithful description." ("Documentary History of the Rio Grande Pueblos of New Mexico," *Papers of the School of American Archaeology*, No. 13, Santa Fe, 1910; continued in *New Mexico Historical Review*, Santa Fe, IV, no. 4, Oct. 1929; V, no. 4, Oct. 1930.)

Following Fernández Duro the next student to utilize Villagr  was Dr. John Gilmary Shea, whose excellent and generally appreciative article on "The First Epic of Our Country, by the Poet Conquistador of New Mexico, Captain Gaspar de Villagr ," appeared in the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*, New York, April, 1887, and therefore was published two years prior to Bancroft's *Arizona and New Mexico*. That the latter was unaware of Dr. Shea's article is quite evident. This writer's appraisal of the *Historia* is so comprehensive that it may be well to quote him at length:

"We cannot claim for it brilliant invention, rich poetical description, or ingenious fancy; for one of the censors of the work, Master Espinel, while admitting the correctness of the rhythm, yet, with almost brutal frankness, tells the plain, unvarnished truth on this score. . . .

"But though the censor thus cruelly disappoints us at the outset, the nine odes and sonnets to the author and to the commander of the expedition, . . . show more poetical invention and richness; even Espinel there pays compliments in verse which he avoids in prose, extolling alike the prowess and the poetry of our Captain. . . .

"If then, we cannot claim for Villagr 's poem a rank among the classics, it is nevertheless worth study as a poem written here at such an early period on events in which the author took part. It is devoted entirely to an American theme. This would in itself be enough to invest Villagr 's poem with interest to any one given to literary research. But as an historical work it possesses remarkable value. The harmonious prose of some writers—like Froude, for example—treats historical facts with greater poetical license than Villagr  allowed himself; and while the muse of Froude prompts him to garble documents to ensure poetic effect, our Spanish poet breaks

off at times to give us an important document in solid prose. He does not make any sacrifices to the exigency of verse, and apparently suppresses no name. . . .

"Villagr  s poem is all the more important as an historical document, because it is the only one that covers the whole career of Don Juan de O  ate from the first project of the conquest of New Mexico down to the revolt of the pueblo of   coma, and the final reduction and destruction of that city on the beetling crag. . . .

"Any one who has read the accounts of the conquest of New Mexico, by O  ate, either in works especially devoted to that territory, like those of Davis or Prince, or works in which the subject is treated incidentally, must have seen that these writers flounder in a most extraordinary manner as to the very date of O  ate's expedition, and betray complete ignorance as to its earlier stages. They leave you in a delightful mist of uncertainty whether the Spanish commander set out in 1591, or in some year between that and the last year of the century. Yet here was a work in print, not one of highest rarity, written by one of the very conquistadors [*sic*] of New Mexico, an officer who served in the expedition and proved himself a gallant man at arms—a work in which he gives, with exact particularity, dates of events, names of officers, priests, and soldiers, names of Indian chiefs and places, till the verse reminds one of the second book of the 'Iliad' or passages in Shakespeare's historical plays. It may not be poetry, but we may thank the poet for his poem."

Returning now to Bancroft (*op. cit.*, pp. 112–115), let us quote his comments on Villagr  :

"The veritable authority for the events presented in this chapter ['O  ate's Conquest of New Mexico. 1595–1598'] is to be found in the shape of an epic poem, written by Captain Gaspar de Villagr  , one of O  ate's

companion conquistadores, and published only eleven years after the occurrence of the events narrated. This work, though by no means unknown to bibliographers, is very rare; and its historic value seems to have been concealed from the public until 1883 [Duro's work was published in 1882]. When I had occasion to consult its pages in 1877, I did so with an idea that it might furnish material for a brief note as a literary curiosity; but I found it a most complete narrative, very little if at all the less useful by being in verse. The subject is well enough adapted to epic narration, and in the generally smooth-flowing endecasyllabic lines of Villagr  loses nothing of its intrinsic fascination. Occasionally the author quits the realm of poesy to give us a document in plain prose; and while enthusiastic in praise of his leader and his companions, our New Mexico Homer is modest in recounting his own exploits. Of all the territories of America—or of the world, so far as my knowledge goes—New Mexico alone may point to a poem as the original authority for its early annals. Not less remarkable is the historic accuracy of the muse in this production, or the long concealment of the book from the eyes of students."

In more recent years various other writers in Southwestern history have adjudged the value of Villagr 's work. Luis Gonz lez Obreg n, in his Introduction to the Villagr  reprint of 1900, states that "of Villagr  may be repeated what is said of the author of *El Peregrino Indiano*, D. Antonio de Saavedra y Guzm n, that he was a poet-chronicler, but more of a chronicler than a poet." He adds that Villagr 's poem "is a history in rhyme, interesting because of the dates and facts which he gives. It would have been more interesting if, instead of writing in verse, he had written in prose. Unfettered by rhyme, this principal actor and eyewitness of the events he relates might have rendered an invaluable service had



he written in prose as did Cortés and Bernal Díaz del Castillo, . . . authors who also wielded the sword and the pen."

Professor H. E. Bolton, in his *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest* (New York, 1916, pp. 209-210), thus expresses his view:

"This work, while written in verse, is in reality an important source based upon the author's personal experiences and documentary data. The account is especially important for the preparation of the expedition and the march to New Mexico, and for the revolt and the punishment of Ácoma. Incorporated in it are several official documents, some of which are not elsewhere available."

Finally we have the comments of Mr. Henry R. Wagner, who, in *The Spanish Southwest, 1542-1794* (Berkeley, 1924, p. 95), after giving the necessary bibliographic and biographical information concerning the *Historia* and its author, notes:

"Notwithstanding the fact that the book contains a history of the conquest of New Mexico written by one of the actual participants, it has remained untranslated into English up to the present, although frequently referred to by Spanish writers of later years, who generally took it as a standard authority on the subject."

The *Historia* was reprinted by the Museo Nacional at the City of Mexico in 1900, under the editorship and with an Introduction by that eminent scholar Sr. Luis González Obregón, who mentions that the editor of the collection of *Libros raros ó curiosos que tratan de América* (Madrid, 1892) announced a complete reprint of the work, which however did not appear. The Museo Nacional reprint consists of two volumes, the text of the first of which is devoted to Villagrà's *Historia*, while the first part (pages 1-89) of the second volume includes "Documentos relativos á Gaspar de Villagrà compilados por el

Lic. D. José Fernando Ramírez." The more important of the latter appear in translation as appendices to the present work.

That Villagr  was a man of exceptional ability and great influence who had the full confidence of O ate is evident from what is revealed by the *Historia*, albeit in a very modest way, and from contemporary chronicles. When on July 23, 1596, O ate was organizing his force at the mines of Avi o in Durango preparatory to its departure for New Mexico, the general, in response to a petition by his officers and men, appointed Villagr  procurador general of the expedition, "he being a person of character and qualified for said post," with instructions to remain in Mexico under penalty of a fine of six thousand ducats to be forfeited for the use of the expedition should he decline. On the same day O ate commissioned him a captain and appointed him a member of the council of war. Notwithstanding the importance and responsibilities of the position, Villagr  was heartbroken at the prospect of not taking a more active part in the expedition, for, if subsequent events proved anything, it was that he was bent on adventure, if not profit; besides he had impoverished himself by investing everything in the enterprise. Villagr  at first remonstrated, but was sternly told of his duty, whereupon he accepted the appointment and generously tendered to O ate his entire equipment for the use of the army. Perhaps to soothe Villagr 's wounded feelings the general gave him authority to go to New Mexico on the second or the third journey, when he should recruit his men; but however it came about, Villagr  was a member of the first expedition. Had O ate been less generous, there is every likelihood that Villagr 's *Historia* would never have been written.

The honors conferred on Villagr  were not alone military, for in March, 1598, two months after the army

was finally on the road, he was appointed juez asesor by Fray Alonso Martínez, the apostolic commissary, thereby becoming the assistant of the missionary head "in matters purely ecclesiastic as well as in mixed matters which pertain to my tribunal."

The high regard in which Villagr  was held by O ate is recounted in a letter written at the pueblo of Santo Domingo, March 10, 1599, a short time after the  coma battle. In this the general reviews the important services rendered by his procurador general, many of which our author does not mention or refers to lightly. He was credited with many trips from the valley of San Bartolom  and the mines of Caxco to Mexico, Zacatecas, and other parts which enabled the army to set forth sooner than otherwise would have been possible; he returned, while the army was on its journey, to escort the missionaries as far as the Rio San Pedro, saving them from starvation. With Vicente de Zald var and six others he discovered the pass, after great suffering, by which the expedition reached the Rio Grande, and when the river was reached he found a ford in the swift and mighty stream, risking great danger in doing so; yet Villagr  wrote that he was selected as a member of the party "more to fill the required number than to add strength to this noble band." On the same journey, while Zald var and Villagr  were spying on some Indians at night, the two were captured by seven of the natives, and Villagr  frankly admits that "never did any mortal experience such fright and terror as we endured during that brief fight." O ate states that Villagr  was with him on the trip to the various pueblos of New Mexico, assisting in securing their submission and explaining to the natives the advantages that would accrue to them; and he was with Zald var on his journey to the salt lakes. It was prob-

ably later that he became factor of the Real Hacienda in New Mexico.

Not long after the establishment of the colony, with its capital at San Juan pueblo, Villagrá and Márquez were sent with a party to pursue and punish four deserters who had stolen a large number of horses, and a fortnight later two of them were captured and executed. In November Villagrá returned to New Mexico, and finding Oñate absent on a tour to the western pueblos, essayed to overtake him. Trailed by Ácoma Indians, the captain and his horse went into a pitfall, the horse being killed. Snow was falling and it was bitter cold, but Villagrá set out afoot, without horse or weapons, and to deceive possible pursuers he put on his shoes hind-parts foremost, according to his statement. For several days he thus groped, until, more dead than alive, he was rescued at Inscription Rock by three soldiers who had been sent out to round up horses scattered by the storm.

After the killing of Juan de Zaldívar at Ácoma in December, 1598, his brother Vicente, chosen to avenge the death, selected Villagrá as a member of the punitive expedition, "in order," says Villagrá, "that in such noble company I might learn the art of war which I so greatly lacked." Villagrá was sent by way of Sia to procure provisions for the force. As a part of his plan Zaldívar led a party of eleven, among whom was Villagrá, who wrote that the list included "one unworthy name, myself." These scaled the mesa when the attention of the Ácomans was diverted to another part, and remained there through the night.

There is no reason to doubt the poet's account of the bloody battle of the Ácoma peñol or the gallant part he played therein, although related with becoming modesty. The first scaling party had reached the summit at a point where it was cut off from the others by two deep crevasses

which divide the top. A beam was prepared during the night for the purpose of bridging the gap and was taken to the summit in the morning. But the Indians had prepared for such an emergency by stationing a number of warriors, hidden from view, ready to overcome their foe should they attempt to cross to the principal mesa. Meanwhile the main body of the Spaniards ascended the cliff, finding the pueblo apparently deserted; whereon thirteen men crossed the gorge by means of the beam and occupied the other side. The Indians now rushed from their hiding place and attacked the small party which had crossed, causing their position to be precarious. Help could not be given them because they had the beam. Villagr , hero of the moment, now threw aside his shield and prepared to leap across the first great fissure, to the consternation of his companions who feared that he would be dashed to pieces. But he succeeded; then he placed the beam over the gorge he had leaped across and others were enabled to succor the few who were in such grave peril. A few days after the battle Fray Crist bal de Salazar addressed Villagr  as "Governor of  coma."

Throughout his epic the author not only belittled the part he personally took in the entire venture, but realized his own weakness as an author, referring to his ignorance by stating that "I have undertaken to write of their deeds in my rough, unpolished manner," and asking that his many shortcomings be charitably overlooked. No critic of the *Historia* has been more severe than Villagr  himself.

The reader may well question the flamboyant speeches attributed to the  comans before and during the battle, which Villagr  has clothed in verbiage conveying concepts entirely foreign to the culture of these simple folk; but the author was schooled in the classics, and if he overstepped the mark of literal truth, his pedantry does not

mar the historical value of his narration. Villagr  twice mentions his desire to write a second part and thus to finish the story, but so far as known this was never done, consequently, more's the pity, the *Historia* closes with the fall of  coma.

That O ate's confidence in Villagr  was increased after the battle of  coma is shown by his appointment to command the party dispatched to Mexico in March, 1599, to report the wealth of New Mexico in both spiritual and material things and to request more soldiers. Under him were Captains Farf n and Juan Pi ero, but on reaching New Spain he was to be subordinate to Juan Guerra de Resa, whom O ate had named lieutenant governor and captain general for this second expedition—the gentleman who rendered such important pecuniary aid to O ate before the northward journey was begun. By September Villagr  was engaged in enlisting the new recruits, but it was not until August, 1600, that the reinforcements were assembled at Santa B rbara, although a small party was sent forward in June in response to an urgent request from O ate for food and cattle. On September 5th the start was made, the expedition, under the command of Villagr , consisting of eleven captains (of whom three were in charge of companies), eight ensigns, five sergeants, and forty-eight soldiers. The relief force reached San Gabriel, the new capital at the junction of the Rio Grande and the Rio Chama, opposite San Juan de los Caballeros, on Christmas eve, nearly a year and ten months after O ate had presented his request.

Of Villagr 's activities from the beginning of 1601 until 1603 we have no knowledge. However, by virtue of the power conferred on the general by the king, O ate, at San Gabriel, declared Villagr  an *hijodalgo de solar* under date of October 1, 1603, thereby granting him "those liberties and privileges, exemptions and immuni-

ties, by which hijodalgos de solar are recognized and held, fully and to all effects, in favor of yourself, your sons, descendants, and successors."

Probably not long afterward Villagr  returned to Mexico and was given charge of the alcald a mayor of Guanacev  in the present Durango and the title of Captain of the Tepehuanes. In 1605 he appeared before the Real Audiencia of Guadalajara to have an official information drawn up regarding his services.

It is not known when Villagr  returned to Spain, but in testimony given at Seville, May 10, 1610, he was declared to have served in a fleet which sailed to Mexico in 1608 and returned in 1609, the year in which he wrote, or at least finished, the *Historia*. In this certification it is stated that he enlisted as a soldier and served with the expedition from June 8, 1609 (an error for 1608), "until the 7th day of September of the next," and was discharged at San L car de Barrameda. It is further declared that Villagr  served in place of Antonio Ro, a soldier, who deserted the fleet in New Spain in September, 1608.

That Villagr  was still in Spain four years later is revealed by a petition dated July 8, 1613, in which he stated that he served in New Spain in the expedition in which Don Lope D az de Almendariz was general, and asked that he be received in the service of the king "in view of the services he has rendered on the occasions presented," and that as these had been criticized and belittled, he desired to return to New Spain under free passage and with a "poor ration" in an expedition about to leave, that he may be received and given lands in accordance with his person and deserts, calling attention to his service for his majesty to the extent of many thousands of ducats "gratuitously loaned."

The criticism to which Villagr  alludes was no doubt

an outgrowth of the charges made against Oñate and some of his followers as early as 1607, but which did not reach their climax until five years later. These called forth from Villagr  a *Justificacion* of charges that had been made, according to the statement, by some disaffected soldiers in relation to the killing of some Indians after the capture of  coma, and therein mentioning that on order of O ate, he himself had taken to Mexico sixty or seventy young captive  coma girls who were delivered to the viceroy and distributed among the convents, and also that he had been accused of leniency because he only cut off the hands of some deserters. This document, consisting of five and six unnumbered leaves respectively, was twice printed at Madrid, probably in 1612, as noted and summarized by Wagner in *The Spanish Southwest*.

It is apparent that Villagr 's petition of 1613 was at least partly for the purpose of enabling him to answer the charges that had been preferred for crimes or misdemeanors during the colonization of New Mexico. The charges against Villagr  were: that having pursued and overtaken the deserters from the colony, he beheaded two of them, Manuel Portugu s and Juan Gonz lez, without trial and without giving them time to confess, and letting the other two go "for various reasons"; and that he wrote a letter to the viceroy "praising in very high terms the goodness, richness, and fertility of the province of New Mexico while the land was in fact very sterile, poor, and contained fewer people than claimed." Found guilty, Villagr  was sentenced, May 13, 1614, to banishment from the provinces of New Mexico for six years; to exile from five leagues around Mexico City for two years, during which term he was prohibited from possessing or using the office or charge of captain; and to pay the costs of the trial.

Back in Spain in the following year, Villagr  prepared



a summary of the various appointments which he had received from Oñate, and certifications of his services by Zaldívar and Vivero, which were printed in four folio leaves at Madrid and signed by the *relator* under a certification dated November 20, 1615. The title reads, *Servicios que a su Magestad ha hecho el Capitan Gaspar de Villagra, para que V.m. le haga merced.*

The above printed documents, so far as the present writer is aware, were listed and collated for the first and only time by Mr. Wagner, who adds two others: (1) *Por El Capitan Gaspar de Villagra*, folio, five leaves, undated and signed in manuscript Luis de Casanaz, and (2) *El Capitan Gaspar de Villagra, para que su Magestad le haga merced del gouierno de Campeche, Nueva Vizcaya, ó Corregimiento de Tabasco, ó Iztlauaca, suplica a V. merced passe los ojos por este memorial, de sus partes, meritos, y servicios, para que se le haga merced*, folio, four unnumbered leaves, undated and unsigned except by the *relator*, Navarro.

Finally, on February 20, 1620, Villagr  was appointed alcalde mayor of Zapotitlan in Guatemala, but while on his way to assume the post, he died at sea, leaving a widow and two children, Jos  de Villagr , and Do a Mar a de Vilches Sald var y Castilla who married Captain D. Crist bal Becerra y Montezuma, grandnephew of the "Emperor" Montezuma. The widow, Catalina de Soto, sent her son to Spain with a memorial asking for money, claiming that she was needy, and on May 21, 1622, the Council issued instructions to the President of Guatemala to pay her two hundred pesos.

In bringing this foreword to a close I take it upon myself to express to Se or Gilberto Espinosa, a direct descendant of the valiant Captain Marcelo Espinosa of O ate's army, the grateful thanks of the Quivira Society

for his excellent translation of a most difficult work, and (while their backs are turned) to acknowledge the indebtedness of the Society to Dr. Hammond and to Dr. Rey for their editorial labors, which have been more exacting than the finished book will ever reveal.

F. W. HODGE

*Southwest Museum,  
Los Angeles*

## PROLOGUE

**N**O greater misfortune could possibly befall a people than to lack a historian properly to set down their annals; one who with faithful zeal will guard, treasure, and perpetuate all those human events which if left to the frail memory of man and to the mercy of the passing years will be sacrificed upon the altars of time.

Many hold the opinion that the Roman people suffered a more irretrievable loss in the destruction of the writings of Titus Livy than in the decline and downfall of their mighty empire. And they reason rightly; for history not only brings before us those who are absent, but it resurrects and breathes life itself into those long dead; those who still live it endows with immortality itself. Through history those men are heroes whose deeds have been given proper recognition by the historian's pen. Others whose lives are unrecorded, so far as posterity is concerned, did nothing, for of these our annals are silent and we know them not.

Thus, that the many sacrifices and heroic deeds of those who conquered and converted the many tribes and people of New Mexico may not be forgotten, as have the chronicles of those who preceded them into these regions, I take my pen, the first to set down these annals, more in response to that sense of duty I feel than in confidence in my ability. I ask that my many shortcomings be charitably overlooked.

GASPAR DE VILLAGRÁ

## “OF ARMS I SING”

*(Sample of Villagrà's Historia in Verse)*

OF arms I sing, and of that heroic son.  
Of his wondrous deeds and of his victories won.  
Of his prudence and his valor shown when,  
Scorning the hate and envy of his fellow men,  
Unmindful of the dangers that beset his way,  
Performed deeds most heroic in his day.

I sing of the glory of that mighty band,  
Who nobly strive in that far distant land,  
The world's most hidden regions they defy.  
“Plus Ultra” is their ever battle cry.  
Onward they press, nothing they will not dare,  
Mid force of arms and deeds of valor rare.  
To write the annals of such heroic men,  
Well needs the efforts of a mightier pen.

*Stanza 1, Canto 1.*

Pindaric Verses in Honor of Captain Gaspar Pérez  
de Villagr  and Don Juan de O ate, Dis-  
coveror and Conqueror of New Mexico

(Written in 1610 by L. Trib. de Toledo)

*Strophe 1*      **C**ASTILE, mother glorious  
Of warriors most victorious,  
Mirror of the moon and sun,  
Villagr  has come to lay  
On your altars here today  
A precious trophy he has won.  
His shining sword wiped clean  
Of its gory, bloody spleen  
From a thousand chieftains he has slain.  
Without pausing in his story,  
He commemorates your glory  
And worthily relates what he has seen.

*Antistrophe*      Frail and timid lance  
Will never dare to advance,  
The heart that harbors fear  
Will never venture near.  
Those who seek long years  
Are the first to show their fear.  
The first to seek the fray  
Are those warriors, few their kind,  
Who advance, leaving fear behind.  
They leave a memory that will stay.

*Epode*              With true spirit, without fail,  
Victory will come their way.  
Clad in coat of shining mail,  
They are ready, come what may.  
With sword uplifted in their right,  
In their left a banner bright,  
Terrible in all their might.

Like a meteor from the sky,  
They go forth to win or die,  
Like true soldiers in the right.

*Strophe 2* Ahead they carry as their guide  
A brave heart and noble pride.  
Such as this, I surmise,  
Was the picture Juan de Oñate made,  
As noble as Mars, for battle arrayed,  
As wise as Jupiter, in peace,  
As liberal a general as the great  
Alexander of whom they relate.  
He justly deserves the admiration  
He so enjoys throughout this land,  
He and his valiant warrior band,  
The idols of the Spanish nation.

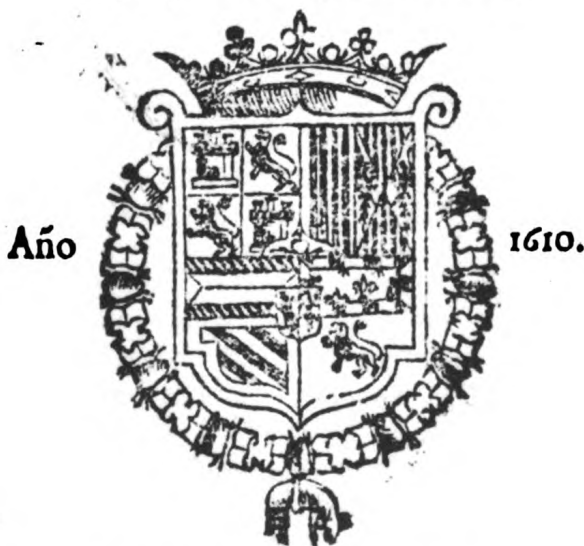
*Antistrophe* Of Don Cristóbal, worthy son,  
He who through many combats won  
For Spain, Galicia the new.  
Adding a kingdom by his hand  
To the noble Mexic land,  
All honor to him is due.  
His mother came from worthy sires,  
Possessed those virtues man admires,  
Was a lady of beauty rare.  
Of her I lift my voice and sing  
Of the daughter of the Conqueror,  
Daughter of the Aztec kings.

*Epode* Oñate sought the ancient land  
From whence the Aztec came,  
A new Mexico at hand  
Wherein to win his fame.  
O, conqueror, most sublime,  
Of all this frigid clime  
You never yet have known defeat  
You've never known fear.  
Another Cortés, brave, discreet,  
A new Columbus here.

- Strophe 3* In the light of such a flame,  
 Villagr  has won his fame.  
 With his brave and valiant band,  
 This worthy son of Mars  
 Conquered all beneath the stars.  
 In this far and distant land,  
 His country's flag he served with pride.  
 He spread her banners far and wide.  
 In peace and war he served the same,  
 O, such a valiant man was he,  
 His country could not hold his fame,  
 It spread beyond the sea!
- Antistrophe* Neither blazing sun nor burning heat  
 Could ever his mighty will defeat.  
 Across strange seas deep valleys lie  
 Which hide strange temples, wondrous sights,  
 Great mountains towering to the sky,  
 Scenes of his many bloody fights.  
 Among these cliffs and mountains here  
 He left a record cut so clear  
 Of all the wondrous deeds he wrought,  
 That though each passing day and year  
 Ravage and burn and cut and sear,  
 The marks he left will perish not.
- Epode* These deeds so great and rare,  
 To us are now related,  
 In an interesting history where  
 Each small detail is stated.  
 Long years ago, fate had decreed  
 That all these annals we should read  
 From the worthy pen of one  
 Who knows what happened where  
 These wondrous deeds were done,  
 For he himself was there.

HISTORIA  
DE LA NVEVA  
MEXICO, DEL CAPITAN  
GASPAR DE VILLAGRA.

DIRIGIDA AL REY D. FELIPE  
*nuestro señor Tercero deste nombre.*



CON PRIVILEGIO:

En Alcalá, por Luys Martinez Grande:  
A costa de Baptista Lopez mercader de libros

TITLE PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL  
EDITION OF THE HISTORIA



## CANTO ONE

*Which sets forth the purpose of this History, the location  
of New Mexico, the news received concerning the  
same; which also treats of the antiquity of the  
Indians, and of the coming and descent  
of the original Mexicans.*

**A**RMS I sing, and of the deeds of that heroic son  
who, despite the envy of men and unmindful of  
the sea of difficulties which on every side beset  
him, patiently, prudently, and bravely vanquished all and  
performed most heroic deeds.

I sing the glory of those mighty Spaniards who in the  
Western Indies, through many conflicts, penetrated and  
discovered the most hidden portions of the earth. "Plus  
ultra" is their cry as, with strong arm and mighty  
courage, they carry on through conflicts as bitter as ever  
recorded by unworthy pen.

Most Christian Philip, you are the Phoenix of New  
Mexico, newly produced and come forth from those burn-  
ing flames and embers of most holy faith, in whose glow-  
ing coals we but recently saw your sainted father, our  
sovereign, ablaze with holy zeal.<sup>1</sup> Pray lay aside for the  
time the cares and government of that mighty empire,  
which in truth is supported only by your strong arm, and  
listen, O, gracious prince, while I relate how that Chris-  
tian Achilles of your choice, in your name, overcoming un-  
believable obstacles, implanted the holy faith of Christ  
among the heathen nations of New Mexico. If you will  
but condescend to lend me your attention, who doubts but  
that the entire world will pause and listen to a tale which  
interests such a mighty prince.

Having secured your permission, I am yet mindful

that I have attempted to relate not only those deeds worthy of recording, but also those I am most unworthy to repeat. I pray that the spirits of those mighty heroes of whom I sing will animate and give me courage and speed my pen along its daring flight, that my words may be worthy of their deeds.

Hearken, O, mighty king, for I was a witness of all that I here relate!

Beneath the Arctic circle, at a latitude of thirty-three degrees, which is the precise latitude of holy Jerusalem, are found many remote and barbarous nations, far removed from the guidance of the holy church. Here the longest day of the year is at its fourteenth hour when the blazing sun has reached its summer solstice, from which zenith it passes from Andromeda to Perseus. Such a constellation always bears on Venus and Mercury.

In length this district extends, according to our best knowledge of known meridians, two hundred and seventy degrees in the temperate zone and fourth clime; two hundred leagues on the side bordering on the North sea and the Mexican gulf. It approaches the coast more toward the southeasterly winds and toward the rugged California and the Sea of Pearls. It is about an equal distance from the southwesterly winds. From the frozen regions it is a good five hundred Spanish leagues. Within this area are included some five thousand leagues.<sup>2</sup> It is pitiful to view this immense area and the many ignorant people who inhabit these vast regions, all without knowledge of the blood of Christ or of His holy faith.

It is a well-known fact that the ancient Mexican races, who in ages past founded the City of Mexico, came from these regions.<sup>3</sup> They gave the city their name that their memory might be eternal and imperishable, imitating in this the immortal Romulus who first raised the walls of ancient Rome.

The above facts are established and verified by those ancient paintings and hieroglyphics which these people have and by means of which they carry on their barter and communicate with one another, although not with the ease and elegance with which we communicate with absent friends by our excellent system of writing.<sup>4</sup>

When once we had set forth upon our journey to New Mexico, over uncertain and unknown paths, we heard of wondrous things which corroborated these ancient legends. It was in the last settlements of what is known as New Spain, and in the farthestmost outposts of the kingdom of Vizcaya. Here, having broken camp and being ready to set forth into the unknown regions before us, we were told of ancient traditions which had come down from time immemorial, repeated from mouth to mouth, much the same as the knowledge has come down to us of those heroes who first came to Spain and conquered and colonized the land.

The natives of these regions, with one accord, repeated the same story. They said that from those regions, pointing toward the north, where the north wind hides, mid deep, boreal caverns, two most warlike brothers came forth. These, descendants of kings and sons of a mighty king, came, eager to win fame and glory and seeking to conquer these countries and by force of arms reduce the princes and rulers of these lands to such an humble state that, like lambs to slaughter led, they would willingly submit to the haughty power of their mighty state.

Coming with a numerous and well-armed force, they advanced in two mighty columns. The elder, with a great number of his cohorts, led the advance, while the younger, with an equal number of his warlike followers, closed the rearguard. In the center came their immense baggage train, their tents, and the brilliant banners which they

raised over their regal dwellings. Babes and children of tender years, without number, played about their camp, here and there, in childish fancy. In the midst of their warlike quarters were seen, like beautiful flowers in the midst of thorns, handsome matrons and lovely maidens, bewitchingly and gorgeously arrayed, as did befit their noble birth. Gallant and handsome youths, in the flower of young manhood, all bedecked in holiday attire, vied with one another in their nobleness and gallantry. They would have done honor to the most gallant courtier in the most exalted court.

In like manner, the heavy, well-formed squadrons, terrible in their fierce and numerous array, yet showed a gay and noble appearance. Some sought to resemble the fierce and noble lion, dressed in the skin of that most royal beast; others covered themselves with the skins of striped tigers, or with the habit of the gray and hungry wolf; others appeared as hares, timid rabbits, great fish, eagles, and every other animal; in fact, every form of life that walks, swims, or flies was there, represented in most natural form. This is a very ancient and original custom which, we have found, prevails among all the peoples and nations of the Indies that we have discovered.

Their arms were very efficient and warlike. They carried well-bent bows, with wide and strong quivers filled with long, slender arrows; light darts; heavy war axes; great war-clubs with heads studded with sharp bits of obsidian; long, well-made slings; beautifully fashioned and adorned shields, and numberless multi-colored banners and standards.

The long lines of well-trained footmen were divided into groups, each of which bore its peculiar arms. As they marched in gallant array, so great were their numbers that, despite the grassy meadows over which they came, the sky was darkened by the cloud they raised,

and it seemed as though the very earth trembled under their feet.

As they marched with martial air, there suddenly appeared before their ranks a fierce demon in the shape of an old hag. So fierce and terrible were her features that before I can attempt to picture them, I must need pause awhile.

## NOTES

1. Villagr  is addressing Philip III, 1598-1621, from whom he sought honors for the services he had rendered in America. Philip II, king during the last half of the glorious, or Spanish, 16th century, ruled from 1556-1598. O ate's original contract was made in his time.

2. The author's comparison is fairly correct. New Mexico, as it is now known, lies between 31  20' and 37  N. lat., the approximate latitude of Palestine. Spanish ideas of the geography of this region are discussed by H. H. Bancroft, *History of the Northwest Coast*, 1, chs. i-iv. For more recent studies of the subject consult Henry R. Wagner, "Some Imaginary California Geography," *Proc. Amer. Antiq. Soc.*, Worcester, Mass., 1926, and "Apocryphal Voyages to the Northwest Coast of America," *ibid.*, 1931.

3. Villagr  here voices the oft-repeated but unproved assertion that the Aztecs migrated from the Pueblo area. Cf., in this connection, the study of Carl Sauer and Donald Brand, "Aztatl n: Prehistoric Mexican Frontier on the Pacific Coast," *Ibero-Americana*, 1, Berkeley, 1932. This work treats of the existence or non-existence of a prehistoric corridor between the Mexican highland and the Pueblo country of the American Southwest. See also Arthur Woodward, "The Grewe Site," *Occasional Papers, Los Angeles Museum*, no. 1, Los Angeles, 1931, in which the author states that the earlier seeds of a Gila river culture which he discovered and discusses, "were carried directly from some exterior source, possibly the interior of Mexico, and planted in the Gila where they flourished and died or rather degenerated to an almost unrecognizable state."

4. For a brief account of Mexican writing, see Herbert J. Spinden, *Ancient Civilizations of Mexico and Central America*, pp. 201-205, New York, 1922; and Fray Bernardino de Sahag n, *A History of Ancient Mexico, 1547-1577*, 1, 8, 251. Vol. 1 of Sahag n's work is translated by Fanny R. Bandelier and published by Fisk University Press, Nashville, 1932.

## CANTO TWO

*How the demon appeared before the camp in the shape  
of an old hag and sought to divide the two brothers;  
and of the great mass of ore she placed that  
each might know his boundaries.*

WHEN Almighty God permits some of His creatures to depart from the true fold, it is a certain sign which no one ignores that this is the lesser of two evils which might befall him. These miserable creatures, ignorant of the holy faith, were on the march when there appeared before their ranks this frightful demon in the guise of an old and withered hag. It is terrible even to describe her appearance. A mass of long, disheveled hair of ashen gray almost hid her fleshless face; long, crooked teeth peered forward from two misshapen, protruding lips which enclosed a leering, grinning mouth, extending from ear to ear. Her eyes, like glowing coals, shone forth from deep and sunken orbits. She had immense but unproportioned shoulders of prodigious strength which curiously contrasted with her monstrous but lean and flabby breasts and enormously long teats.

The most remarkable part of this strange and frightful creature was her gigantic arms and legs, long, bony, bereft of flesh; as she moved a weird and screeching sound went forth from their enormous joints.

Just as the mighty Atlas bore upon his powerful shoulders the total weight of the vaulted sky, as we are told by those versed in astrology, so this astute and cunning female bore aloft on her strong head an enormous mass of solid ore, shaped not unlike a tortoise shell. The

total weight of this mass was more than eight hundred quintals.

Arriving at the camp, the demon spoke as follows:

I do not wonder, daring Mexicans, that like a raging fire which blazes to the sky, urged by that dauntless spirit of your warlike and noble race, you have set forth from your paternal homes and come to these distant lands in search of new conquests. You seek new fields upon which to prove the valor of your brave and valiant arms. You seek to spread far and wide the power of your mighty empire, just as the mighty sea rolls forth its raging billows over beach and shore. In this manner also you can spread the worship which is due to that Sovereign Prince, of the distant lands you seek. And, so that you may find your duty, like a fleeting arrow that unerringly speeds toward a target, I shall inform ye; heed ye the wishes of the Great Master who sends me! Your father is now advanced in years and the evening of his life is nigh. Aged, childish, and decrepit, his days are few, and were he suddenly to depart from this life, there would be no one left to rule and guide the destinies of his mighty empire. It is necessary that one of you should return, and that the other should pursue his journey to the successful end which awaits him. Not to those lands pointed out to the ancient Romans by the headless body of a warrior, or to those lands inclosed within an ox's hide, upon which ancient Carthage was built,<sup>1</sup> but to a spot where you shall see a lofty rock surrounded by a crystal stream and, beneath this, a mighty eagle perched upon the branches of a lofty cactus, feasting upon a serpent which she shall hold in her talons. Here you shall build your capital, and it is decreed that you shall give it the name of Tenochtitlán,—Mexico. The above representation you must inscribe upon your arms and emblazon upon your banners.<sup>2</sup>

Since envy and covetousness are the greatest source of hate and strife, and therefore that no misunderstanding or difference may arise as to the limits of your territories, I shall establish the boundaries of your lands, that each of you may know his domains and claim no others.

Then, seizing in her long talons the immense burden she bore, and raising her powerful arms on high, she hurled the enormous mass through the air with the speed of a lightning bolt.

The multitude was awed, and many fell senseless to the ground. No sooner had this missile struck the ground than the whole earth trembled. There the object remained, a mighty landmark. Then the demon, directing each prince first to one pole, and then to the other, like Circe,<sup>3</sup> disappeared before their very eyes. Thus she assigned to each his lands, even as the ancient Greeks and Romans divided their vast empire, commemorating the event by the two-headed eagle they bear upon their standards. Then, like a ball which has been hurled forward and struck an object and has quickly rebounded, the armies heeded the demon's admonitions, and the two brothers, bidding each other a tender adieu, the rear-guard reversed its march and proceeded back to the happy fatherland they had left toward the frozen north, while the advance guard continued its journey southward. The immense mound which remained to mark this spot was twenty-seven degrees in height. There it stands today, just as that great obelisk stands in the City of Rome, so that all who choose may see it.<sup>4</sup>

There was none in our camp who was not awed and who did not stand speechless before this immense mass of ore, especially after we had heard its history. None doubted the tale, for the very horses shunned it as an evil thing and would not approach it, although we spurred them on. They would rear and pitch and fall back terrified at that enormous mound, the like of which was never seen before.

One day a saintly priest, using this very mound as an altar, offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and from that day its evil spell was broken, and even the animals would indifferently approach it. As an eyewitness I can state that it was an ore so smooth and polished and as free from rust as though it were the finest Capella silver. We all wondered greatly that we could find no vein or



ledge or trace of fire or other sign to tell us from whence it came. It seemed to have come from nowhere, leaving no more trace of its journey than do the birds of their flight through the air or the fish of their journey through the rushing streams.

This same legend which I have repeated is universally told and believed by all the natives of those regions we call New Mexico, where it was made known to us. They also state that their ancestors came with these two brothers and remained in these regions, and they point to the north as their place of origin. They say that their lands contain a great number of nations, different in their language, rites, laws, and customs. Among these they include the Mexicans, Tarascans, and the people of Guinea. They even affirm that there are white people among them as in Castile. The knowledge of all these prodigies gave us strength to overcome the infamous opposition brought about by persons better fitted to handle a distaff or grace a drawing-room, or to do domestic and menial tasks, than to handle a heavy spear, have military command, or wear an honored sword.<sup>5</sup>

After leaving these regions, so they affirmed, these Mexicans founded a great city, which we were told was the one the natives of Nueva Galicia had pointed out to us. All of us viewed the ruins of this great capital with its lofty walls and turrets, now almost in complete ruin. Throughout all these regions we encountered similar ruins half covered by the winds and drifting sands.

As we marched, the eager soldiers everywhere found signs and traces that corroborated the legends of the Indians. Throughout these unpeopled wastes we would discover, without even taking the trouble to search, great quantities of earthenware, some in good condition, but most of it broken in pieces. It was everywhere, sometimes in heaps and sometimes scattered over the plain.

The Mexican kings were very fond of this pottery, for their best utensils were of fired clay. Their tableware having been once used, was forthwith broken and thrown away.<sup>6</sup>

In the towns we entered we saw substantial buildings and paintings which were clearly of Mexican workmanship. So, like the gamester who has uncovered the card he seeks, and is assured of his stake, encouraged by these signs and indications of the happy discovery we had made, we pitched our camp. Indeed, we well needed a rest, for we were footsore and weary from the heavy weight of our arms.

We were now, sir, certain that we had reached the land which those hardy warriors who set forth from New Mexico had trodden. The Indian soothsayers say that few care to attempt the conquest of this land. It is easy to appreciate this statement, for in order firmly to implant our holy faith in these regions, many are called, but few are chosen for such a high and worthy cause.

But let us leave this subject. To tell all concerning the natives of these regions, their ancestry, and the coming of the Mexicans and the settlement of these lands, would require an entire history. I have related all we were able to ascertain and discover. My opinion is that all the people who inhabit what we term the Indies, migrated there from China.<sup>7</sup> This question, however, is not of great importance, for to the Castilian the discovery and settlement of the entire universe would not be too great a task. I shall therefore proceed to relate who it was that first projected this conquest but did not carry out their plans.

#### NOTES

1. The tradition is that Carthage was founded by Tyrian emigrants, led by Dido, the "fugitive." They bought a piece of ground on which to build a city and obtained "as much land as could be contained

by the skin of an ox." Dido thereupon cut the skin of an ox into such very narrow strips that they extended around an entire hill.

2. For the genesis myths of the ancient Mexicans and the establishment of Tenochtitlán at the site of Mexico City, see H. H. Bancroft, *Native Races*, 5 vols., San Francisco, 1882; M. H. Saville, *Tixoc, Great Lord of the Aztecs, 1481-1486*, New York, 1929, with bibliography; Fray Bernardino de Sahagún, *A History of Ancient Mexico*, translated by Fanny R. Bandelier, vol. 1 (all thus far published).

3. Circe, the fabled daughter of Sol and Perseus, through her knowledge of magic and poisonous herbs, was able to appear and disappear, to charm and fascinate mortals, and to turn them into animals.

4. This may refer to any one of the Egyptian obelisks that were transported to Rome by the emperors.

5. The myth referred to is not Pueblo Indian in conception, and if such were known to the Pueblos in Villagrà's time, it must have been introduced either by Spaniards or, more likely, by Indians from the Valley of Mexico who accompanied them. Many such Indians were with Coronado in 1540, and some of them remained at Zuñi (Cíbola) when the expedition departed from the country, as related forty years later. (See Luxán's Journal of the Espejo Expedition, *Quivira Society Publ.*, 1, 1929.) Indians also were numbered among Oñate's colonists. The entire paragraph of Villagrà must be taken *cum grano salis*, except that his allusion to "white people" among the New Mexico pueblos no doubt refers to albinos.

6. In W. H. Prescott's *History of Mexico*, vol. 1, we find a similar reference to this custom of Mexican kings: "The dishes were of the finest ware of Cholula . . . his table equipage was not allowed to appear a second time but was given to his attendants."

7. The consensus of opinion among anthropologists is that the American Indians came from northeastern Asia by way of Bering Straits, not in hordes but in comparatively small bodies. Remains of man in the United States have been traced to late Pleistocene times, or ten thousand to twenty thousand years ago. For a recent discussion of the evidence of this, see M. R. Harrington, "Gypsum Cave, Nevada," *Southwest Museum Papers*, no. 8, Los Angeles, 1933.

## CANTO THREE

*How the Spaniards first discovered New Mexico; how they made the first expeditions of discovery; who went, and of others who planned the conquest.*

**A**N imperishable and noble symbol is the work of the illustrious and memorable fame that we cherish and treasure in the sovereign and triumphant court and militant world in which we live; this by virtue of the valiant heroes who upheld its immortal banner. Behold, worthy sir, the extent and height of its fame is such that as an heroic and sublime shield the all-powerful and eternal God chose to make man, in His own image and likeness, that he might look up to Him and honor Him.

If man wishes to be happy and free from care in this life, he should accept with strong heart such trials as may come to him, for even in these the greatness and goodness of God is manifest, showing clearly the beauty of His noble deeds and actions. This is plainly shown to us, as resplendent suns shining high above in the fourth heaven, by the following.

While those courageous men, the negro Estévan, Cabeza de Vaca, Castillo Maldonado, and Dorantes were wandering through the wilds of Florida,<sup>1</sup> in the hours of their greatest trials and sufferings the Supreme Being chose to protect them in many miraculous ways. As God himself breathed life into men, and healed the sick, the paralyzed, and the blind with the mere touch of His palms, so these wanderers, as they journeyed from tribe to tribe, not only cured the sick, the paralyzed, and the blind, but also gave life to the dead with only their blessing and holy breath, medicine which may be

found only in the miraculous apothecary of the powerful God.

The simple natives of these regions were astounded and regarded these men as veritable gods. On one occasion they brought them as a tribute more than six hundred hearts of small animals they had killed.<sup>3</sup>

It is to be wondered that people so ignorant and savage as these should realize that to beings who wrought such deeds, sacrifice was due in deed as well as in heart. Though their tribute was but a poor morsel to satisfy the pangs of hunger, yet no one can overlook the nobleness of their spirit. The heart has no equal in the entire body. In man it is the fundamental basis of all life; it gives energy to his entire being. Everything which is high and elevating, every urge the senses feel and register, emanates from the heart. Nothing can destroy it without first destroying the body in which it lives, for it is the very last to perish. And in the heart, like in a noble temple, dwells the soul in all its goodness. From the heart the soul offers up to Almighty God its devout and saintly prayers, its good works, its thoughts, its loves, its tears and sighs. Being a gushing fountain from which flow wondrous things, it should be offered up to God alone and to those who follow in His holy steps.

We may take a lesson from these rude savages who offered up so many hearts in sacrifice to those famous five<sup>3</sup> who wandered through their lands.

After wandering for nine long years, suffering incredible hardships, these five reached the province of Culiacán,<sup>4</sup> a land which in noble times past was settled by most worthy men. Here a zealous Franciscan friar, Marcos de Niza by name, having heard from the lips of these travelers of the lands they had discovered, and noting that their accounts corroborated what he had heard from the natives of these regions, of those lands

to the north whence the original Mexicans came, determined to see these lands for himself. Like the great Columbus who gave a New World to Castile, imbued with the spirit of discovery, he prepared to set forth with a faithful companion to penetrate these regions for at least two hundred leagues. But the Supreme Being decreed otherwise. His companion fell ill, and so Niza, undaunted, set forth, accompanied only by a number of friendly Indians.<sup>5</sup>

Marcos de Niza was not gone long. Like one who has discovered a precious treasure and hurriedly returns for aid, he came back quickly and gave word of the wonders he had seen and the cities he had discovered.

There is nothing in the world to compare with the presumptuousness of man. He attempts things which it seems are reserved for God alone. You will note, worthy king, that the great Cortés, Marquis of the Valley, who, after braving the dangers of the mighty deep, burned his fleet, determined either to conquer or to perish; this very one in whom the spirit of adventure still burned with an unconquerable desire to discover not one more world but one hundred if possible, having learned from the lips of [Fray Marcos de] Niza of those things which I have related, determined at once to conquer these countries and raise the cross of the true faith in these savage and benighted lands. Having determined upon the enterprise, he set his prow forward and with full sail began his plans.

Greed for power, like love, will permit no rival. Even as Caesar and Pompey clashed over their rival ambitions for world power, so now Cortés met with opposition. Disregarding the ancient friendship which existed between them, Don Antonio de Mendoza, the first viceroy of New Spain, thirsting for renown and glory, asserted that as viceroy it was his prerogative to lead the expedi-

tion.<sup>6</sup> Heaven help us when personal ambitions and lust for power clash! Then neither king nor law, reason nor friendship, are considered. The Mantuan <sup>7</sup> fittingly says: "O, damnable hunger for vain riches, what dire misfortunes you lead men into!" He gives them this holy, high, and exalted name so that no mortal will dare to seek them without justice. The Holy Scripture says, "Who can this person be, and, should we praise him because he performed such marvelous deeds during his lifetime?"

These two, as if they were powerful lords setting out to conquer the entire world, set to quarreling. Cortés claimed that as Adelantado of the South Seas the privilege should be his. Finally, better to accomplish his purpose, he set sail for Spain to lay his cause before your illustrious grandfather, Charles the Fifth, that wise and prudent king who so wisely governed the greatest empire of his day, being respected, loved, and honored by all mankind.

Having set sail for Spain, after a long and arduous journey, Cortés arrived home. Here like a powerful ship which has at last entered a safe port only to founder upon the rocks and sink, death met this mighty man saying, "I spare none," thereby putting an end to all his ambitions for this conquest. With a terrible certainty which admitted neither excuse nor delay, it ordered him upon that dreaded journey which we all must one day travel: that road which even those miserable souls who crave immortality must also know.<sup>8</sup>

Like one who has let slip from his hands a precious vase and breathlessly sees it strike the ground and shatter in many pieces, so now the world stood aghast and speechless to see this noble son lying there still and cold, a miserable body, dust of the earth. He whose sword had been most powerful; he who had conquered an entire

world, lay still in death. But who is powerful enough to resist this fate? Even popes and mighty kings are prostrated beneath its feet. All must obey its mandate. If the Son of God himself had to die, it is inevitable that all must finally go this way.

With this event Antonio de Mendoza, his rival now dead, was left unopposed upon the field, like one who has laid low his adversary in mortal combat. In order the better to carry out his plans, availing himself of that third divine gift,—reason, which guides us like a shining light, he took counsel with Cristóbal de Oñate, a man of good mind and keen judgment.<sup>9</sup> Oñate was among the most renowned of those who ever drew sword in either New Spain or the kingdom of Peru.

Mendoza inquired of Oñate as to which of his men was the bravest, the most discreet, and the best fitted to lead an expedition in advance of the main army. Oñate did not pause to consider but, like the sagacious lynx or the daring eagle who acts on the instant, immediately replied by bringing before the viceroy his nephew Juan de Zaldívar, a worthy veteran tried in battle.<sup>10</sup> To Zaldívar the viceroy gave the command of a gallant squadron of thirty picked Spanish lancers. With these Zaldívar set forth into the regions of the north, penetrating the country for a great distance, enduring sufferings and hardships which only their valor could have survived, as we shall see later.

In the meantime, the resourceful Mendocino [Mendoza] assembled a large and well-equipped army of gallant troops who vied with one another in their martial air and finery. Seeing such a great army assembling, [Fray Marcos de] Niza, the provincial of the Franciscans, joined them, rejoicing at this opportunity to carry the Gospel to these poor heathen peoples.

Since no body can function without a head, Francisco



Vázquez Coronado, a man of merit and worth, was chosen leader.<sup>11</sup> He was given the rank of general in recognition of his ability. The viceroy, in order to show him honor and to encourage the troops, accompanied him in person as far as Compostela, some two hundred leagues from the City of Mexico.

Captain Zaldívar and his command, fighting their way and suffering greatly from hunger and thirst, penetrated far into the regions ahead and, returning, met the army at Compostela. Here he informed the viceroy that the country he had discovered seemed of but little value. He said that it was poor and desolate, and the natives destitute and savage. He urged caution that this news should not be spread about lest it be the occasion for a retreat. For, he reasoned, even where others have lost hope, the skilful hunter who joyfully pursues the chase often is rewarded with a heavy catch. There are, however, always some who oppose every enterprise of merit. There were not lacking those who talked and stirred up opposition, saying it would be a misfortune indeed that the army should waste its efforts in such a poor enterprise.

The viceroy was bitterly disappointed at these reports but, considering the same, prudently hid his feelings as best he could. Realizing that the situation was critical, he ordered that not a word be said of these reports. He well knew that should these rumors be noised about, the entire expedition would be abandoned. The expense of the expedition had already been incurred. Cristóbal de Oñate alone had generously given fifty thousand pesos in gold for the enterprise. The viceroy reasoned, moreover, that a second entry into the country might prove more profitable than the first. So, he gave his orders for the newly appointed general to proceed and, having bade the army farewell, he returned to Mexico.

With great difficulty the army marched as far as the pueblo of Cibola and other nearby towns. These were the same towns which had been visited by Zaldívar, by the Floridans [Cabeza de Vaca and his companions], and by [Fray Marcos de] Niza. The general was overjoyed at seeing these towns and declared a holiday. He himself went ahead, mounted on a fiery steed. In a skirmish he was unhorsed and fell to the ground with such force that he was rendered senseless.

Just as when the head suffers the entire body is in pain, so the soldiers, lacking a leader and seeing their general helpless and grievously wounded, began to complain and murmur of the hardships they endured. They complained bitterly of the great cities they were told of but never saw and despairingly clamored to be led back to their homes. It would have been far better had they never undertaken this expedition than to have so disgracefully abandoned it.

Finally, the murmuring and dissatisfaction reached such a point that it was determined to turn back. This was not without many a firm and bitter remonstrance from many brave and valiant men who sought to dissuade and reason with the soldiers. Among these were the saintly [Fray Marcos de] Niza, the brave Don Francisco de Peralta, the bold veteran Zaldívar, and also that distinguished warrior, Pedro de Tovar, the father of Doña Isabel,<sup>12</sup> a lady of most surpassing beauty, highest virtues, and most estimable qualities, all inherited from her illustrious father. He and many others unsuccessfully insisted that the expedition continue.

The dissatisfaction was too great. The common rabble, as might be expected, would not listen to arguments or reason and only thought of their own desires. Their insistence and stubbornness were such that all was abandoned. Because they did not stumble over bars of

gold and silver immediately upon commencing their march into these regions, and because the streams and lakes and springs they met flowed crystalline waters instead of liquid golden victuals, they cursed the barren land and cried out bitterly against those who had led them into such a wilderness. Complaining and bewailing their fate, more like women than men, they left all behind and turned their backs upon the expedition they had begun. It is well to pause here rather than to continue the details of such a shameful tale.

## NOTES

1. Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca was one of the ill-fated expedition of Pánfilo de Narváez which sailed from Spain in 1527 with some six hundred men. Several vessels were lost *en route*, while the remainder anchored on the southerly coast of Florida on April 14, 1528. After the shipwreck of the fleet on the Gulf coast, and the loss of the crews, five sole survivors, Cabeza de Vaca, Andrés Dorantes, Alonso de Castillo Maldonado, Estévan, the negro slave of Dorantes, and one Juan Ortiz, escaped captivity among the Indian tribes. The four, after eight years of wandering, reached the Spanish settlement of Culiacán on the west coast of Mexico, while Ortiz was rescued by the De Soto expedition. Cf. Woodbury Lowery, *The Spanish Settlements within the present Limits of the United States, 1513-1561*, p. 172 *et seq.*, New York, 1901. For readily accessible accounts of Cabeza de Vaca's Narrative, see *The Journey of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca*, translated by Fanny R. Bandelier, New York, 1905; *The Narrative of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca*, edited by F. W. Hodge, in *Original Narratives of Early American History*, New York, 1907; Morris Bishop, *The Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca*, New York, 1933.

2. Regarding these "hearts of deer," consult Lowery, *op. cit.*, pp. 455-456; G. P. Winship, "The Coronado Expedition," *Bur. Amer. Ethnol.*, 14th Annual Report, part 1, Washington, 1896. The episode evidently occurred in the Sonora valley.

3. See note 1.

4. The town of Culiacán in Sinaloa, Mexico, was founded by the notorious Nuño de Guzmán in 1530, but it did not occupy its present site.

5. Marcos de Niza was a Franciscan monk, a native of Nice, France. He was a man of experience in New World affairs, having accompanied Francisco Pizarro during the conquest of Peru. For Niza's own narrative, see *The Journey of Cabeza de Vaca*, translated by Fanny R. Bandelier,

*op. cit.*, p. 195 ff.; F. W. Hodge, "The First Discovered City of Cibola," *Amer. Anthropologist*, VIII, 142-152, Washington, Apr., 1895; A. F. Bandelier, "The Discovery of New Mexico by Fray Marcos de Nizza," *N. Mex. Hist. Rev.*, IV, 28-44, Santa Fe, Jan., 1929; Percy M. Baldwin, "Fray Marcos de Niza and his Discovery of the Seven Cities of Cibola," *ibid.*, I, 193-223, Santa Fe, 1926.

6. Antonio de Mendoza, the first viceroy of New Spain, came in 1535. Cortés felt that the new official encroached upon his rights and engaged in a bitter fight to vindicate himself. See Arthur S. Aiton, *Antonio de Mendoza*, Durham, N. C., 1927; consult also C. Pérez Bustamante, *Don Antonio de Mendoza, Primer Virrey de la Nueva España (1535-1550)*, Santiago (de Chile), 1928.

7. The reference is to Vergil, the "Mantuan Bard."

8. Cortés returned to Spain in 1540, where he died seven years later.

9. Cristóbal de Oñate, the father of Don Juan, served in Mexico under Cortés and later in Nueva Galicia under Nuño de Guzmán.

10. Juan de Zaldívar Oñate, nephew of Cristóbal de Oñate. He is not to be confused with the four Zaldívar brothers who accompanied Juan de Oñate. Cf. Beatrice Quijada Cornish, "The Ancestry and Family of Juan de Oñate," in *The Pacific Ocean in History*, edited by H. Morse Stephens and Herbert E. Bolton, p. 463, New York, 1917.

11. The great source of materials for the Coronado expedition is Winship, "The Coronado Expedition," *op. cit.*

12. Doña Isabel Tolosa Cortés Montezuma, great-granddaughter of Montezuma, granddaughter of Cortés, daughter of Juan de Tolosa and Leonor Cortés de Montezuma, and the wife of Juan de Oñate, colonizer of New Mexico. See Beatrice Quijada Cornish, *op. cit.*, pp. 452-464.

## CANTO FOUR

*Which tells of the infamy and disgrace of those generals,  
officers, and men who set out on expeditions of con-  
quest and returned without accomplishing  
their purpose.*

NONE should aspire to follow the banner of the warlike Mars nor presume to take up the soldier's profession unless he be brave and of daring spirit and equal to the requirements of this life. He who is not willing and who has not the courage to endure whatever sufferings and hardships which may be his lot, let him not be led astray by the martial notes of drum and fife. It is such as these who, on parade in times of peace, make such a gala display with their glistening arms and sprightly step. But of what avail is all this vain show, these warlike arms and pompous boasts if, when they are confronted with war in its stern reality, they quail and shake and turn and flee, or faint at the very first sight of shining steel?

The most timid soldier cannot find words harsh enough to express his contempt for those who by pretended valor seek to attain honors of which they are utterly unworthy. No shame can compare with that of the soldier, be he a common private or a general who, with the enemy in view, deserts the field and avoids the conflict.

Such men were seen to go forth, accompanied by the viceroy and his staff, amid the plaudits of the multitude and the cheers of the most lovely damsels in New Spain. They returned in hopeless confusion, each giving a different and contradictory account.

Like another Nimrod, seeking to conquer the very

heavens, each went forth boasting that the world and all its glories would not suffice for him. And now they returned as confounded as the builders of the Tower of Babel when they were smitten by the hand of God.

Some attempted to express regret that their depleted resources had made it necessary for them to return; others even denied that they had seen any cities or made any discoveries; others made many excuses for their conduct, asserting that they had been confronted with every imaginable adverse condition. Every one of the elements, hunger, thirst, freezing cold, burning heat, rain, and hail, were each in turn blamed for their failure, as if the exacting and cruel profession of the sanguinary Mars had promised them a life of ease and plenty instead of its natural and expected incidents: such a life as is offered by the grandson of Cadmus and Saturn, or such a joyful existence as is promised the Saracens in the kingdom of their prophet.

These craven ones did not consider that arms of battle, flying banners, and martial drums and fifes are not alone for holiday display, but that cruel war, at its best, is everything but a life of ease and worldly pleasure. Theirs was not the spirit of that Roman who said, "Because we live in peace, we long for war."

O, miserable ones, who attempt deeds beyond your strength, like Phaeton who would drive the blazing chariot of the sun! We all know what a miserable fate he met! That such an end may not befall you, take heed ye who would follow the profession of arms that, like a banner firmly planted at the masthead, which waves bravely o'er the breeze though buffeted by the raging winds, ye be strong and firm and face the hardships which beset your path with bravery and unconcern, as does become a true warrior.

The very nature of war is such that it cannot be otherwise than cruel, hard, and exacting. Those very arms and emblems which adorn your shields and banners should apprise you of this fact. There are pictured fire, lions, wolves, tigers, serpents, and other fierce and savage beasts. What folly it is that anyone would expect pleasures in the midst of war!

These we have mentioned would be better suited to work in shops or at other menial occupations than to bear arms. They should never have undertaken tasks which called for courage and sacrifices. If you still pretend valiant deeds, then proceed, like the Roman emperor who, despite the fact that the care of the government of a mighty empire rested on his shoulders, yet idled his time away killing flies. A king such as this was unworthy of his kingdom, but, yes, worthy of such soldiers as these.

It is evident that these never heard of that great Macedonian who while in the militia, in order not to fall asleep while on duty, placed a heavy stone upon one foot and a heavy silver ball in his right hand which he then laid upon a heavy rock, so that if he should chance to fall asleep, his hand would be crushed between the two. Had they the spirit of this mighty hero, like him they would now weep; weep as he did when told his days were numbered, and though there were other worlds to conquer, the glory would not be his.

If there be any among my hearers who would forsake the ease and comfort of the life they live to carry God's gospel to those who by it might be saved, let them consider before they attempt that mission, lest they likewise abandon it when on the verge of success.

Let me remind them of an incident which will never be forgotten. A certain viceroy of New Spain wrote to your most worthy father, complaining of the heavy ex-

pense which the Philippines entailed the empire, and of the little profit and negligible results. He recommended that these islands be abandoned.

The king sharply rebuked this official for these ill-advised suggestions, saying: "You advise me that you have carefully checked the expenses and income of these islands; that the drain upon the treasury is great, and that the results are negligible. You advise that the islands be abandoned. I answer you that if the income of the entire islands do but suffice for one humble chapel where the word of God may be preached, and if but one single soul be saved, this alone is more than sufficient to compensate us for all the expenses we incur. And, if the revenues of New Spain are insufficient to defray the expenses of these islands, advise me at once, and I shall assist you with the resources of my kingdom."

O, ye who are fit to crawl like ants, attempt not to soar like eagles! Hold on, leave not the ease and comfort of your peaceful homes to follow the bloody Mars! Ye go, only to return with bowed heads, sad and afflicted and grieving at your disgrace. Leave these noble tasks for those more worthy and more able to make amends for your miserable failures. Let each of you return to his home and there ponder over what he has lost: the noble prize which might have been his; the souls he might have saved—those souls for which our Lord even shed His precious blood. There is not a treasure, not a sacrifice which could repay a single drop of that blood. Yet were the occasion again offered, there is not a doubt but that He would die again to save a single one of those ye have abandoned.

To crown their infamy, O, worthy king, these same ones are now asking that they be reimbursed for the money they contributed, alleging that the funds were misspent. Little do they realize that had they personally



handled these funds, judging from their conduct, they would have proved as faithless to their trust as he who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver.

It is not more than one hundred years ago that, in the City of Mexico, there were yearly offered in satanic, sacrificial rites, more than one hundred thousand lives. But today the heroism, the hardships, and the sacrifices of those who put an end to all of this are forgotten, forgotten now in days of peace and plenty, like the trees and plants which, after the cold and frosts of winter, bedeck themselves in leaves and flowers, forgetful in the happy spring of the hardships of the winter past.

In all the world there is not a city where the worship of God is held in more esteem than the City of Mexico. There, due to the zeal and charity of noble men and women who have made gifts which only a prince could match, noble temples have been reared, hospitals, monasteries, and colleges erected. And this is all due to the noble efforts of that immortal son who set forth with his heroic band, the first to conquer in the New World. There is no doubt but that his glory will be equal to that of Caesar, Pompey, Arthur, and Charlemagne. It is certain that time, which magnifies all heroes, has vastly exaggerated the greatness of these.

If this expedition had not been abandoned, it is possible that these also might have discovered another world as great as this, and their glory might have been as great as his.

I have only one criticism to make, most Christian king, of the government of the Indies. These countries are filled with unworthy and tainted persons. Not being permitted to come to these lands, I can see no reason why they should not be banished from a country which is justly forbidden to them. If you would see to the future good of these lands and prevent occurrences which might bring

dire misfortune to your kingdom, it would be well that we be rid of these. One scabby ewe can infect an entire flock, and it would be a blessing if these noxious weeds be uprooted, lest they continue to flourish in so fair a garden.

What we need is such efforts as were put forth by the famous and Holy Council, presided over by such worthy and learned persons as Don Alonso, noble scion of the house of Peralta, Gutierre Bernardo of the house of Quirós, and the prudent Martos, all extremely vigilant warriors against the heretical sect that sought to propagate the pestilence of their wicked and unholy heresy among some members of the church. Ribera, the same person who composed the funeral obsequies for your saintly father, relates all this in detail.

I recall when he pronounced his eulogy at the funeral of your father, that he related a strange incident of one Josephus who brazenly and openly said, "Were it not for the Holy Council I could count all the so-called Christians in our land on the fingers of my hands."

It is necessary that you come to our assistance and aid us to rid these Indies of such people and populate these regions with *hidalgos*, *caballeros*, and real Christians. Only with such men can we expect to discover and christianize these vast regions and bring them under the wing of the holy church.

And now I shall leave the subject of this shameful episode. The narration of other unsuccessful attempts to conquer these regions I shall postpone until my next canto.

## CANTO FIVE

*Concerning further news received of New Mexico and of others who journeyed to these regions.*

WHEN once man has reached the point where he obeys only the dictates of his desires, it is impossible to satisfy him. These followers of Coronado, having seen in these lands ships with prows adorned with birds wrought in gold and silver,<sup>1</sup> without pausing to inquire whence they came and whither they went and, judging they came not from the lands they sought, immediately returned, their own desires satisfied, ignoring the protests of their companions, who bitterly condemned their base conduct.

When the saintly provincial of the Order of Saint Francis saw what happened, he determined with the true spirit of those who have dedicated themselves to God, that he would not return, but that he would remain among these people and seek, if possible, the martyr's crown. His desire was soon fulfilled, for the savage Indians shortly afterward cruelly murdered him.<sup>2</sup>

Don Francisco de Peralta, seeing that the viceroy and all of New Spain were aroused and resentful over this failure, filled with shame and disgrace, betook himself to Italy. Here, repairing to the court of the Duke of Saxony, he was surprised to see pictured in tapestry the details of the very land he had left. He also saw that the duke had skins of those cattle which roam the plains of Cíbola. Here he learned that the Castilians were not the only ones who had sought these lands.<sup>3</sup>

It seems that in times past a ship sailed from France for the New World. After being carried here and there by stormy seas it reached the coast of these lands. The

wanderers disembarked and went into the country for the purpose of exploring and mapping it. They saw two hills and on each a splendid city surrounded by high walls. A great number of inhabitants came forth to meet them in canoes, the prows of which appeared to be covered with solid gold. They were taken prisoners to the palace of the ruler of these lands. Here the king appeared, wearing on his brow a crown of solid gold. He ordered that the prisoners should be well treated. They were provided comfortable quarters and given fruit, meat, and fish to eat.

Forgetting their duty as guests, one of their number, seeing a beautiful damsel, annoyed her with his attentions, at which the king became greatly incensed, and had not the damsel herself interceded for them, they would all have been killed. The king ordered them to depart from his kingdom. This was done, although they were well treated and supplied with provisions for the return voyage. And so, after a long journey they returned to France.

This incident, worthy king, is set down in the records of the Indies. Besides this expedition, it is also a fact that in 1581, by order of the Duke of Coruña, Fray Agustín [Rodríguez], Fray Juan and Fray Francisco, three zealous, religious men, accompanied Francisco Sánchez Chamuscado to these regions. Along with them were Felipe de Escalante, Pedro Sánchez de Chávez, Gallegos, Herrera, Fuensalida, and Barrado, all valiant men and veteran soldiers. The latter returned after traveling through these regions for many leagues, leaving the missionaries among the Indians. Later, by order of Ontiveros, Antonio de Espejo entered these lands. This was in 1582. He had not proceeded far when he learned that the missionaries left by Chamuscado had all been murdered by the Indians.<sup>4</sup>

Espejo and his men returned, giving wonderful accounts of the country they had discovered. They related that it was filled with populous cities, and that there were many mines of great richness; that the natives of these regions were advanced in culture; that they wore bracelets, ear-rings, and other trinkets of gold and silver. They reported, moreover, that Espejo had been given some forty thousand blankets of fine texture by these Indians. All these reports were brought to the attention of your worthy court.<sup>5</sup>

We all know of Fray Diego Márquez, that valiant soldier of Christ who was so persecuted by those of the Lutheran sect. He told of having been taken a captive to the court of England. There the English queen, in whose name great discoveries had already been made in these regions, learning that he was a native of New Spain, questioned him at length about these lands. Having answered fully, he was given his freedom and immediately repaired to the court of Spain where he reported all to your father. An expedition was immediately ordered which was placed under the command of Juan Bautista de Lomas, a very powerful and wealthy resident of these dominions. Nothing, however, was done in this year 1589. In 1590 Castaño [de Sosa], a worthy lieutenant of the kingdom of León, followed by a noble band, entered these lands. His chief of staff was Cristóbal de Heredia, a tried and proved soldier. The viceroy, however, sent Captain Morlete with a band of well-trained, seasoned veterans to overtake them. Morlete soon found them and brought them back.<sup>6</sup>

Some time after this, Captain Leyva Bonilla, while pursuing a band of rebellious Indians by order of Diego de Velasco, governor of Nueva Viscaya, determined to enter these regions with all the soldiers under his command. This he did, despite the warnings of Pedro de

Cazorla, who reminded him of the order of Don Diego that no one should enter these lands under penalty of treason.<sup>7</sup>

Disregarding all sense of duty, Bonilla entered the land. Not all followed him. Juan de Salas, Juan Pérez, Cabrera, Simón Pasqua, Diego de Esquivel, and also Soto, refused to accompany him, saying they would rather die than bear the stigma of treason.

Bonilla and his followers greedily set forth toward New Mexico where they believed they would find the savage inhabitants weighted down with gold and silver and precious pearls.

As soon as the viceroy heard of this scheme he ordered an expedition to set forth for the conquest of these lands, which force was to be placed under the command of that great captain, Francisco de Urdiñola, who is now the ruler of the kingdom of Nueva Galicia. To this individual is due, in great part, the prosperity which New Spain now enjoys. For many years he fought the savage tribes and finally forced all to render obedience to the Spanish arms.<sup>8</sup>

When it was known that this great project had been assigned to this famous captain, many immediately flocked to his banner, eager to serve under him. But the conquest which meant so much to all of New Spain was again prevented through jealousy and envy. O, that none may be pursued by such a venomous hydra! As we shall see through the entire history of these events it seems that it is the lot of brave and honorable men to be barked at, followed, bit, and wounded by this poisonous she-dog.

It would require an entire volume to relate the details of all these attempts. I must proceed to tell of that immortal son who was given the honor of accomplishing this conquest. With your permission, I shall proceed with my account.

## NOTES

1. Neither Coronado nor any of his followers claimed to have seen such wonderful things. The fantastic story was a product of the imagination of the false Pawnee Indian guide whom the Spaniards called "the Turk." See Winship, *op. cit.*, especially p. 492.

2. Villagr  is again in error. Fray Marcos de Niza returned to Mexico from the Zu i pueblo of Hawikuh (Coronado's "Granada"). The friar who returned to Quivira in the present Kansas to christianize the Indians of that province was Fray Juan de Padilla, who was killed by the natives.

3. The story which Villagr  inserts here is purely mythical. See Canto 1, note 2.

4. For the Rodr guez-Chamuscado expedition in 1581-82, see "The Gallegos Relation of the Rodr guez Expedition to New Mexico," translated by George P. Hammond and Agapito Rey, *Historical Society of New Mexico, Publications in History*, IV, Santa Fe, December, 1927. For the Espejo expedition consult H. E. Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706*, pp. 161-195, New York, 1930, and "Expedition into New Mexico made by Antonio de Espejo, 1582-1583, as Revealed in the Journal of Diego P rez de Lux n," translated by George P. Hammond and Agapito Rey, *Quivira Society Publications*, 1, 1929; *Obreg n's History of 16th Century Explorations in Western America . . . 1584*, translated, edited, and annotated by George P. Hammond and Agapito Rey, Los Angeles, 1928.

5. Comparison with the narratives cited will reveal wherein Villagr  exaggerates the number of pieces of woven cotton given to Espejo by the Hopi Indians.

6. For this unauthorized journey, see Dorothy Hull, "Casta o de Sosa's Expedition to New Mexico in 1590," *Old Santa Fe*, III, no. 12, Santa Fe, Oct. 1916. See also George P. Hammond, *Don Juan de O ate and the Founding of New Mexico*, Santa Fe, 1927, and references therein cited.

7. The entrada of Francisco Leyva de Bonilla and Antonio Guti rrez de Huma a from Nueva Vizcaya into New Mexico and onward to the buffalo plains in 1593 met with complete disaster, for Huma a murdered his companion and later nearly all of the party were killed by Indians. See Canto 16.

8. See Vito Alessio Robles, *Francisco de Urd ola y el Norte de la Nueva Espa a*, Mexico, 1931.

## CANTO SIX

*How Don Juan de Oñate was chosen as the leader of  
this expedition; of the aid he received from Don  
Luis de Velasco, the viceroy; of the obstacles  
he encountered and of the assistance  
rendered him by the viceroy, the  
Count of Monterey.*

WORTHY Sir, we have embarked upon our voyage and are now upon the high seas. Land has disappeared from sight, and our safety now depends upon the course we take and the management of our ship. Hearken well to my words that nothing may be lost which otherwise might prove of value from this voyage.

Consider the greatness of Providence and note the many ways in which our Lord makes known His holy purposes. How well He shapes and brings about the accomplishment of those great deeds He would have wrought. Here we have a splendid example.

Our Lord, having kept these lands hidden for so many centuries, having chosen that they should be discovered, did so at last in a most remarkable way. Pray note by whom and how these hidden regions were finally discovered, and having noted the kings and adventurers who first penetrated these regions, we shall now see who next attempted their conquest.

The last of the Mexican kings had three daughters. The noble Marquis of the Valley, that same one who alone, it might be said, discovered a New World, had a daughter by one of these. This daughter he gave in marriage to Juan de Tolosa, he who had discovered the rich silver mines in New Mexico. At this time there was in



Nueva Galicia a famous general of whom we have made mention before, Cristóbal de Oñate. These regions wherein he resided he had conquered with great difficulty. Over these he now ruled with wisdom and prudence.<sup>1</sup>

Cristóbal de Oñate was the uncle of Juan and Vicente de Zaldívar, and the husband of the great-granddaughter of the last of the Mexican kings, and the granddaughter of the Marquis.

It was from such an ancestry that Juan de Oñate was born, a son of kings. When scarcely ten years of age he set out like another Hannibal to serve your majesty in these conquests. In him was represented all that line of Mexican kings who set out from these regions we now seek and founded the great City of Mexico. In him also was embodied that entire line of valiant heroes who conquered this New World.

Like a swift stream which tarries not, but rushes on, urged by the warlike spirit of his race and the traditions of his noble lineage, Don Juan planned this conquest. He boldly asserted that his alone was the right to lead this expedition. He wrote to the viceroy, accordingly, asking that inasmuch as this expedition was not placed under the command of Captain Francisco de Urdiñola, it should be given to him, for he alone possessed the qualifications required for a successful accomplishment of the conquest.

The viceroy, who knew him well, answered him kindly, assuring him of the pleasure he would have in granting him such a boon. Certain conditions, however, made it impossible at that time. He assured Oñate of the high regard he had for his merits, of the esteem and appreciation due his illustrious parents, and that he regretted deeply his inability to comply with his wishes.<sup>2</sup>

Oñate continued his appeals, urging his request in

numerous letters, and finally on the 24th day of August, 1595, the viceroy, considering the time opportune, granted him the petition he sought.<sup>3</sup>

Because of the importance of this project, the viceroy, in order to be assured that it would be carried out with fit and proper means, wrote Oñate in detail, encouraging him in the project. Such an undertaking as this would warrant him in making special efforts to assist him, he wrote, and although he did not have a free hand to help him with all his resources and would be limited to the terms of an agreement to be entered into, still he would gladly lend him assistance to the limit of his ability. He stated that he would give Oñate all the arms that had been taken from the parties which had attempted this journey contrary to orders, and enough powder and ball for the expedition, and also four thousand pesos for the pay of his soldiers. He advised Oñate to inform Rodrigo del Río, knight of the Order of Santiago,<sup>4</sup> of all these things, and to confer with Diego Fernández de Velasco, governor of Nueva Vizcaya, who in their wisdom and prudence would advise him and offer valuable suggestions which might prove worth while.

Don Juan immediately did as requested. He then pledged himself to your royal service before a notary and sent a power of attorney to his brothers, Don Fernando, Don Cristóbal, and Don Alonso, and also to Luis Núñez Pérez, all wealthy men and gallant soldiers. These men drew up the capitulations, aided by Santiago del Riego and Maldonado, both learned in civil law. There also came to his aid, pledging their lives and fortunes, Cristóbal and Francisco de Zaldívar, Lequetio, and Don Antonio de Figueroa. Many other men followed the example of these, among whom were Vicente de Zaldívar, Bañuelos, Ruidiaz de Mendoza, the latter accompanied by Don Juan Cortés, great-grandson of the distinguished

Marquis. There also came Juan de Guevara, accompanied by Juan de Zaldívar, son of the famous warrior who first entered these lands; and finally, the two most illustrious men in all this land, Juan de Tolosa, who founded the great City of Zacatecas, and the renowned Salas, the first alcalde of that wealthy city. I say wealthy, because from its rich mines more than one hundred million pesos' worth of ore have been extracted, and they still continue to yield from their inexhaustible store.

Oñate, like a savage lion which when unopposed restrains its fury, asked that, for himself, his agents insist only on one condition, namely, that he be given full power to punish or to pardon those who had entered these regions contrary to orders. He thought that possibly by discreet means he might be able to win over and save these from severe punishment and even death.

After his agents had satisfactorily arranged all the conditions of the expedition, the prudent general who had been given the title of Governor and Adelantado, without losing further time, named as his *maese de campo*,<sup>8</sup> Juan de Zaldívar, and as his lieutenant, Juan Guerra. He also named Don Cristóbal as another of his lieutenants, leaving him in Mexico to take up with the court all matters which might arise there. Vicente de Zaldívar was named sergeant major. Then, like a royal eagle which takes its young from its nest and frees them in the air that they may learn to fly, Oñate named his son Cristóbal, a youth of tender years, as a lieutenant, that in actual service under such a mighty captain he might learn the art of war and accustom himself to the hardships of a soldier's life. In all these things he imitated the great Ulysses who, tiring of the inactive life he led in the palace of Achilles and realizing the duty he owed to Greece, left the scene of such idle pleasures. So Oñate

chose to leave the ease and pleasures of his peaceful country and follow this noble enterprise.

As soon as the expedition was announced, soldiers flocked to enroll under Oñate's banners. They came like gallant courtiers assembling for some gay tourney, or like bees which, when April breezes blow, filling the air with the fragrance of sweet flowers, swarm to gather the sweet nectar for their winter store. Many sold all their worldly goods that they might fit themselves properly to enlist under the banner he raised. The news of the expedition was publicly proclaimed throughout the streets and plazas of the city and notice given of the privileges which would be granted those soldiers and colonists who enlisted in this enterprise. To the strains of martial music these gay cavaliers assembled from all parts, a brave and gallant band of seasoned veterans, enthusiastic and eager for the conquest.

When all was in readiness and the well-armed troops were impatiently awaiting the orders to set forth, another obstacle presented itself, as often happens when everything is going well. A fleet from Spain sailed into the harbor, bearing orders from your father, our lord and king. These orders transferred Don Luis de Velasco to Peru and placed in his stead as viceroy, Ulloa y Bietma, Count of Monterey.<sup>6</sup> Since envy and jealousy are always seeking an opportunity to belch forth their deadly poison, this change presented the opportunity needed. The voice of jealousy and animosity reached the ears of the new official. The instigators of these falsehoods against Oñate, hiding their sinister motives under the pretext of the commonweal, urged before the viceroy the unfitness of Oñate to lead such an expedition.

The viceroy, whose noble heart could not discern the deceit which was being practised upon him and desirous only that justice should be done to all concerned, wrote a

letter to Luis de Velasco, urging him to return to Mexico at once. In the meantime he ordered that Oñate should not proceed, but should wait his further orders wherever he be. He also wrote to the Council to ascertain whether they approved of Oñate's appointment, advising them of his actions and that nothing would be done pending their decision. The viceroy stated that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the facts and conditions to warrant him in passing judgment, but it was his opinion that Oñate should be allowed to proceed.<sup>7</sup>

No matter how pure of heart and free of conscience one may be, there are always those who will accuse him and impute him with evil intent. Like Caesar who not only would have his wife blameless but above reproach, Viceroy Velasco, on receiving the letter from the Count, determined, like a careful pilot who senses the approaching storm and furls his sails, to take such steps as would for once and all put a stop to these rumors and tales which had reached his ears. He wrote him at length, telling him of the merits of Don Juan and of his courage and prowess, and ended by reminding him of the debt the New World owed his illustrious forefathers.

In the meantime, while the two viceroys were settling this problem, the army, like flowers which wither and fade for lack of moisture, began to lose its enthusiasm and its gala appearance. The ardor of the soldiers changed to discontent. With nothing to do, chafing at the prolonged delay, they gathered here and there in groups, complaining bitterly of their treatment. O, what an evil thing is jealousy! It caused the first death among mankind. It has robbed man of a peaceful conscience; the very depths of hell are filled because of it.

The soldiers, seeing that their leaders quarreled over such a high and worthy cause and that, forgetting the high ideals and purposes of the expedition, they dragged

such a noble undertaking in the mire of their personal ambitions, complained bitterly and asked, "Why were we induced to sell all our worldly goods, to leave our occupations and means of livelihood and enlist in this expedition, if now that we are ready, all is abandoned?"

Like a rudderless ship which has been abandoned to the mercy of the waves, the camp presented a most disorderly appearance. These unfortunate soldiers frantically demanded that they be led forward. Some bewailed the sacrifices they had made which now appeared had been in vain; others despairingly declared they would never return to face the humiliation which surely awaited them.

The governor and his lieutenant, bitterly regretting the serious situation which had arisen, spoke to the soldiers with kind and spirited words. Their eloquence succeeded in calming the restless troops, until at last news arrived that the two viceroys had met at Oculma. Here the Count informed Luis de Velasco that the suspicions he had entertained, based on false rumors brought to his attention, had disappeared as do the stars when morning comes and the sun pours down its powerful rays. Velasco was informed that the Count approved his choice and that the expedition could proceed.

Don Juan had written a courteous letter to the Count of Monterey, welcoming him to these lands. He urged upon the Count the necessity he felt and the strong desire in his heart to enter upon the conquest without further loss of time. Furthermore, he informed him that if his appointment as leader of the expedition were confirmed, it would be his only desire to serve him, and that nothing would be done without his approval and consent.

On receipt of this letter and influenced also by the two judges before referred to, who eagerly pressed Oñate's cause, the Count wrote Oñate expressing his appreciation

of his kind and noble message. He assured him that after having conferred with Luis de Velasco and having duly considered all things, it was his wish that everything done be approved, and he so ordered. He ended, assuring him of his assistance in all proper things and wishing him Godspeed on his journey.

Before proceeding further and relating the events which followed this most auspicious beginning, I must pause and seek the path which I must follow if I am to relate the further annals of this journey.

## NOTES

1. See Beatrice Quijada Cornish, "The Ancestry and Family of Juan de Oñate," *op. cit.*

2. Villagrà's story is well told and contains but few errors. George P. Hammond in *Don Juan de Oñate* discusses these events with the aid of much fresh material from the Spanish archives.

3. The contract, when finally drawn up, was dated September 21, 1595. Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate*, p. 18.

4. The Order of Santiago, largest of the military organizations in Spain.

5. The *maese de campo* was formerly a high military officer in the Spanish army. As there is no satisfactory equivalent in English for this term, we retain the Spanish form.

6. The Count of Monterey was Gaspar de Zúñiga y Acevedo, lord of the houses and estates of Biedma y Ulloa.

7. For correspondence on the subject, see *Historical Documents relating to New Mexico, Nueva Vizcaya, and Approaches Thereto, to 1773*, edited by Charles Wilson Hackett, 2 vols., Washington, 1923-1926. Consult also George P. Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate*, *op. cit.*

## CANTO SEVEN

*Which tells of some of the successes and some of the failures which followed and of the orders which came to Oñate from the viceroy to halt his expedition.*

LIFE is but a sad and miserable existence, fed by vain and illusive hopes. This meager sustenance has hardly reached our doors ere it disappears, leaving no trace whatever of having come. How well this is proved by the events I shall relate.

O, king! We were rejoicing at the tidings contained in the viceroy's letter and preparing to depart upon our expedition. We were also encouraged by the dispatch with which the viceroy had sent his banners to the shores of the rugged California under the command of the gallant Cantabrian who had been chosen to lead that expedition.<sup>1</sup> This party, undergoing hardships the like of which were never seen before, braving the dangers of both land and sea, penetrated far into those unknown regions and finally returned to New Spain, broken in fortunes as well as in strength, but still eager to serve your majesty. It is a pity that the records of such heroic deeds should be lost and forgotten. It would, however, take a great deal of time to tell of this. Suffice to say that the news of the success of this expedition and the dispatch with which it was accomplished and the interest shown by the Count in its prosecution encouraged us all. The governor now awaited only the confirmation of the viceroy's orders to give the command to go forth.

In order that nothing might be left undone, Don Juan requested that a number of religious men be assigned to the expedition, men whose zeal and merit had been proved, for it was with these more than by strength of



arms that he expected to serve your majesty in this conquest.

Accordingly, Fray Rodrigo Durán, a prudent and saintly man, was named as pastor of the entire flock, with supreme authority over all matters pertaining to his holy calling. With him was Fray Diego Márquez, the same one who was so persecuted by those of the Lutheran sect; also, Fray Baltasar, Fray Cristóbal de Salazar, a man distinguished in letters, and many other friars of outstanding virtues.<sup>3</sup>

When everything is going well, some difficulty always presents itself. The viceroy, having at last decided to allow us to proceed, and everything being in readiness, decided to order certain changes in our plans. This was occasioned because of recent concessions which had been granted to a number of colonists who had lately joined us. This was the cause of much murmuring among the first colonists. And they grieved with reason. Nothing is more distasteful and more discouraging to noble men who have gone forth to face the enemy in the service of their country than to have restrictions placed on what they consider their rightful liberties. They argued that an agreement made should not be altered; that they had sold their all and had gone forth to colonize these regions under an agreement solemnly entered into and that surely the word of a king should be sufficient guaranty that their privileges would not be changed.

And so, complaining bitterly, they cursed their ever having been led into the expedition, asserting that they were being most basely betrayed.

Don Juan, seeing the gravity of the situation and realizing that such conduct could not be tolerated in an armed camp, began to use stringent methods to put a stop to all of this. He disarmed the soldiers who were threatening desertion and soon quelled the disturbance.

He assured the colonists and soldiers that what the Count had ordered was God's holy will, and that he and they must submit. Those who had been loudest in their protests and who had even gone so far as to accuse Don Juan of desiring to wrest from your majesty the dominion over these lands, were pacified and ceased their murmurings, even as the turbulent waves which sweep toward the shore, rising on high and filling the air with their thunderous roar, break against the sandy beach and, their onslaught checked, roll back in peaceful silence.

The viceroy's decision to allow us to proceed was good news indeed to the army, chafing under the long delays and indignant at the falsehoods which had been spread by our enemies in their efforts to thwart our plans. Happily their efforts were futile, for Monterey determined to ascertain the truth for himself, sending Don Lope, his lieutenant,<sup>8</sup> to make a general inspection of the army and to examine the arms Don Juan had furnished. The secretary Antonio Negrete was to make a record in writing; Francisco de Esquivel was to go along as commissary.

The instructions conveyed by the viceroy's emissary were that if everything had been satisfactorily complied with, the expedition might proceed. In order to encourage Don Juan, the viceroy wrote him a personal letter expressing his confidence in his ability to accomplish the conquest successfully and wishing him a prosperous journey and a kind Godspeed. He assured him that the inspection he had ordered was in no way a reflection upon his ability and good faith, but was merely required as a matter of form. Thus, on the part of the inspector and on the part of Don Juan, these matters were graciously and adroitly handled.

The army, some five hundred men, all seasoned veterans who had met on many a battlefield before, celebrated the news with holiday spirit. But a calm is always followed by a storm.

One day a courier arrived in camp. He joyfully asked a recompense for the glad tidings he brought: that the viceroy's orders were for the expedition to go forth.

The courier's words were believed by all. He entered Don Juan's tent and delivered his message. This was secretly read and no one outside of the general ever knew its contents. But there is never a secret so hidden that it is not revealed to someone, and so before long the message the courier brought was noised abroad. Here it follows without a change in a single letter:

#### THE KING

*To my Viceroy, the Count of Monterey, Governor and Captain General of New Spain, or to whomsoever may have charge of the government of the same:*

Having read your letter of December 20th of last year concerning an agreement which your predecessor, Luis de Velasco, entered into with Don Juan de Oñate touching upon the discovery of New Mexico, and of the reasons for which you have deemed it proper not to approve what was there resolved, and advising me that should Don Juan de Oñate make personal appeal to me for my approval, it should be withheld pending notice from you, and also advising me that Don Ponce de León,<sup>4</sup> who it is said is from the Villa of Bailén, has offered to make the said discovery,

I have determined that the execution of the agreement with Don Juan de Oñate should be suspended.

I therefore command that you do not allow the expedition to go forth.

If it has already set forth, let it be halted and let him proceed no further until I determine and command that which to me seems proper. Of this you shall receive prompt notice.

Dated at Azeca this 8th day of May in the year One thousand five hundred and ninety-six.

I, The King.

By order of The King,  
our Lord.  
Juan de Ibarra.

Besides this edict, the following orders were received from the viceroy:

#### ORDERS OF THE VICEROY

*Don Gaspar de Zúñiga y Azevedo, Count of Monterey, Lord of the houses and estate of Biedma y Ulloa, Viceroy, Lieutenant and Captain General of His Majesty of this New Spain, and President of the Royal Council and Chancery which there resides:*

To you, Don Lope de Ulloa, captain of the guard, to whom I entrusted the investigation of the fulfillment of the agreement that Don Juan de Oñate entered into concerning the journey of discovery, pacification, and conversion of the provinces of New Mexico, ordering you, my lieutenant, to duly investigate the same, and, in order to prevent, obviate, and chastise disorders and excesses that may be committed by the men on said journey,

Know ye, that by command of the king, our lord, addressed to me and given at Azeca on the 8th of May, 1596, I am commanded and ordered not to permit the said Don Juan de Oñate to make the entry into New Mexico, nor prosecute his journey farther if he has commenced it, but to halt him until his majesty decides and orders what seems to him most proper in this matter, of which he will send me prompt notice.

Wherefore his majesty has seen fit to suspend the execution of what has been agreed to with the said Don Juan de Oñate, as appears in the original royal edict, herewith inclosed with this my command.

Since it is proper that Don Juan de Oñate be duly informed of his majesty's orders, that he may comply with the same, we command you to notify the said Don Juan de Oñate of the said original royal edict as well as my commands, so that he may keep and comply with all as contained therein.

For these purposes, in the name of his majesty, and in mine, as his viceroy, lieutenant and supreme captain general of New Spain and of the provinces of New Mexico, I command the said Don Juan de Oñate that he shall obey this my command, to halt and not to advance any farther

from the point and place where he may be notified, nor permit that the men he has enlisted, nor the provisions, ammunition, baggage, or anything else, proceed farther upon this journey, but desist from the same and halt until new orders come from his majesty.

In the event of his failure to comply,—and should he advance against the commands of said royal edict, and of my orders, unless it be by your express permission, in writing, he shall be proceeded against in said royal name,—I hereby revoke and annul all the titles, patents, contracts, provisions, commissions, and all other agreements that have been made in his majesty's name, to the said Don Juan de Oñate, and the captains and officers he has appointed.

Any act to the contrary will mean that all that has been heretofore granted to him will be permanently revoked, and he shall be proceeded against as stated, both in person and effects, as a transgressor of the orders and commands of the king, our natural lord, as is done with rebellious and disloyal vassals, usurpers of the rights of discovery, entry, and conquest of provinces belonging to his majesty.

In order to provide for any process which may arise by reason of such disobedience, rebellion, or other grave offense, I do now call, summon, and cite them to appear, within sixty days after they be notified of this command, personally before me or before any judges I may name, at the City of Mexico, where they will be heard and justice done. In the event they do not appear, through insubordination, process shall be issued against them and they shall be heard and tried in court and shall be fined and punished as though they were personally notified and present.

All of which I command the said Don Juan de Oñate, his captains and all his officers engaged for this journey.

You shall further cause a public proclamation to be made to all the soldiers, officers, and members of this expedition, that they shall proceed no farther on their journey under penalty of death and forfeiture of all their property, and of being considered disloyal vassals of his majesty.

And in further right thereof let them neither heed nor obey Don Juan.

I further command that this, my order, be countersigned by Juan Martínez de Guillestigui, my secretary, and that

it be given the same certification as though sent by the government.

By virtue of the royal order which I have, authorizing me to act in such cases, I deem it proper to command that this order be countersigned by my secretary.

Done at Mexico City this 12th day of August, 1596.

The Count of Monterey.

By command of his Lordship,

Juan Martínez de Guillestigui.

These orders left the governor in suspense; and I being in similar condition shall postpone my narration until the next canto.

#### NOTES

1. Sebastián Vizcaíno. The most extensive account of the Vizcaíno expedition was published recently by Henry R. Wagner in his *Spanish Voyages to the Northwest Coast of America*, San Francisco, 1929. Another Vizcaíno diary appears in Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, pp. 41-134.

2. Additional information concerning the missionaries is found in Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate*, pp. 75-77. See Canto 11.

3. Don Lope de Ulloa y Lemos. His report is preserved in the Spanish archives, under the title, "Traslado de la visita que por comisión del señor virrey tomó Don Lope de Ulloa y Lemos á Don Juan de Oñate, de la gente, armas y municiones que llevó para la conquista del Nuevo Mexico." Mexico, May 29, 1602. Archivo General de Indias, 58-3-14.

4. For the claims of Pedro Ponce de León, see *Historical Documents relating to New Mexico*, etc., *op. cit.*, 1.

## CANTO EIGHT

*Which tells of the answer Don Juan de Oñate made to  
the viceroy's letter and of the prudence with which  
he addressed his army; of the celebrations  
which followed; of the generous actions of  
his lieutenant, Juan Guerra.*

WHEN was it known in this sad existence that there could exist a peace not marred by some discord, a happiness unbroken by some sadness? What fools we mortals be who blindly place our faith in earthly hopes, unable to discern the envy, hate, and jealousy of this false life in which we live. It was the voice of this deceit and hate which persuaded the viceroy to sign the order to which we have referred.<sup>1</sup>

Although Don Juan was bitterly disappointed, he bore this new misfortune with singular bravery and tact, like a mariner cast about by furious seas who surveys the situation and calmly lays his plans. Oñate, realizing his perilous situation and that the very expedition itself was in danger of being defeated, a task in which not only his heart and soul were set, but in which he had personally invested a fortune of more than five hundred thousand ducats, determined immediately upon a course of action. Arranging a secret meeting with Don Lope, he respectfully read the viceroy's message. Oñate stated that although he could justly demand recompense for all the losses which would follow the abandoning of this expedition, he would not even consider such a step. On the contrary, like the true vassal, he would reverently and scrupulously comply with the royal mandate to the letter. All this was said and done with great secrecy.<sup>2</sup>

In the meantime, the army was anxiously awaiting the

publication of the viceroy's message. Don Juan, to keep up the spirit of the camp and calm any fears they might have, spoke to them with most discreet words. Like the bees who sip bitter juices from the flowers and transform them into sweetest honey, so Don Juan reported the fateful news, as though it were a joyful message. Summoning all his men, he cried in a loud and happy voice, "Forward, comrades, forward to the conquest! The order has been given!"

On hearing these glad tidings, a great shout arose from the army. Long and loud they applauded Don Juan. They gathered here and there about the camp, eager and excited. The horsemen, mounted on their fiery steeds, raced up and down the camp. A sham battle was staged between two bands of horsemen, one led by the *maese de campo* and the other by the sergeant.

Don Juan went forth in person among the happy crowds. These celebrations continued until, exhausted, all paused to rest. Don Juan then, with a cunning which would have done credit to even Zineas, who through his prudence accomplished more than Pirro by his sword, dismounted and kindly thanked the courier, congratulating him on being the bearer of such glad tidings. It seems to me that neither Fabius, the Scipios, Metellus, Pompey, Sulla, Marius, Lucullus, or even Julius Caesar, showed such prudence in the midst of their misfortunes as did this worthy general. How cleverly he checked the murmurings and calmed the suspicions of his men, never for an instant allowing them to know the true condition which it was best they ignore! It was by such maneuverings as this that the wily Greeks enticed the warlike Trojans into taking the wooden horse within their walls.

Oñate communicated the news of the viceroy's orders to only one person, Juan Guerra de Resa. This man, his



principal creditor, and in fact the person who had practically financed the whole expedition, was one of the most worthy cavaliers who ever drew sword in New Spain. At his own expense, this man had guarded many miles of frontier, saving the crown countless sums, not to mention the great amounts which accrued to the royal treasury each year from the royal fifth of the revenues of his estate.

Juan Guerra de Resa, a brave and noble man, desired, like the illustrious Jacob, who, charmed by the beautiful Rachel wished to live with Laban again, to serve his king and little thought of the expense attached to a worthy enterprise. He wrote Oñate, saying that the income of his estates, all acquired by his sword, amounted to fully one hundred thousand pesos annually; that he was ready to dedicate all of it to this worthy cause if necessary, for it would be well spent, and, like amber which when broken into many pieces yields even a greater fragrance, would be of still greater value if dedicated to this cause. He assured Oñate that he was ready to provide for any and all the needs of his army, urging him only to bear in mind that the future weal of the expedition required that, like the wise Joseph, he carefully conserve his provisions for a possible future want.

Don Juan replied, declaring his gratefulness to his lieutenant and voicing his appreciation of his confidence and support.

The army was now halted by command of Don Lope at a place known as the Mines of Casco.<sup>a</sup> Here, after some time, the viceroy again communicated his orders to Oñate, impressing the general with his commands and repeating his order that the expedition should proceed no farther. He sought to ease the disappointment and perhaps the resentment of Oñate by assuring him that he repeated these commands, not from fear that the

governor would attempt anything which would bring dishonor to his name, but through his zeal and respect for constituted authority which it was his duty to see obeyed. He assured him that he sympathized with him in his reverses, and thus, like a flowing brook which pauses on its journey to refresh its banks with shady trees and fragrant flowers, so the count, with flowery words and many promises, kept putting the general off. He turned a deaf ear to all protests, complaints, and entreaties, which had as little effect on him as the strongest blow upon the hardest diamond.

We have seen what encouraging letters he would write, urging us to be of brave heart and urging the general to pacify the army which was despairing at these long delays. The count stated that although he could promise nothing, yet if Oñate hoped for a success which would repay him for all his trials and tribulations, he should trust to God; that your majesty would not forget him and that possibly this contrary fortune might change. Contrary, indeed, it was, for at first, in his zeal to serve you best, he was an obstacle to us, and now that he would assist us, he was prevented by your orders.

Don Juan sadly saw all his plans shattered, his army dwindling away, his priests ready to leave, his soldiers impatient at the many promises made, then only to be broken. The children of the colonists wandered about the camp like loose cattle. He thought of his faithful lieutenant, Juan Guerra, who for a year and a half had borne the heavy expenses of keeping this expedition in the field. He saw the fortune which was being wasted in this continual delay.

Matters reached such a stage that there was not a single soldier who did not do as he pleased, taking what he chose of the stores, and leaving, saying, "This is mine." The camp was on the very verge of destruction.

At this point, Doña Eufemia, a lady of distinguished beauty and singular courage and wisdom, the wife of the royal ensign, Peñalosa, seeing the soldiers deserting the camp, one by one, tired of their long delay, or else leaving to avoid the irksome duties of camp life, imitating that noble matron who, in the land of the unconquered Araucanians, once put an entire garrison to shame by her example, addressed the soldiers as follows:

Tell me, O, noble soldiers, where is that courage which you so professed when you enlisted in this noble cause? Why gave you then to understand that nothing could resist the might of your arms if now you turn your back and ignobly desert? What explanation have you for such conduct if you hold yourself men?

For shame! Such are not the actions of Spaniards. Even though everything else might be lost, there is yet land on the banks of some mighty river where we may raise a mighty city and thus immortalize our names. To such a place we can go, and it were better that we halted right here and rested than to retrace our steps and leave upon ourselves and our posterity a stigma which can never be erased.

The words of this lady had some effect, for arguments as this will often find fruit even in those of faint heart.

The camp was now almost deserted. The general did not lose hope for a single instant, despite all these reverses.

It happened that at this time who should arrive again but Don Lope. The inspector came for a general review. The general immediately informed his lieutenant, Juan Guerra de Resa, and urged him to make a supreme effort and send aid.

The inspection showed that there were resources on hand in excess of the ten thousand pesos in gold required, and that there were seven more soldiers than stipulated. All of New Spain wondered that this army could be held together for such a protracted period of time with so many reverses.

Luis Núñez Pérez, Don Fernando, and Don Cristóbal now urged the count to allow the expedition to proceed. They argued that Don Juan had fully complied with his agreement and raised the required army, and that justice demanded he be allowed to go forth.

The count, awaiting orders from Spain, was helpless. He continued to write Oñate, telling him not to despair, and that he hoped soon to forward him the news which would send him on his way rejoicing.

In the meantime, a new difficulty arose. This was caused by dissensions among the friars. These I will relate in the next canto.

#### NOTES

1. The order suspending Oñate as leader of the expedition.
2. Don Lope and his party left Mexico City on June 11, 1596. Villagrà omits many of the details of what happened during the next few months. They are summarized in Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate*, p. 55 ff.
3. They reached Casco November 1, 1596. For the location of these mines (called also Caxco and Taxco) in Durango, see Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 120.

## CANTO NINE

*How Fray Rodrigo Durán returned with several friars;  
how the viceroy ordered Don Juan to prepare for  
another inspection under penalty of disband-  
ing his army; of the visit of the inspector.*

**I**F great and worthy deeds are wrought by force of arms, once those deeds have been accomplished, the things which stand foremost in our memory are the aid and assistance rendered in the midst of our trials. Without such encouragement it would not be possible to persevere to a successful end.

These long delays proved too much for the worthy friar, Rodrigo Durán. He came to Don Juan and surrendered his post, stating that he was bearing the responsibility of the entire camp; that he realized that if the church were left out of this expedition it would probably be abandoned by all, but that, nevertheless, he was determined to go and make secret reports to his superiors of certain matters.

So saying, he left without more ado. He was followed by Fray Baltasar and other priests.

A turbulent stream always brings unexpected things in its wake, and so, after this incident, a new situation presented itself. A number of soldiers mutinied and attempted to set forth upon the conquest by themselves. The sergeant major soon quelled this disturbance, beheading the author of the revolt.

In the midst of these events Don Lope, the cause of all our misfortunes, arrived. We were informed that orders had come from Spain, placing at the head of our army Don Pedro Ponce, a distinguished soldier.<sup>1</sup>

The viceroy, fearful that the enraged army would dis-

band, ordered that they should gather together for the conquest. He wrote Don Juan of having advised Pablo de Laguna that if the general had complied with his agreement he should give orders for the advance, and that Don Juan alone would be permitted to lead the expedition. If everything was not in readiness, he should inform him immediately.

The viceroy also inquired of Don Juan whether he was willing to undergo another official inspection. He stated that this was necessary, and that he would disband his army unless the general agreed. If the latter would accept another investigation, he would send his inspector within two months.<sup>2</sup>

Don Juan replied to the viceroy that although he had already complied with everything he was willing to submit to another inspection if necessary. The general and his lieutenants then firmly informed the army that these things must be done. But since the inspector did not arrive at the promised time the soldiers upbraided Don Juan, saying that all he told them was merely lies of his own making. Many left, deserting the enterprise. But those who remained were finally rewarded, for at last the inspector came.<sup>3</sup> He was received with great joy. The *maese de campo*, the sergeant, the royal ensign, and all of the officers, met him, ordering a salvo fired by the arquebusiers. The general went forth to meet him, and the two noble sons were seen to embrace each other. They then went to the general's tent where they conferred.

These rejoicings were celebrated because it was unquestionably believed by all that he had come as a father to interest himself and to act in our behalf. We shall see how interested he was in our cause.

His first action was to inform Oñate that he must comply to the letter with his commands, if he were to

expect favorable action. With these remarks, he gave orders that the army should immediately set forth on the march.

The general saw at once that to comply with this request would mean nothing less than utter ruin. The carts and wagons which had remained idle needed attention; the wheels were loose and warped and needed considerable repairing and tightening. The herds and cattle were scattered in distant pastures, and it would be impossible to gather them together without great loss, on such short notice. He realized, on the contrary, that if he refused to comply with this request it might mean a deathblow to all his plans.

The soldiers, when they heard these orders, complained in loud voices, bitterly accusing the inspector of deliberately planning to destroy the expedition. The general pleaded with the inspector, urging upon him the great loss which would unquestionably follow the army's immediate departure. The inspector was insistent, however, and so Oñate sadly left his quarters and repaired to his army where he gave orders to prepare for the advance. Hurriedly and with great sacrifice the orders were complied with.

The army had gone forth some five leagues when they arrived at a poor, miserable settlement without even an adequate supply of water. But God who always protected us did not forget us in our needs, for He caused two miserable pools which we found nearby to pour forth water in abundance.

By orders of Oñate we prepared to make our camp. The soldiers turned loose all the herds and cattle and made ready to rest for the night. The inspector, however, gave orders that we should proceed. The soldiers now desperately hurried about, attempting to gather the herds together again. The greatest confusion imaginable

ensued. The little lambs, scattered about by the stampeding cattle, pitifully bleated for their mothers. The ewes, likewise seeking their young, filled the air with their plaintive cries. The lowing of the cattle, the braying of the mules, and the neighing of the mares seeking their colts, mingled with the desperate and angry cries of the herdsmen frantically attempting to separate and gather them together, only increased the confusion. Sheep and cattle, oxen and donkeys, mules, horses, goats and lambs, scattered about over the plains. At last they were gathered together, but not without heavy loss in numbers.<sup>4</sup>

Not satisfied with this terrible havoc he had caused, the inspector now gave the order that no one should consider himself bound to follow the expedition though he were regularly enlisted. He did many other things to embarrass us. For example, he gave orders to the inhabitants of these parts that they should not sell Oñate a single animal. He would wait until evening fell and then would give orders that on the morrow all the sheep, or all the goats, or whatever his fancy chose, should be brought before him to be counted. It would be necessary then for the herdsmen to round them up, hurriedly, in the night, and if on the morrow a few were brought in late, he would refuse to count them, saying that the registration had been closed. Another means he took to cause us trouble was this: He ordered that all members of the expedition who were either of mixed blood or mulattoes should immediately come forth and register as such, otherwise they would be dismissed. He summarily rejected a great number under the pretext that they were not of age.

One more incident shows the base conduct of the inspector. A brave and loyal soldier passed before his tent and inadvertently neglected to doff his cap. The inspector ordered that he be flogged. This is the type of man, O,



mighty king, who was sent to punish us for insignificant and trivial offenses. Your grandfather, the august Charles the Fifth, on numerous occasions, gave good example of the clemency which is due, even in times of war, to those who serve their king. And this was in cases of grave and serious infractions and not for trivial offenses such as these.

The general was furious but withheld his ire and angrily gave orders to his soldiers that not a word of protest should be raised. But enough of this. Let others, who may write of these events, relate the further infamies which were committed.

In justice, it should be said that neither Jaime Fernández, the count's secretary, nor Captain Guerrero, the commissary, took part in these doings. The former had been chosen for this mission because of his ability and learning, the latter for his valor and prowess in war.

At last the inspection was completed. No one knows what was reported, for although the general asked that he be advised wherein he had complied and wherein he had failed in his agreement, the inspector gruffly and even rudely refused to give him any information. He did, finally, inform him that he had not complied with the terms of his contract and he required that Juan Guerra and his wife, Doña Ana, should firmly and solemnly bind themselves to equip eighty more soldiers as well as to defray the expenses of all the inspections, including the salaries of those detailed to make them. He insisted, moreover, that the expedition be made only upon the express condition that any and all the privileges granted to Oñate might be cancelled, and that Oñate should acquire no rights over the lands he might discover, or any privileges in the government thereof.<sup>5</sup>

Oñate, turning his eyes to heaven, and placing all his hope and trust in Him from whom alone he could expect

justice, agreed to all. Since his lieutenant was far away, he sent me to confer with him.

Juan Guerra and his wife, Ana de Mendoza, had no sooner been informed of the inspector's orders than they cheerfully agreed to sacrifice their entire fortune if need be.<sup>6</sup> Accordingly, all the requirements having been complied with, the order was given to advance. Oñate, with his army now sadly disorganized and in depleted numbers, set forth upon the conquest.

#### NOTES

1. Don Pedro Ponce de León had powerful support in Spain, apparently, and was favored by the Council of the Indies. See Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate*, pp. 47-51; and C. W. Hackett, *Historical Documents relating to New Mexico, Nueva Vizcaya, and Approaches Thereto, to 1773*, I, p. 196 ff.

2. Oñate's army passed two inspections. The first was conducted by Don Lope de Ulloa and was satisfactorily completed between December, 1596, and February, 1597. The ban of suspension over Oñate's head had not been withdrawn, however, and the victory was only a moral one. Meantime, a royal decree had been issued by the king, restoring Oñate to favor, and when this notice reached Mexico the viceroy ordered a second inspection. Juan de Frias Salazar performed this task, and it is of this last investigation that Villagr  speaks in the remaining lines of this canto.

3. This was Juan de Frias Salazar, who reached Oñate's headquarters in Santa B rbara by November, 1597.

4. Numerous details of the inspection are contained in the bulky report of Salazar, which is preserved in the Archives of the Indies in Seville, entitled, "Traslado autorizado en virtud de poder que para ello di  el se or virrey conde de Monterey para enviar   S. M. y   su real consejo de Indias acerca de la visita de la jornada del Nuevo Mexico que hizo en comisi n don Juan de Frias Salazar. M xico 30 mayo 1602."

5. "The reason for the inspector's action is clear. Oñate had not been able to meet his obligations, and Salazar refused to declare the contract fulfilled without consulting the viceroy. The permission to enter New Mexico was thus really conditional, as Monterey informed the king. If Oñate did not prove satisfactory it would still be possible to take different action." Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate*, *op. cit.*, p. 91. For a list of the chief deficits in Oñate's equipment, see *ibid.*, p. 87.

6. The document is found in "Escritura otorgado en favor de la real hacienda por don Juan de Oñate, 27 enero 1598." A. G. I., 58-3-12.

## CANTO TEN

*How the army marched forth to the Rio Conchas; how  
the river was forded and how a bridge was built  
over the same; how the inspector finally left  
after giving his permission for the  
conquest.*

**J**UST as we often see the silvery moon in its full glory and splendor, lighting up the entire heavens, and again we see it in diminishing and declining light, and then again eclipsed and darkened, so this army, once so proud to see, now marched forth, a mere shadow of its former self.

The stores and ammunition were loaded into eighty wagons which were formed in a long line. When all was in readiness, the march began mid a deafening screeching of the cart wheels and the applause of all. It was a noble sight indeed to see this caravan go forth. The wagons led the way, and in the wheel tracks they left across the plain followed the oxen, of which there were a great number; then the goats, sheep, lambs, mares, mules, and last a great herd of horses.<sup>1</sup>

We continued our march until we reached the banks of a mighty river whose swift waters teemed with fish. We called this stream the "Rio de las Conchas," because of the many and beautiful shells we found along its banks. This river flows from the west toward the east, and after a long and tortuous journey empties into the sea.<sup>1a</sup>

Our first care was to find a place where the army could safely ford the stream with our wagons and baggage. The waters were so swift and the soundings showed

such a depth that there were none who would dare attempt its passage. Many were for not attempting it, fearful lest they be engulfed in its turbulent waters and perish.

Our general then, like Julius Caesar who it is said rode and tamed the wildest steeds with neither bit nor rein, leaped upon a prancing charger, and, knowing that no words can be as eloquent or effective as a personal example, rode before the men and cried: "Come, noble soldiers, knights of Christ, here is presented the first opportunity for you to show your mettle and courage and to prove that you are deserving of the glories in store for you."

So saying, he turned his horse toward the rushing waters and plunged into the roaring waves. Guiding his steed to the opposite bank, he turned rein and once more braved the angry waters, returning to his men.

Oñate, who had thus pointed the way, now personally began to goad the oxen into the water, shouting encouragement to his men. These, like a galley crew which skillfully follows the strokesman's orders, either pulling a short stroke, a long stroke, or a shallow stroke as he commands, followed his example. Some disrobed that they might better transport the baggage across the stream and see that none was lost. Others mounted the backs of the oxen and spurring their flanks urged them on. Some mounted swift horses and gathered the cattle together assisted by others who, barefoot, ran along the banks urging the animals into the stream.

How well a good example serves us. It demonstrates how easily we can accomplish those things which we would not dare attempt without being shown. All this success was due solely to the example set by our prudent leader. The two nephews of Oñate worked hard and

willingly. Thus by great labor we goaded the cattle across with shouts and cries and blows.

The teamsters brought the wagons down the steep banks and, skilfully guiding them into the waters, whipped the horses into the swirling stream. The rushing waves caught the wagons and tossed them about like ships in a heavy sea. The horses, straining every muscle, at last reached the opposite bank, urged on by the shouts of the drivers, who, standing on the wagon tongues, made the air resound with the sharp crack of their whips.

When the sheep were being taken across, it soon became evident that, because of the weight of their wool which bore them down as soon as it was soaked with water, they would be unable to swim across. The general gave orders that a bridge be built. This order caused great wonder, for we all doubted that this mighty river could be spanned with a substantial bridge with our limited resources.

Oñate did not hesitate. First, he ordered that two dozen of the largest cart wheels be brought. These he securely anchored to rafts, two across, the entire width of the river. He then ordered that tall trees which grew along the river banks be cut and trimmed, and taking the longest and strongest branches, we laid these lengthwise and crosswise over the cart wheels, covering them with branches, bark, and earth.

When the bridge was completed it was secure and strong. It easily supported the weight of the remaining animals and also of the remaining baggage which we carted across the bridge.

Oñate noticed that Bernabé de las Casas, a distinguished man of noble birth, who bore the title of ensign, had been especially active, laboring among the men with great zeal.<sup>3</sup> The general commended him for such noble spirit and devotion.

On this day many men covered themselves with glory. Among these were Captain Marcelo de Espinosa,<sup>3</sup> César,<sup>4</sup> Ortiz,<sup>5</sup> Cadimo,<sup>6</sup> Juan de Salas,<sup>7</sup> Don Juan Escarramal,<sup>8</sup> Alonso Lucas,<sup>9</sup> Bartolomé Gonzalez,<sup>10</sup> and Mallea,<sup>11</sup> Monçon,<sup>12</sup> Martín Ramírez,<sup>13</sup> Juan Pérez,<sup>14</sup> Pedro Sánchez Damiero,<sup>15</sup> Simón de la Paz,<sup>16</sup> Medina,<sup>17</sup> Castillo,<sup>18</sup> Juan de Victoria,<sup>19</sup> Vido,<sup>20</sup> the Varelas,<sup>21</sup> Alonso Núñez,<sup>22</sup> Reyes,<sup>23</sup> Herrera,<sup>24</sup> Antonio Conte,<sup>25</sup> Don Luis Gasco,<sup>26</sup> the ensign, Gerónimo de Heredia,<sup>27</sup> Captain Ruiz,<sup>28</sup> the Bocanegras,<sup>29</sup> Robledos,<sup>30</sup> and many others.

By nightfall we had completed our work and then lay down to rest, tired and aching in every limb.

The golden rays of the morning's sun had scarce begun to drive away the shadows of night when all the camp was again astir, for this was the day for the final visit of the inspector, prior to his departure. The governor was eagerly expecting his papers of authority, necessary for the establishment of his rights and privileges. All heard Mass, and then we repaired to the appointed places where the inspector was to give his final orders.

The inspector coldly informed the general that he might proceed. This was all he said, and then without another word and without giving him any letters or papers, he turned and left. This caused us all great anxiety, not knowing why our general's authority had been withheld.

When Don Juan saw what happened, and that the inspector had already left the camp, he hurriedly followed him with thirty horsemen, and overtaking him, offered him his escort. His offer was coldly refused, and he returned sadly to his men.

When Oñate had arrived at camp, he gathered his army together and addressed them as follows:

My captains and soldiers all: Be of brave and courageous spirit, for he who hopes and perseveres, Dame Fortune will never forget. Be not discouraged, although sufferings and misfortunes seem to be our daily lot. It is certain that this ill-luck cannot endure forever. Let us trust in God who watches over us all. Surely He will clear the darkened skies which have so long o'er-shadowed us. Hardships and misfortunes are the common lot of brave, adventurous men. Consider the adversities encountered by Hermodorus, Camillus, Hermocrates, Rutilius, Themistocles, and other heroes. It is but the common lot of men to suffer here on earth. And, who knows but what these present trials and tribulations are sent us for the express purpose of preparing us for the glorious future which awaits our expedition?

Thus he spoke; then repairing to his quarters, he sat down and wrote a letter to the viceroy, informing him of his misfortunes.

Pausing here, I shall leave the details of this most disagreeable task for the next canto.

## NOTES

1. "The colony now consisted of four hundred men, of whom one hundred and thirty had their families. For carrying baggage there were eighty-three wagons and carts, and a herd of more than seven thousand head of stock was driven on foot." Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, p. 202, New York, 1930.

1a. The Rio de las Conchas, now Rio Conchos, flows northward and northeastward in eastern Chihuahua and enters the Rio Grande opposite the present Presidio, Texas.

2. Bernabé de las Casas was a native of the Isle of Tenerife, son of Miguel de las Casas, tall of stature, blackbearded, and twenty-five years of age.

3. Captain Marcelo de Espinosa, son of Antonio de Espinosa, born in Madrid, was twenty-one years of age. He was of good stature and had a chestnut colored beard.

4. Captain Gregorio César, native of the city of Cádiz, of good stature, chestnut colored beard, was forty years of age.

5. Juan Ortiz Requelmo, or Riquel, son of Juan López Ortega, native of Seville, short of stature, chestnut colored beard, was twenty-eight years of age.

6. Evidently Francisco Cadino, a Gallego, of good stature, blackbearded, freckle faced, thirty-six years of age.

7. Juan de Salas, son of the accountant, Alonso Sánchez, beardless, of good stature, was twenty years of age.

8. Or Escarramad. He was the son of Don Juan Escarramad, native of Murcia, small of stature, changeable eyes, chestnut colored beard, and twenty-six years of age.

9. There is no Alonso Lucas in the Salazar inspection lists; but there is a Juan Lucas, native of Puebla, eighteen years of age, of good stature, beardless. Alonso is mentioned again in Canto 27, and Juan in Canto 31.

10. Ensign Bartolomé González de Almaguer, son of Juan González, native of Corral de Almaguer, of medium stature, chestnut colored beard, twenty-nine years of age.

11. Mallea is not mentioned in the Salazar inspection lists, but Villagrà refers to him several times. His full name, Juan de Mallea, appears in the Oñate documents when he acted as a witness. Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, p. 267.

12. Baltasar de Monzón, son of Baltasar de Monzón, native of Mexico, was twenty years of age and of good stature.

13. Martín Ramírez, son of Juan Leal, was thirty-three years of age, of good stature, and chestnut colored beard.

14. Either Juan Pérez de Bustillo, native of Mexico, forty years of age, or Juan Pérez de Donís, the secretary, who was fifty-eight years of age, native of Cangas de Onís in Asturias, of medium stature, gray-bearded, with a wound in his forehead. He was the son of Francisco Pérez Carreno.

15. Damiero is Pedro Sánchez de Amiuro, twenty-one years of age, native of Sombrerete, of good stature, beard growing, with a wound above the left eye.

16. Simón de la Paz is not mentioned in the Salazar inspection lists, but Villagrà refers to him again, and he appeared as a witness. Cf. Bolton, *op. cit.*, p. 267.

17. There were two Medinas, Juan and Diego, but we have no description of them.

18. Villagrà mentions Castillo again later in his story, but we have no other record of him in the Salazar lists.

19. In the Salazar muster rolls we find a Juan de Victoria, with a description of his arms and supplies, and a Juan de Victoria Carbajal, ensign, with an account of him. The latter was thirty-seven years of age, native of Mexico, of medium stature, with a chestnut colored beard.

20. Francisco Vido, son of Gerónimo Vido, native of Mexico, was twenty years of age, swarthy, beardless, of medium stature.

21. Alonso Varela, native of Santiago in Galicia, was thirty years of age, of good stature, with chestnut colored beard; Pedro Varela, also born in Santiago, was twenty-four years of age, of good stature, and redbearded.



22. Ensign Alonso Núñez de Hinojosa, son of Alonso de Santiago, native of Plasencia, was of good stature and redbearded.

23. Pedro de los Reyes, son of Sebastián de los Reyes, native of Mexico, was eighteen years of age, beardless, tall, pockmarked.

24. There were two Herreras. Bartolomé de Herrera, son of Miguel de Herrera, native of Seville, was twenty years of age, of medium stature, and beard growing; Cristóbal de Herrera, son of Juan de Herrera, native of Xérez de la Frontera, was nineteen years of age, tall of stature, swarthy, and without beard. See also the following.

25. Antonio Conte, or Conde, de Herrera, son of Antonio Conde de Herrera, native of Xérez de la Frontera, was eighteen years of age, tall of stature, and beardless.

26. Don Luis Gasco de Velasco, treasurer of the expedition, son of Luis Ximénez Gasco, native of Cuenca, was twenty-eight years of age, of medium stature, and redbearded.

27. Gerónimo de Heredia, son of Diego Hernández de Heredia, native of Córdoba, was thirty-eight years of age, of medium stature, reddish beard, with a mark above his left eye.

28. Captain Ruiz, mentioned several times, is not in the Salazar inspection lists.

29. The Bocanegas, father and son. Captain Juan Gutiérrez Bocanegra, son of Alonso de Cuenca, native of Villanueva de los Infantes, was forty-four years of age, tall, blackbearded, with a mark above his left eye. His son, Antonio Gutiérrez Bocanegra, is not described for us in detail.

30. There were six Robledos with Oñate's army, including a father and his four sons. Ensign Pedro Robledo was a white-haired man of sixty, while his sons, Francisco, Pedro, Alonso, and Diego ranged in years from eighteen to twenty-seven. Of the sixth of the name there is no description.

## CANTO ELEVEN

*How Don Juan wrote to the viceroy; return of Fray Márquez, and how the army marched to the Rio de San Pedro; of the escort sent to accompany the priests to our camp; of the expedition to the Rio del Norte.*

WHEN the heart is sore and afflicted, the opportunity to relate its woe to anyone whomsoever is certain to ease its sorrow and despair. Sad at heart, Oñate sat down and took his pen in hand and wrote to the viceroy. Bitterly he complained of the unjust persecution which had followed him for two and a half long years. In his desire to serve his country, and in his zeal to carry the Gospel to the heathen nations, he had endured all; the untrue charges made against him, the long and costly delays, the hardships and sufferings of the journey; he had suffered all, resting his faith and hope in the royal word given him, and upon the promises and encouragement of the viceroy. He related how again and again it seemed that success and victory were in sight, when suddenly his plans would be shattered anew.

The governor stated that he was certain this conquest was an assured fact and that he was now on the road to realize his plans. He further stated that he was unable to explain why, because of his zeal and labor to serve his country and bring under the guidance of the holy church so many savage peoples, ignorant of the holy faith and without knowledge of the precious blood shed for the redemption of mankind, that he should be accorded the treatment of a slave.

Another misfortune befell us. Through the evil in-

fluence of our enemies, the good Fray Diego Márquez who had been with us since the very beginning of our expedition and who had helped it, and who was greatly beloved by all, was ordered to return to Mexico.

When the general realized that the friar's return could not be prevented, he tearfully presented his friend, as a token of his love, with a holy image and a rosary; his sister, María de Galarça, presented him with an image of the Christ child, a work of inestimable value. The holy father then took his leave.

Having heard that the commissary and the friars who accompanied him were hastening to overtake the army, Oñate sent an escort of soldiers to meet them and escort them to the camp. It had been rumored that the Tepeguana people<sup>1</sup> were up in arms, and he feared for their safety. This escort was sent under the command of Captain Farfán.<sup>2</sup>

The army now marched ahead to the banks of the Rio San Pedro, a beautiful stream of crystalline waters.<sup>3</sup> From here the army, like a ship traversing unknown seas, set forth across the trackless plains for quite a distance before camp was pitched. Here the army waited a few days for the arrival of Captain Farfán. The captain and the friars soon arrived. We learned that they were coming under the direction of Fray Alonso Martínez, a man of singular virtue and noble qualities. Along with them came Fray Francisco de Zamora, Fray Rosas, Fray San Miguel, Claros, Fray Lugo, Fray Andrés Corchado, and the two lay brothers, Pedro de Vergara and Fray Juan. There also came with them three lay brothers, Martín, Francisco, and the holy Juan de Dios.<sup>4</sup>

Don Juan, when he saw the band approaching, sent two captains with a squad of horsemen each to welcome them to camp. He advanced with his army in six columns. The commissary sent two noble friars ahead to greet the

general. As the two parties neared each other, the arquebuses of the soldiers belched forth fire in a loud salvo of welcome.

Meeting, the general and the commissary embraced and advanced toward the camp. As they approached it the soldiers fired another volley. The general and the commissary dismounted under a shady bower where tables had been set, and the general, his captains, officers and the friars, sat down to a sumptuous banquet, after which the friars retired to their tents.

In the meantime, the sergeant major, having heard that the Rio del Norte, known also as the Rio Bravo, flowed through these lands, set forth with a few of his men and three guides who declared they were acquainted with these regions, to explore the mighty river. They wandered across the plains of San Martín, and here the guides completely lost their bearings. They were for returning, but the sergeant major, provoked and angry, refused to retrace his steps. They traveled for a great distance and became so completely lost that they wandered about for days not knowing in what direction they were going. Meeting some savage Indians, natives of these lands, they followed them, and saw in the distance great columns of smoke. Marcelo de Espinosa, Juan Piñero,<sup>8</sup> Villaviciosa,<sup>9</sup> and Olague<sup>7</sup> hurried ahead and, meeting four of the savages, took them prisoners. The savages were well treated and promised their liberty if they would guide the sergeant and his party to the banks of the Rio del Norte. This they readily agreed to do.<sup>8</sup>

Three days had now elapsed since the soldiers had tasted a drop of water, and they were suffering terribly. At this time Manuel Francisco,<sup>9</sup> Munuera,<sup>10</sup> Juan de León,<sup>11</sup> Rodríguez,<sup>12</sup> Bustillo,<sup>13</sup> and Pablo de Aguilar<sup>14</sup> arrived at camp with the welcome news that they had found a copious spring of water. The sergeant and his

men hurried to the spring and there drank long of its cool refreshing waters.

The next day the sergeant sent the three guides back to the army. He first warned them that they should not speak a single word of the hardships they had undergone, but should state that the lands they had discovered were pleasant, and that they contained splendid pastures and an abundance of water. The sergeant and his men then marched ahead, suffering from cold and hunger. Finally they reached the great river. Here they killed a horse and feasted upon its meat. True to their promise they loaded their guides with gifts and sent them rejoicing on their way. They then began to retrace their steps back to the army.

Oñate, worried over the long absence of the sergeant and his force, sent Captain Landín<sup>15</sup> with a party to render him assistance if needed. I accompanied the captain. After a journey of ten days we met the sergeant. His party was in dire straits; their provisions were exhausted, and they had not drunk water for days. One of the party, Juan Rodríguez, was stretched across the back of a lean horse; he seemed more dead than alive.<sup>16</sup> We gave the party all the assistance we could, and, in truth, it was very badly needed.

The sergeant major and his party returned to camp to advise the general of their discoveries, and we marched on for a great distance. In accord with their suggestions we followed a long ridge of mountains to see if we could find a pass through them for the army. We found an excellent passage, with good pastures and a plentiful supply of water, and so returned to inform the general.

Oñate received the tidings we brought with great joy, and after making a complete report of his progress so far, sent the same to Mexico by Captain Landín.

The army again broke camp and we journeyed onward

until we reached the banks of another stream. The friars named this river the "Sacramento," for the reason that we arrived at its banks on Holy Thursday, the feast of the Blessed Sacrament.

In order to observe properly this most holy day,<sup>17</sup> Don Juan ordered a large chapel built. In the center we placed a representation of the Holy Sepulcher. A special guard of honor stood watch the entire day and night. Here in the evening the priests and all the officers and men came and devoutly, on their knees, with tears in their eyes, begged forgiveness for their sins. They prayed to our blessed Lord that He, who walked with safety upon the waters, He who led the children of Israel through the trackless deserts, would have mercy and compassion on them and lead them safely through the arid plains through which they wandered. They asked Him to guard over them and aid them to carry His holy faith to the remote regions of New Mexico.

That night was one of prayer and penance for all. The women and children came barefoot to pray at the holy shrine. The soldiers, with cruel scourges, beat their backs unmercifully until the camp ran crimson with their blood. The humble Franciscan friars, barefoot and clothed in cruel thorny girdles, devoutly chanted their doleful hymns, praying forgiveness for their sins.

Don Juan, unknown to anyone except me, went to a secluded spot where he cruelly scourged himself, mingling bitter tears with the blood which flowed from his many wounds. This continued throughout the camp till early morn.<sup>18</sup>

It might be stated here that in enterprises such as this, wisdom and learning are not always the most important virtues. When faith is to be taught to distant and barbarous tribes, it is more important to entrust such matters to good and God-fearing men.

In conclusion, it were well that I pause here, for being most ignorant myself, it might be thought that I presume those other high and noble qualities.

## NOTES

1. The Tepeguana or Tepehuane, of Piman stock, formerly occupied mainly the state of Durango, but extended also into southern Chihuahua, northeastern and southeastern Sinaloa, northeastern Jalisco, northern Zacatecas, and southwestern Coahuila. For a brief account, see F. W. Hodge (ed.), *Handbook of American Indians*, II, 731-732, Washington, 1910.

2. Captain Marcos Farfán de los Godos, a native of Seville, was forty years of age, the son of Ginés Farfán de los Godos. He is described as of good stature and having a chestnut colored beard.

3. The distance was eleven leagues, which was covered in three days. Here the army remained a month awaiting the arrival of the Franciscans. Hammond, *op. cit.*, p. 92.

4. The friars escorted by Farfán were: Alonso Martínez (commissary), Francisco de Zamora, Juan de Rosas, Francisco de San Miguel, Juan Claros, Alonso de Lugo, Cristóbal de Salazar (Oñate's cousin), Andrés Corchado, and two lay brothers, Pedro de Vergara and Juan de San Buenaventura. Three brothers are also named, Martín, Francisco, and Juan de Diós. Other records of the expedition fail to mention the three last named. Cf. Benavides, *Memorial*, 1630, Ayer reprint, Chicago, 1916, pp. 196-200.

5. Juan Piñero, or Pineiro, ensign, was thirty years old. He was born in the town of Fregenal, was of medium stature, and had a chestnut colored beard.

6. Miguel Rodríguez de Villaviciosa, of medium stature, beard growing, had a small wound above the left eyebrow. He was twenty years of age.

7. There were two Olagues, Francisco and Juan.

8. The party consisting of seventeen men, started out on February 14, 1598, under Vicente de Zaldívar, who after sending back a part of his force reached the Rio Grande at a point about seventy leagues from the Conchos, a fortnight later, after suffering many hardships. The Indian guides mentioned were Jumano, or Patarabueyes, whose chief seat was about the junction of the Conchos and the Rio Grande. Zaldívar returned to camp on March 10. Hammond, *op. cit.*, pp. 92-93.

9. Manuel Francisco, a Portuguese, was of good stature, thirty years of age, with a chestnut colored beard. He had one withered finger on the left hand.

10. Lorenzo de Munuera, twenty-eight years old, native of Villa Carrillo, was of good stature and had a chestnut colored beard.

11. Juan de León, born in Cádiz, was thirty years of age. He was of good stature, redbearded, with a wart on the right cheek.

12. There were several by the name of Rodríguez in the army, Antonio, two Juana, and Sebastián.

13. There was a Juan Pérez de Bustillo in the army, with his son Simón.

14. Pablo de Aguilar Hinojosa, thirty-six years of age, was a captain. He was born in Ecija, was of good stature, and had a chestnut colored beard.

15. Diego de Landín, or Blandín, son of Diego González, native of Coimbra, Portugal, was of good stature, grayish, and more than forty years of age.

16. Juan Rodríguez, a Portuguese from Oporto; he was forty years of age. See note 12 above, and Canto 19, note 6.

17. The date was March 20.

18. This self-inflicted torture reminds one of the Penitentes of New Mexico who still practise similar barbaric rites, but with the strong disapproval of the church.



## CANTO TWELVE

*How the sergeant with eight companions made a second journey to explore the Rio del Norte; of the sufferings they underwent; how they met with a band of savage Indians and what happened.*

WHO, worthy sir, would have imagined that faith and simple ignorance possessed such virtue that under their influence our gallant gray-haired leader would have emulated his men in their humble faith and undergone such cruel scourging! Such conduct alone was enough to leave his name engraved upon the books of time, along with other worthy men, long departed. He seemed to say with them, "O, holy faith and simple ignorance, your virtue is so potent that it alone is sufficient to assure for man, born to suffer in this vale of tears, a secure and happy haven in that blessed land where faith and goodness are rewarded."

The virtue of this attribute was never appreciated in the Athenian schools of learning. Neither Anaxagoras nor Plato, nor any of the ancient sages, appreciated its worth. The Greek and Roman academies alike ignored its virtues.

Gerónimo<sup>1</sup> and I took example from these worthy ones and underwent like punishment. What lessons we learned from what we observed that day!

The guides, who had gone forth with such arrogance and pride, believing that the army could not advance a single step without their aid, returned to camp where their miserable failure was made known. The general then determined to send another party to discover a passage for the army to the banks of the Rio del Norte. Accordingly he chose seven of his most trusted men,

headed by the brave sergeant, including myself as the eighth, more to fill the required number than to add strength to this noble band. Those who were chosen besides the sergeant and myself were the proveedor,<sup>2</sup> Sebastián Rodríguez,<sup>3</sup> Dionisio de Bañuelos,<sup>4</sup> Robledo, Francisco and Cristóbal Sánchez,<sup>5</sup> and Carabajal.<sup>6</sup>

In accordance with the general's instructions, we set forth to seek a passage for the army to the Rio del Norte. We were sadly lacking in all knowledge of the stars, the winds, and other knowledge by which to guide our steps. I doubt if there was a single one of us who, once the sun had set, could with certainty say, "There is east, there is west." But strength and courage are the prime factors in situations such as these. Necessity is a wonderful teacher and the mother of experience.

We traveled by hard journeys for many days. Each day our store of provisions grew smaller, until finally we were completely out of food and water. For three days and nights we wandered about in search of water.

One evening as we were about to retire and seek in quiet slumber the peace of mind we could not otherwise enjoy, we saw a great number of campfires in the distance. Hurriedly we gathered together our tired mounts in order to go and see who could be there.

The sergeant prudently decided that the proveedor should remain in charge of the camp, while he and I would investigate what party this was, their strength, and their purpose. Before leaving the camp, we carefully noted our position with reference to a luminous star which shone low in the horizon, in order that we might be able to retrace our steps, for the night was very dark.

Carefully, on our hands and knees, we crawled to where we could see the savages about their campfires. We watched them for quite a time. Suddenly, while we were watching, seven of their number rushed furiously

upon us. We struggled fiercely, but after a strenuous battle we were captured and taken to their camp. Never before did any mortal experience such fright and terror as we endured during that brief fight. Our fears were groundless, however. The savages gave us to understand that they had already known about us through some of their number who had seen us the day before. They stated that they had considered us friends and had intended joining our party, and that their capturing us had merely been to amuse themselves and to frighten us.

The savages allowed us to depart, and we quickly returned to our companions and told them of what had happened. We informed them that the party consisted of at least two hundred warriors armed with bows and arrows, without counting the great number of non-combatants.

This news was received with great alarm. Our situation was indeed precarious. With this great band of savages before us; with our provisions exhausted, and suffering from thirst, the sergeant called a council to determine what should be done. This is the plan he submitted and which we adopted:

We decided that just before daybreak, the proveedor, the sergeant, Sebastián Rodríguez, and Bañuelos would charge the camp, discharging their arquebuses and shouting and making all the noise possible. At the same time, the rest of us would approach the scene from different directions, likewise discharging our firearms and shouting. We figured that if we could deceive the savages as to our numbers, they would awaken suddenly and flee in terror, abandoning their supplies. Then we could seize their stores and go through their camp destroying their weapons so that if they returned they would find themselves unarmed.

We sat up all night talking over our plan. When the

first rays of morning light began to pierce the darkness of night, we hastily mounted our gaunt and hungry mounts and scattered in different directions, surrounding the camp in so far as our numbers permitted. When the sergeant major gave the signal, we charged upon the savage camp, discharging our arms, and then quickly reloading and firing again, shouting like madmen.

Our plan worked perfectly. The savages, panic-stricken, fled in all directions like frightened hares, and we entered a deserted camp.

Only a few of the savages stood their ground. The sergeant, Rodríguez, and Bañuelos were able to take seven of them prisoners. One noble savage of gigantic stature singled out the proveedor and attacked him furiously. The proveedor was now on foot and they charged each other again and again like two wild bulls. For a while neither had the advantage, and foot to foot they battled, neither taking nor giving ground. The Spaniard finally proved superior and felled the brute with a mighty thrust.

The savages having fled from their camp, we gathered all the bows and arrows we could find and broke them in two.

The sergeant then spoke to the captives. He assured them that we meant them no harm, and that our sole purpose in taking them prisoners was to secure guides to take us to the banks of the Rio del Norte. He agreed that all but two could leave, and these two he promised their freedom and a horse apiece on which they might return to their people as soon as we reached the banks of the Rio del Norte. So saying, he freed the other Indians after making them many gifts.

➤ We now gathered what provisions the savages had left, and found a goodly supply of venison, badger and

rabbit meat, and also many herbs and roots. There was sufficient to satisfy all our present needs.

As I look back upon that day, I wonder if the things we saw could possibly have occurred. Words are lacking with which to describe the events I there witnessed.

The two remaining savages guided us across the plains for a distance of about half a league to a place where we found six shallow wells. We rushed desperately to satisfy our burning thirst. The sergeant major would not touch the water until we had all satisfied our needs. Now these wells were very shallow, and quickly drained. We could not dig them deeper, for the bottoms were of shallow rock. The water seeped through this floor slowly.

It was very evident that we could not all satisfy our thirst at once. In the meantime, the horses arrived. As soon as they sensed the water they frantically rushed forward, despite our efforts to hold them back. The meager supply of water was almost immediately used up. They pawed and struggled and bit one another, frantic to approach the precious holes.

Two of our soldiers who had not yet drank, crazed by the burning thirst which devoured them, rushed forward among the animals and although they were terribly trampled and seriously wounded, succeeded in reaching the wells where they buried their faces in the mud alongside of the dumb brutes and sought to suck the water from the stony bottom. With great difficulty we rescued our wounded comrades from under the horses' hoofs and were finally able to lead them away and then bring them to water, one by one, until everyone, man and beast, had satisfied his thirst. Then the sergeant major, making a scoop of his hat, drank long and heartily of the precious fluid.

We then set forth, traveling in the open plain so that we would be able to see the Indians if they chanced to

return and also that we might be able to use our horses to advantage if necessary. We rewarded our guides with gifts and clothing, and inquired of one of them, named Milco, as to the direction from there of the great river which flowed from the north. He appeared to be perplexed as if he did not understand our question. We then questioned the other Indian, the one whom the proveedor had taken prisoner, and whose name was Mompil. Mompil took an arrow, and smoothing the earth at his feet, without hesitation traced a circle, marked the four cardinal points, then marked the two oceans, the islands, mountains, and the course of the river we sought. He seemed to act with the knowledge and experience of an expert cosmographer. As we watched him it seemed as though he was tracing the Arctic and Antarctic seas, the signs of the Zodiac, and even the degrees and parallels. He marked the different towns of New Mexico and the road we should follow and where along the journey we would find water. He then explained to us the direction we should take and where we would be able to ford the mighty river.

We were astounded to find such a noble spirit and such skill and knowledge in the midst of these savage people.

#### NOTES

1. Doubtless Captain Gerónimo Márquez.
2. The *proveedor* was the officer charged with supplying the necessities of the army. He was Diego de Zubia, age thirty-six, native of Guadalajara in Nueva Galicia. He was of good stature, chestnut colored beard, with a wound in his forehead.
3. Sebastián Rodríguez, age thirty, a man of good stature, had a full red beard. He was a native of Cartaya.
4. The name of Dionisio Bañuelos does not appear in the muster rolls of the expedition; he however was convicted in 1614, with three other captains, for being implicated in the deaths of Captains Aguilar and Sosa. There is also recorded a Leonis de Treviño, son of Baltasar de

Bañuelos, native of Zacatecas; and a Bañuelos is mentioned in Canto 6 as one of those who rendered the expedition pecuniary aid. See Hammond, *op. cit.*, pp. 185, 199.

5. The two men were brothers. Cristóbal Sánchez, son of Gerónimo Sánchez, native of Sombrerete, was twenty-seven years of age, of medium stature, and chestnut colored beard; Francisco, likewise born in Sombrerete, was twenty-four, of good stature, and beard growing. Francisco is not to be confused with Francisco Sánchez, el caudillo.

6. Ensign Juan de Victoria Carbajal, or Carabajal, was born in Ayotepetl, Mexico. He was thirty-seven years of age.

## CANTO THIRTEEN

*How Polca arrived in search of her husband and how he fled, leaving her a prisoner. Of the flight of Mompil and of the generosity of the sergeant with his prisoner.*

THERE was never a worthy or noble deed wrought which did not owe its success to love. Love is the principal force that guides and shapes our destinies. Without love there can be no peace or pleasure in this life. Where there is love, there we will find joy and happiness. With love all difficulties are surmounted and overcome. It is the crucible in which all the finer qualities of man are brought out.

The truth of the above is shown by an incident which is worthy of being related here. I was in conversation with Mompil, inquiring about the details of the map he had drawn, when we saw a comely Indian woman approaching in the distance. Now she would walk; now she would run. It was very evident from her actions that she was in great distress. In her arms she carried a beautiful babe who nursed at his mother's breast, happy in his innocent way and unaware of the troubles of his afflicted mother. From her shoulders hung a bag in which she carried two hares and a rabbit.

The sergeant, noting her noble appearance and the grace with which she bore herself, ordered that she be allowed to enter the camp unmolested, for she was a woman whose beauty and grace merited every consideration and respect. Beauty, although it is but a temporary gift which soon fades away and disappears like the flowers, nevertheless, because of its very nature, merits honor and respect.



She entered the camp greatly agitated, as we later learned, by the flame of love and devotion which filled her breast. Like a faithful hound which has become lost and which finally meets the hunter, crouches before him, wagging its tail and licking his hands, trying to show its devotion and its pleasure at being with him again, so this woman approached Milco and embraced him long and tenderly. Then, noting that he and Mompil were seated on the ground, she quickly gathered an armful of weeds and made a cushion for each of them. She then took a cloth from her bag and wiped their brows.

The savage then turned toward us and smilingly attempted to hide her grief and terror and told us that Milco was her husband, and the father of the babe at her breast. She offered to remain with us as our slave if we would but free her husband, begging us that for the sake of the tender infant we do him no harm. Her sincere and pitiful pleadings proved the deep and tender love she bore her husband. Her looks as much as said, "Take me, body and soul, and do with me what you will; inflict upon me any punishment you choose, but let my husband go free."

Like another Triaria, wife of Vitellius, who, putting aside her female attire, armed herself and went forth to battle by her husband's side and sought the place of danger that her husband might not be harmed, this savage offered herself that her husband might go safe. In her sad countenance we read the willingness to undergo a hundred thousand deaths if only her husband might remain unharmed.

No noble heart could withstand such an appeal. The noble sergeant assured her with kind words that no harm was to be done her husband and that he would be freed. At these words Polca laughed with joy and thanked the sergeant again and again.

Polca then set about preparing a meal for the two savages. After they had satisfied their wants, she and Milco talked together for a long time. She then told us that they had agreed that she was to remain in his stead while Milco went for two companions. We agreed and he departed, leaving his precious jewel with us.

Milco, like a wild horse which, having been confined in a stall and for the first time breaks the walls of his prison and rushes off, left at topmost speed and did not pause until he had reached the summit of a hill some distance away. Here he turned and shouted to Polca and Mompil, argued with them a while, and then turned and disappeared.

Polca turned to us, sobbing as though her heart would break and informed us that her husband had shamefully abandoned her, for he had said that he was not going to come back. This conduct was as base as that of the cruel Theseus who abandoned the noble Ariadne to the cruel and savage monster from which she herself had saved him.

Such is the lack of appreciation and ungratefulness of a brutal heart. The more benefits he receives, the more ingratitude he returns. How few there are who really know how to appreciate true love, and how many are those who are only too ready to return evil for good.

Not only among savage and uncultured people is this failing prevalent, but even among those who consider themselves more exalted; among nobles as well as plebeians, among rich as well as poor, among married and single men, yes, even between father and son, we mortals are the same.

One can never tell what evil, deceit, treason, and falsity are hidden in the hearts of our fellow men. This evil trait has been the cause of betrayals, sufferings, crimes, and even war. Outside of Satan himself, who of

all men created by God could better illustrate the truth of these facts than this wretched savage. How easily he betrayed his simple ignorant spouse, for it is easy to deceive one who loves well.

O, human love! What misery you bring to men! How traitorously you repay those who blindly place their trust in you!

Not even a dumb brute would have betrayed his mate as this ignoble savage did.

Polca would not be consoled. With tears streaming down her face, she kept looking toward the setting sun, the direction in which Milco had disappeared.

We now made camp for the night. The sentries were all assigned to their posts and we lay down to rest our tired bodies that we might set forth on the morrow in search of the mighty river.

In the dead of the night, when everyone was sound asleep, Polca awoke, and noticing that Mompil was gone, gave a loud cry which awoke us all. When we understood what she was telling us and we realized that our only means of finding our way out of these savage regions had gone, we were dumb struck; our blood froze. Bitterly we reproached ourselves for not taking better precautions, and we reproached the sentinels for their carelessness, consoling ourselves by blaming them. Polca stood by terrified, trembling with fear, like a prisoner awaiting execution.

In the morning we met to consider what we should do. The sergeant, realizing that no good could come from bewailing our situation, and that sad looks would not remedy anything, spoke as follows:

My comrades, let us not forget that God who is our unfailing guide will not forget those who follow in His footsteps. There are many paths through life; some lead through pleasant woods and grassy meadows. Leave these easy journeys for those who are

of faint heart. There are other pathways which lead through desert plains and rough and stony regions where only the brave and strong can journey. Let no one be discouraged, come what will! Who knows but that our Lord is merely putting us to the test to see if we are true and noble men, worthy of greater things. Let us put our faith in Him and continue with strength and courage. This captive here is but a half league's journey from her people. Let us give her the freedom for which she longs.

We all approved the sergeant's words, and so, clothing the captive and making her many gifts, we told her she could go. She hardly realized this could be true, and trembling with emotion thanked us all, embracing each man in his turn. Four times she set forth and each time she returned to thank us again. For the fifth time she returned, and taking her babe from her breast she handed him to the sergeant as much as to say, "This is all I have to offer you, take him."

The sergeant fondled the infant and tenderly kissed him, then returning him to the mother, told her to be on her way. So leaving us, she set out in the direction her husband had departed.

## CANTO FOURTEEN

*How the Rio del Norte was discovered. Of the hardships we endured, and of the other events. How Oñate took possession of the newly discovered land.*

WHEN a task has once been completed, the worthier and nobler it be, the more credit is due to those who made its accomplishment possible. I say this, worthy sir, that you may duly appreciate and honor those valiant soldiers who dedicate themselves to your service with the sole object of attaining for themselves the name of worthy soldiers. Whatever sufferings and hardships they endure are in vain if at any moment they falter and yield either to sufferings or to fear, and reach not the goal they seek.

After Polca had bidden us adieu, she hastened to her home, seeking her husband, forgetting at once the infamy with which he had treated her, like the hunter, who, having lost his favorite falcon, grieves over his loss, finds him and caresses his pet and smooths his feathers, forgetting that he ever grieved his loss.

We advanced, and for fifty days we marched, enduring hardships patiently, trusting in God to bring us with safety to the river's shore. At one time it rained unceasingly for seven days. We journeyed on and on until it seemed that we would never find our way out of these unpeopled regions, traversing vast and solitary plains where the foot of Christian had never trod before. Our provisions gave out, and we were obliged to subsist on such edible weeds and roots as we found. But we went forward, sometimes through dense thickets which tore our clothes and left us ragged; at other times over rough

stony passes where it was almost necessary to drag our tired mounts. Our shoes were worn out, and we suffered terribly from the burning sands, for our horses were scarcely able to drag their tired bodies along and pack our baggage, let alone carry us. The horses suffered most, poor dumb brutes; they were almost frantic with thirst, and their eyes nearly bulged from their sockets. After four days of travel without water they were well-nigh blind, and could scarcely see where they were going, stumbling against the rocks and trees along their path.

However, led on by the certain knowledge that all things must some time end, we journeyed on, seeking the pass through the mountains, following the directions Milco had given us, like Magellan searching for the strait which would lead him through the pathless seas.

Our faith was finally rewarded. That Providence which never deserted us at length crowned our efforts with success! After journeying, as stated, for four days without water, on the morning of the fifth we joyfully viewed in the distance the long sought waters of the Rio del Norte.<sup>1</sup>

The gaunt horses approached the rolling stream and plunged headlong into it. Two of them drank so much that they burst their sides and died. Two others, blinded by their raving thirst, plunged so far into the stream that they were caught in its swift current and drowned.

Our men, consumed by the burning thirst, their tongues swollen and their throats parched, threw themselves into the water and drank as though the entire river did not carry enough to quench their terrible thirst. Then satisfied, they threw themselves upon the cool sands, like foul wretches stretched upon some tavern floor in a drunken orgy, deformed and swollen and more like toads than men.

Joyfully we tarried 'neath the pleasant shade of the

wide spreading trees which grew along the river banks. It seemed to us that these were, indeed, the Elysian fields of happiness, where, forgetting all our past misfortunes, we could lie beneath the shady bowers and rest our tired aching bodies, enjoying those comforts so long denied us. It was with happiness that we saw our gaunt horses browsing in the grassy meadows, enjoying a well-deserved and needed rest. Happy, indeed, were we, as happy as the buzzing bees which flitted from flower to flower, gathering the sweet nectar for their winter's store; as happy as the countless birds of every size and hue which hopped from branch to branch among the leafy bowers, singing their sweetest peans of praise to our good Lord, the Father of us all.

The mighty river flowing swiftly by was such a pleasing sight that its turbulent waters seemed to us a calm and placid lake with scarce a ripple to disturb its peaceful surface. Its bountiful waters teemed with many fish, and we easily caught a great number. The hunters then shot a large number of ducks and geese.

To make our happiness complete, we saw our general and the rest of the expedition approaching in the distance. They had followed us, and it had now been several days since we had seen them. It was, indeed, a happy meeting. We built a great bonfire and roasted the meat and fish, and then all sat down to a repast the like of which we had never enjoyed before. We were happy that our trials were over; as happy as were the passengers in the Ark when they saw the dove returning with the olive branch in his beak, bringing tidings that the deluge had subsided.

When the strife of battle is over and once again we are enjoying the blessings of peace, it is pleasant to turn back the pages of time and live over again in memory the trials we have passed through. Having all assembled,

with our governor in our midst, the sergeant major addressed the camp. He reviewed the adventures we had gone through, relating how his men had made long marches over desert plains and through rugged mountain passes, enduring hunger and thirst, heat and cold, and every suffering which the elements could bring, until at last he brought his party safely to the banks of the Rio del Norte.

When the sergeant major had concluded, the governor spoke. Tenderly he sought to ease the suffering of his soldiers and of the colonists. He praised their zeal and devotion, telling how for many days they had wandered over trackless wastes; how the colonists, and especially the children of tender age and the women, unused to such hardships, had gone without food and drink for days at a time. He spoke of the untold agony they endured as they marched beneath the blazing sun; how with parched throats and burning tongues they had gone for seven days without a single drop of rain, and how, in the midst of their misfortunes, in despair, they finally prayed to God to aid them in their misery. Suddenly, without the least warning, one-half of the cloudless sky became blackened while the sun continued to shine down in all its glory. Without a single clap of thunder and without a single bolt of lightning, the clouds of heaven opened and poured down a regular deluge of water. The entire army and all the animals quenched their thirst. Without this God-sent rain, surely the entire army would have perished.

This event, the governor stated, would live forever in the memory of all who witnessed it. Ever afterwards it was referred to as the day of the "Miraculous Shower."

And so, the governor continued, greatly refreshed and with greater faith in the providence of God, they continued on and on, sometimes through pleasant regions,



at other times through wild and arid plains, until at last they reached the long-sought goal.

After the governor had concluded, he proclaimed a day of rest, giving to all full and complete freedom to go when and whither they chose, so that the entire army might enjoy a full and complete rest and recuperate their strength before the journey was resumed.

The governor then ordered the sergeant major to select five of his best men, expert swimmers, and seek a passage for the army across the mighty river. The sergeant chose Carabajal, Alonso Sánchez,<sup>2</sup> Cristóbal Sánchez, [Luis de] Araujo,<sup>3</sup> and myself, in order to complete the required number. We swam out into the waters and explored the river, seeking a shallow place where it might be forded.

While we were about our task, we came upon a camp of Indians. We had no firearms, but approached them nevertheless. They proved friendly, and we had no trouble in persuading four of them to accompany us.

When we arrived at camp, the governor had the savages clothed, and loading them with gifts, sent them to their people. The natives were delighted, and soon returned with a great number of their friends bringing us great quantities of fish.

The governor then ordered a large chapel built under a grove of shady trees. Here the priests celebrated a solemn high Mass, after which the learned commissary preached an excellent sermon. Then some of the soldiers enacted a drama written by Captain Farfán. This drama pictured the advent of the friars to New Mexico. We saw the priests coming to this land, kindly received by the simple natives, who reverently approached on bended knee and asked to be received into the faith, being baptized in great numbers.

After this was over the entire army began celebrating

with great joy and mirth. The horsemen gathered in their most gala attire with splendid accoutrements and glistening arms. One company was without a leader for the reason that their commander, the famous Captain Cárdenas, had left the expedition at Santa Bárbara, believing it had been abandoned. Diego Núñez was given the command of this company.\*

The entire army was drawn up in formation, and in the presence of the multitude the governor solemnly took possession of the newly discovered land.

I here repeat the words he used, without so much as changing a single letter or phrase.

*How Oñate took possession of the newly discovered land*

In the name of the most holy Trinity, and of the eternal Unity, Deity, and Majesty, God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three persons in the one and only true God, who by His eternal will, almighty power and infinite wisdom, rules, directs, and governs from sea to sea, from one end to another, as the beginning and the end of all things; In whose hands are the eternal pontificate, the priesthoods, empires, kingdoms, principalities, dynasties, republics, elders, minors, families, and all persons, as the eternal priest, emperor, and king of all; king of emperors, lord of lords, creator of the heavens and the earth, the elements, the birds and fishes, animals, and plants, and of all creatures, spiritual and corporeal, rational and irrational, from the highest cherubim to the lowliest ant and the smallest butterfly; and in honor of His most holy and venerable Mother, the holy Virgin Mary, our lady, gate of heaven, ark of the covenant, in whom the manna of heaven, the divine rod of justice, and the arm of God, and His law of grace and love were placed, as the mother of God, sun, moon, north star, and guide and advocate of all human kind; and in the name of the most blessed Father, Saint Francis, image of Christ, God in body and soul, His royal ensign and patriarch of the poor whom I adopt as my patrons, advocates, and intercessors that they may intercede with God himself, that all my thoughts, deeds, and actions may be directed to the service of His infinite majesty to increase the number of the faithful and the extension of the holy

mother church, and to the service of the most Christian of kings, Don Philip, our lord, pillar of the Catholic faith. May God guard him many years for the crown of Castile, and the prosperity of his kingdoms and provinces.

Be it known that I, Don Juan de Oñate, governor, captain general, and adelantado of New Mexico, and of its kingdoms and provinces, as well as those in its vicinity and contiguous thereto, as the settler and conqueror thereof, by virtue of the authority of the king, our lord, hereby declare that:

Whereas, by virtue of my appointment and of the titles his majesty has given me as governor, captain general, and adelantado of said provinces, I have been granted by royal ordinance and royal orders, and by two sub-orders and by chapters of letters from the king, our lord, dated at Valencia on the 26th day of January, in the year fifteen hundred eighty-six; dated at San Lorenzo on the 19th day of July, in the year fifteen hundred and eighty-nine; dated on the 17th day of January, in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-three; dated on the 21st day of June, fifteen hundred and ninety-five; and by another and last royal order dated on the 2nd day of April, of the past year, fifteen hundred and ninety-seven, in which order, denials to the contrary notwithstanding, his majesty approves my appointment and confirms and continues my said office.

And now, having come to demand and take possession of my kingdoms, together with my officers, majors, captains, ensigns, soldiers, and colonists to settle and conquer this land; having come with all the stores, ammunition, arms, wagons, carts, horses, oxen, sheep, and cattle, bringing many families, and being here today with my entire expedition, and with a greater number than when I set forth from the province of Santa Bárbara, and finding myself on the banks of the Rio del Norte, within a short distance from the first settlements of New Mexico, which are found along this river; having opened a broad and level road for my wagons which others may follow without difficulty, and having traveled on foot over one hundred leagues through unsettled country, and, whereas, I desire to take possession of this land this 30th day of April, the feast of the Ascension of our Lord, in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-eight, through the person of Don Juan Pérez de Donís, clerk to his majesty, secretary of this expedition, and to the government of said kingdoms and provinces.

Therefore, in the name of the most Christian king, Don Philip,

the second of that name, and for his successors (may they be many!), and with the utmost happiness, and for the crown of Castile, and the kings that from his glorious person may descend and reign therein, and by and for the said government, by virtue of and under the authority of the only and absolute authority and power from the Eternal High Priest, our King, Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, universal head of the Church, first and only institutor of her sacraments, base and corner stone of the Old and New Testaments, and its foundation and perfection; who has power in heaven and on earth, not only as God and the equal of His Father but as creator of all things; the absolute and natural master and lord of all; who has power to do and undo, to order and dispose at His holy will, both as God and as man. Who, being the Son of God and the son of man, through His painful and sorrowful death and through His triumphant and glorious resurrection and ascension and special title of universal redeemer, gave absolute power, jurisdiction, and dominion, civil and criminal, high and low, in the kingdoms of heaven and earth, and in whose hands He placed the weight of punishment, the measure of justice, rewards, and punishments throughout the entire universe, making Him not only king and judge, but universal pastor of the faithful and infidels alike; of those who today believe His voice and follow Him, and are within the true fold, the Christian people, and likewise of those who have not heard His word, and who know Him not and whom He would have brought into the true fold, as they are His, and He is their legitimate and universal pastor.

For those purposes, having ascended to His eternal Father, He left in His stead and as His substitute, and vicar here on earth, the Prince of Apostles, St. Peter, and his successors legitimately elected, to whom He gave and left the kingdom, power, empire, and keys of heaven, just as Christ, our Lord, received them from His eternal Father, as His head and universal Father, and to the others as His successors, servants, ministers, and vicars, leaving not only ecclesiastical jurisdiction and spiritual power, but bestowed upon them also temporal jurisdiction and spiritual monarchy in the one and other branches, and twofold authority that by themselves or through their children, the emperors and kings, whenever and however they deemed proper, they might enlarge their temporal jurisdiction and empower kings to act and put their mandates into execution whenever the occasion and necessity should

require it, using the entire power of the secular arm and faculty by their armies and navies, on sea or land, in their own lands or among the heathen nations, under their colors and flags, and under the imperial standard of the cross, subjecting the barbarous nations and opening the way for the preaching of the word of God, insuring their lives and persons and avenging the injuries suffered by those already received into the fold and restraining the savage and barbarous nations in their cruel and bestial fierceness, and in the name of Almighty Christ, our Lord, who commanded that His gospel be preached to all nations of the world, extending His empire by the aid of His children, among whom is the king, our lord, Don Philip, king of Castile and Portugal, of the West and East Indies, discovered as well as undiscovered, by virtue of said power and jurisdiction, and said apostolic and pontifical power granted and sanctioned to the kings of Castile and Portugal and to their successors since the days of our sovereign pontiff, Alexander VI, by his divine and singular inspiration which our Christian duty teaches us to be infallible, for our Lord never deserts His vicar who represents Him in matters of importance, and He imparts to him His wisdom as the true teacher, the truth of which time has proved. This testifies with infallible certainty to the consent, permission, confirmation, and assignment of the aforesaid empire and dominion over the East and West Indies in and to the kings of Castile and Portugal and to their successors, in whom power as aforesaid was vested by the church militant and by the other sovereign pontiffs, successors of the said most holy pontiff, Alexander VI, even to this present day.<sup>5</sup>

Resting my authority on this solid base, I take possession, as stated, of these kingdoms and provinces in the aforesaid name. Many other and weighty reasons move me to this step and assure me of success. With the aid of our Lord and of His blessed Mother, and with the symbol of the sacred cross, through the assistance of the holy friars, children of Saint Francis, happy and prosperous results are assured.

The first and not the least cause of this expedition was the death of those saintly preachers of the holy Gospel, those true sons of Saint Francis, Fray Juan de Santa María, Fray Francisco López, and Fray Agustín Ruiz.<sup>6</sup> These were the first, after Fray Marcos de Niza, who visited these lands. They gave their lives as the first martyrs to the holy faith in these provinces. They suffered a martyrdom at the hands of the Indians which they did not deserve,

for, having been well received and admitted by the Indians into their homes, and having remained there among them to preach the Gospel, and after having learned their language the Indians turned upon them and, contrary to natural law, returned evil for good and cruelly murdered them.

These men were innocent of any wrongdoing. They were simply doing what they could to assist the simple natives and teach them ways which would be to their advantage and bring to them the word of God. This reason alone should justify this expedition.

Another reason is the need for correcting and punishing the sins against nature and against humanity that exist among these bestial nations, and which it behooves my king and prince as a most powerful lord to correct and repress. To me, as his servant and vassal, it is assigned to present this case.

Another reason is the great number of children born among these infidel people who neither recognize nor obey their true God and Father. The salvation of these souls should demand this. They cannot obey or recognize their true God, except through baptism, and experience in these lands has taught us that even though they recognize Him in baptism they cannot preserve their faith nor persevere in its observance among idolatrous people.

The work must be done because it is the will of God that all people be saved. It is His divine will that His word be carried to all men, and that it be obeyed everywhere by everyone whether judge or father, or ruler of a kingdom or a city, for the salvation of a single soul is more precious in the eyes of God than the world and all its riches.

There are other temporal reasons for which I should accomplish this conquest. Among these are the following: That these peoples may be bettered in commerce and trade; that they may gain better ideas of government; that they may augment the number of their occupations and learn the arts, become tillers of the soil and keep livestock and cattle, and learn to live like rational beings, clothe their naked; govern themselves with justice and be able to defend themselves from their enemies. This deserves the assistance of so powerful a king who can send them, at his expense, preachers and ministers.

All these objects I shall fulfill even to the point of death, if need be. I command now and will always command that these objects be observed under penalty of death.

Therefore, in virtue of the above, I take possession of these

lands in the presence of the most reverend Fray Alonso Martínez, of the Order of Saint Francis, apostolic commissary, "*cum plenitudine potestatis*," of this expedition to New Mexico, and its provinces, and in the presence of the most reverend fathers of the holy Gospel, his companions, Fray Francisco de San Miguel, Fray Francisco de Zamora, Fray Juan de Rosas, Fray Alonso de Lugo, Fray Andrés Corchado, Fray Juan Claros, and Fray Cristóbal de Salazar; and in the presence of my beloved fathers and brothers, Fray Juan de San Buenaventura, Fray Pedro de Vergara, lay brothers and religious who accompany us on this journey'

Also, in the presence of my *maese de campo*, General Juan de Zaldívar Oñate, and of the officers of my staff and of the greater part of my captains and officers and of the soldiers and colonists.

Be it known, therefore, that in the name of the most Christian king, Don Philip, our lord, the defender and protector of the holy church, and its true son, and in the name of the crown of Castile, and of the kings that from its glorious progeny may reign therein, and for my said government, I take possession, once, twice, and thrice, and all the times I can and must, of the actual jurisdiction, civil as well as criminal, of the lands of the said Rio del Norte, without exception whatsoever, with all its meadows and pasture grounds and passes. And this possession is to include all other lands, pueblos, cities, villas, of whatsoever nature now founded in the kingdom and province of New Mexico, and all the neighboring and adjoining lands thereto, with all its mountains, valleys, passes, and all its native Indians who are now included therein.

I take all jurisdiction, civil as well as criminal, high as well as low, from the edge of the mountains to the stones and sand in the rivers, and the leaves of the trees.

I, Juan Pérez de Donís, clerk to his majesty and secretary of this expedition, do hereby certify that the said lord governor, captain general, and adelantado of said kingdoms, as a sign of true and peaceful possession, and continuing acts thereof, placed and nailed on a tree, with his own hands, the holy cross of our Lord, and turning toward it declared, on bended knee:

"O, holy cross, divine gate of heaven and altar of the only and essential sacrifice of the blood and body of the Son of God, pathway of saints and emblem of their glory, open the gates of heaven to these infidels. Found churches and altars where the body and blood of the Son of God may be offered in sacrifice; open to us a way of peace and safety for their conversion, and give to our king

and to me, in his royal name, the peaceful possession of these kingdoms and provinces. Amen."

And immediately he fixed and set in place with his own hands the royal standard and the coat of arms of the most Christian king, Don Philip, our lord, on one side and the imperial arms on the other.

While this was being done the trumpets blew a loud blast; the arquebusiers fired a salute, and a great demonstration was held.

And his lordship, the said lord governor, captain general, and adelantado, in order that the memory of this might be perpetuated, ordered that this act of possession be signed and sealed with the high seal of his office, and it was so signed, to be kept among the records of the expedition.

This was signed by all the witnesses, the reverend father commissary, Fray Alonzo Martínez, apostolic commissary; Fray Francisco de San Miguel; Fray Francisco de Zamora; Fray Juan de Rosas; Fray Alonzo de Lugo; Fray Andrés Corchado; Fray Juan Claros; Fray Cristóbal de Salazar; Fray Juan de San Buenaventura; Fray Pedro de Vergara; and Don Juan de Zaldívar Oñate, maese de campo, my general; and the other higher officers, on the day of the ascension of our Lord, the 30th and last day of April, in the year fifteen hundred and ninety-eight.

Thus we took possession of the land. The following day we began our preparations to cross the Rio del Norte, as I shall relate hereinafter.

#### NOTES

1. The Rio Grande was reached about fifteen miles below El Paso.
2. There were father and son, both named Alonso Sánchez, in Oñate's army. The elder Sánchez, aged fifty and graybearded, was born in Niebla, Spain; the son, twenty-two years of age, was born in La Puana, New Spain.



3. Luis de Araujo, thirty years of age, came from the city of Orense, in Galicia.

4. Cárdenas is not mentioned in the muster rolls. Ensign Diego Núñez de Chaves, a native of Guadalcanal, was thirty years of age, of good stature, with chestnut colored beard and having some of his upper teeth broken.

5. This refers to the famous bull of Pope Alexander VI (1493-1503) which in 1493 established the line of demarcation that separated the territories of Spain and Portugal in the New World.

6. See Canto 5, note 4. Father Rodríguez was sometimes referred to as Ruiz. Oñate overlooked the martyrdom of Fray Juan de Padilla, Fray Juan de la Cruz, and Fray Luis Descalona, who went to New Mexico with the Coronado expedition of 1540-1542. Padilla returned to Quivira (the Wichita country of Kansas) to convert the natives and was killed by them; Juan de la Cruz was left at Tiguex, and Descalona (or de Escalona, or Ubeda), a lay brother, went to Pecos, but both were murdered.

7. For the friars and their later assignments, see Canto 17, note 26.

## CANTO FIFTEEN

*How the army crossed the Rio del Norte; how Captain Aguilar was sent to reconnoiter the land and of his disobedience; how the governor hastened to reach the pueblos, and of his decision to halt and establish a settlement.*

THE high honors and rewards to which every true soldier aspires are achieved only by brave and faithful service and by the exercise of prudence and due obedience to orders. There are achievements which bring us dishonor, just as there are failures which merit praise. That honor is greatest which rests not upon advantages obtained, but upon the degree in which it is merited. Were it otherwise, we should find no one willing to undergo the hardships of war. The final accomplishment of a worthy purpose is the reward the true soldier seeks, and it is sufficient to repay him for all his hardships and trials.

The soldiers, called from their pleasant quarters amid the grassy meadows and from beneath the agreeable bowers of their camp, willingly left these happy scenes and returned to their arduous duties. Some were ragged, barefoot, exhausted. All worked with a will and in fine spirit, and soon the entire army was transported across the mighty stream.

We were informed that we were near some of the pueblos of New Mexico, and the general, deeming it proper that the army should be apprised and ready to enter these towns, sent Captain Aguilar ahead to reconnoiter the land. His orders were to advance as secretly as possible, and, at the first sight of a town, to return immediately and report to the general. These orders

were impressed upon him, and he was forbidden under penalty of death to enter any of the towns.

Aguilar marched forth, taking a direction along the course of the river, northward; we followed with the army. We met many of the natives of these regions who offered us no resistance, but on the contrary assisted us along the way. These natives were ignorant, savage, and most abandoned. They have no knowledge whatsoever of agriculture, have no fixed homes, or ranches, and live a carefree life, far removed from the bustle and hurry of life in our great cities, ignorant of these and of court life, living entirely by hunting and fishing, and also by the roots which they dig.<sup>1</sup>

We went along the stream for quite a distance and were preparing to leave the Rio del Norte and go in an opposite direction, across the plain, when we met Captain Aguilar and his party returning from their mission. Captain Aguilar informed the general that they had arrived at the first pueblo of the land and had entered it.

The general was very displeased that his commands had been so flagrantly disobeyed. Captain Aguilar came very near being executed then and there, and it was due solely to the entreaties of his men that this was not done. All pleaded for him, except [the ensign] Juan Piñero, who wished to obey to the letter the orders given them, and who was insistent that they should have been observed.

Oñate was very apprehensive that the natives of these pueblos, having been apprised of the coming of the Spaniards, would abandon their pueblos, taking with them all their supplies. Accordingly, he left the royal ensign in command of the main army,<sup>2</sup> with orders to follow, while he with thirty well-armed horsemen, accompanied by the commissary and Fray Cristóbal, has-

tened ahead. He advanced by forced marches and soon came in sight of the first of the pueblos.<sup>3</sup>

As the party with the saintly priests who brought the holy faith to combat and overthrow the forces of idolatry approached the pueblo, the elements it seemed clashed in terrible combat, for the sky became darkened with heavy black clouds and the entire earth shook and trembled as with the force of a mighty earthquake. A terrible tempest arose, with a veritable downpour of rain, accompanied by such mighty claps of thunder that we were terrified; the good priests prayed to heaven to aid us in this extremity, chanting their litanies and prayers. God took compassion on us and deigned to hear their saintly prayers, for the skies cleared as suddenly as they had become clouded and the sun shone forth bright and clear.

In the distance we saw the first of the pueblos of these lands. The inhabitants saw us approaching and all came forth and welcomed us in a most hospitable manner. They received us into their town and gave us quarters, acting most friendly toward us, and showing great reverence for the crucifix the priests had, which they approached and kissed.<sup>4</sup>

On the walls of the rooms where we were quartered were many paintings of the demons they worship as gods. Fierce and terrible were their features.<sup>5</sup> It was easy to understand the meaning of these, for the god of water was near the water, the god of the mountains was near the mountains, and in like manner all those deities they adore, their gods of the hunt, crops, and other things they have.

We discovered a very base and vile custom of these people. It seems that their damsels are common property for all while they are single. As soon as they marry they lead a chaste life and are satisfied with their husband only.<sup>6</sup>

We also noticed that these people are addicted to the bestial wicked sin. If a youth in our company had not cried out for help, he would have been attacked by a savage, who could not be punished because he took to his heels.

The natives brought a great number of beautiful, many-colored blankets, which they gathered together, hoping to entice with them the Castilian women, whom they liked and coveted.

We then went to our quarters satisfied with our progress, though handicapped by the reason that we could not converse with these savages, not knowing their language.

Since the day marked the feast of St. John the Baptist, the governor ordered a holiday to celebrate the occasion.<sup>7</sup> The horsemen gathered for a sham battle which was staged between two bands headed by the *maese de campo* and the sergeant major. The horsemen skilfully clashed in combat, showing great dexterity in the handling of their arms. Those who distinguished themselves on this day by their prowess were, besides the *maese de campo* and the sergeant major, Captain [Alonso de] Quesada,<sup>8</sup> Bañuelos, Captain Marcelo de Espinosa, Pedro Sánchez Monrroi,<sup>9</sup> Antonio Conde, the ensign [Bartolomé] Romero,<sup>10</sup> Alonso Sánchez, Juan de León, Damiero,<sup>11</sup> and the Robledos.

When these celebrations were over the governor mingled with his men, talking with them, and while he was so occupied, three naked savages approached; one of them, drawing near to the general, said in a loud voice, "Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday."

We were astounded to hear these words from his lips. I doubt whether the Romans after the expulsion of the Tarquinians were more surprised at hearing the serpent bark like a dog than were we on this occasion. We urged the savage to speak more, but he would not utter

another word. The general had all three arrested, when in fear the savage said, "Tomás, Cristóbal," pointing to a direction and giving us to understand that the persons who bore these names were two journeys away. After further questioning we were convinced that these were the only Castilian words this savage knew. We determined to go in search of these men who were evidently baptized with these holy names.

We halted at the pueblo of Puarai,<sup>12</sup> where we were well received. The Indians took the priests to the quarters which had been prepared for them. The walls of their rooms had been recently whitewashed, and the rooms were cleanly swept. The next day, however, when the whitewash had dried, we were able clearly to see, through the whitewash, paintings of scenes which made our blood run cold. God always finds a way to make known the glory of those who suffer for His holy faith. There, pictured upon the wall, we saw the details of the martyrdom of those saintly men, Fray Agustín, Fray Juan, and Fray Francisco. The paintings showed us exactly how they had met their death, stoned and beaten by the savage Indians.

Our governor, showing rare judgment, admonished us that we should not allow the Indians to suspect that we had seen these paintings, and should not gaze at them. We determined that in the dead of the night we would leave this pueblo and go toward the direction pointed out to us by the Indian.

Carefully guarding our secret we lay awake like a crouching tiger which alertly awaits and prepares to spring upon the unsuspecting deer, and when the savage pueblo was all in peaceful sleep, our governor led his men quietly forth in the direction of the pueblo where Cristóbal and Tomás were reported to be.

We arrived at the pueblo in the early hours of the

morning. The proveedor Zubia, Juan de Olague,<sup>13</sup> the ensign [Rodrigo] Zapata,<sup>14</sup> León de Isasti,<sup>15</sup> Muñuera, Juan Medel,<sup>16</sup> Alonso Núñez, and Pedro de Ribera,<sup>17</sup> all nobles of the general's bodyguard, together with Francisco Vázquez,<sup>18</sup> Cristóbal López,<sup>19</sup> Manuel Francisco, Vido, and [Captain Alonso Gómez] Montesinos,<sup>20</sup> went forth into the pueblo. They met with some of the inhabitants who directed them to the homes of Cristóbal and Tomás. These they found still in bed, and brought them before our general.

When they appeared before the general they told him that they were Christian Indians whom Castaño [de Sosa] had brought with him from New Spain. They stated they had remained in this pueblo of their own accord, had married there according to the usages of the country, and were contented with their lot.

Never was there a more fortunate find than this. By means of these two the general was afterward able to speak to the inhabitants of these regions, explaining to them his purposes, for they spoke the language of these peoples as well as the language of the Mexicans, of the Indians, and of the Spanish.

We visited a good many of these pueblos. They are all well built with straight, well-squared walls. Their towns have no defined streets. Their houses are three, five, six and even seven stories high, with many windows and terraces. The men have as many wives as they can support.<sup>21</sup> The men spin and weave and the women cook, build the houses, and keep them in repair. They dress in garments of cotton cloth, and the women wear beautiful shawls of many colors. They are quiet, peaceful people of good appearance and excellent physique, alert and intelligent. They are not known to drink, a good omen, indeed. We saw no maimed or deformed persons among them. The men and women alike are excellent swim-

mers. They are also expert in the art of painting, and are great fishermen. They have neither king nor law, and we did not notice that any evil-doers were ever punished. They live in complete equality, neither exercising authority nor demanding obedience. They are superstitious in the extreme, and are given to complete idolatry.

These people till the soil and raise beans, pumpkins, melons, berries, and in the more desolate regions great quantities of grapes.<sup>22</sup> After coming in contact with them they readily adopted such vegetables as we brought them, such as lettuce, cabbage, peas, chick-peas, cumin-seed, carrots, turnips, garlic, onions, artichokes, radishes, and cucumbers.

These Indians also had great flocks of turkeys. They have no sheep, cows, or goats. The rivers abound with many fish such as bagre, mojarra, armadillos, corbina, shrimp, perch, needle-fish, turtles, eels, trout, and sardines.<sup>23</sup> These exist in such quantities that a single Spaniard in one day, with a bare hook, was able to catch more than six arrobas weight of fish.

Many other wonders are to be seen throughout these lands, of which I shall relate more soon.

#### NOTES

1. The Indians here referred to were probably the Mansos or Sumas south of El Paso del Norte, as all the sedentary Pueblo tribes were agriculturists with a relatively high degree of culture. Villagr  is not very definite with respect to the activities of the expedition at this point. After the learned sermon by Father Mart nez and the comedy by Farf n, the march continued upstream. On May 3d the first Indians from the river region were brought to camp; these were kindly treated, clothed, and sent to their companions. The next day the army was shown a convenient ford (*el paso*), to which the natives came for leagues around when going inland. This was at the modern El Paso. Here forty Indians appeared, armed with bows and gaily painted; these aided the Spaniards in crossing the river with their sheep. They informed the white men that the settlements were eight days ahead. Hammond, *op. cit.*, p. 95.





REMAINS OF THE CHURCH ERECTED  
BY OÑATE AT SAN GABRIEL



RECENT HOUSES ON THE SITE OF SAN GABRIEL,  
FALLING TO RUIN

2. Francisco de Sosa Peñalosa, a man of sixty years of age, of medium stature, was the royal ensign. He was born in Avila.

3. The first settlement of the Piro, the most southerly group of pueblos on the Rio Grande, was Trenaquel, on the west bank of the stream, at or near the present San Marcial. The most southerly Piro pueblo on the opposite bank was Qualacú.

4. They had not forgotten what they had seen when the Rodríguez and Espejo expeditions were in their midst in 1581 and 1583 respectively.

5. The "terrible features" of the native deities, or *kachinas*, probably referred to the masks which these sacred personages were represented as wearing.

6. On this general subject Castañeda, writing of Cibola (Zuñi) in 1540, says: "A man does not have more than one wife. . . . There is no drunkenness among them nor sodomy nor sacrifices, neither do they eat human flesh nor steal . . ." (Winship, *Coronado Expedition*, p. 518.) Of the Tigua he notes: "Sodomy is not found among them. They do not eat human flesh nor make sacrifices of it. . . . I asked him [an Indian captive] especially for the reason why the young women in that province went entirely naked, however cold it might be, and he told me that the virgins had to go around this way until they took a husband, and that they covered themselves after they had known man." (*Ibid.*, p. 522.) Commenting on this Bandelier (*New Mex. Hist. Rev.*, v, 59, Santa Fe, 1930) says that Castañeda's allusion to the absence of sodomy is not correct. "It is committed today, occasionally, and tolerated to a certain extent. The Captain Gaspar Perez de Villagrà mentions a case (an attempt upon the person of a young Spaniard) perpetrated in one of the Tigua [Piro] pueblos in 1598, and not at all censured by Indian bystanders." This episode is alluded to in Villagrà's succeeding paragraph.

7. This was June 24.

8. Captain Alonso de Quesada, native of Mexico, son of Don Pedro de Quesada, was thirty-two years of age, and redbearded.

9. Villagrà writes "Pedro Sanchez, Monrroi." The comma after Sánchez is an error, however, as his father's name "Monrroy" was apparently added to distinguish him from Pedro Sánchez de Amiuro, or Damiero. Pedro Sánchez Monrroy, son of Hernán Martín de Monrroy, was fifty years of age, of good stature, and graybearded.

10. Ensign Bartolomé Romero was thirty-five years of age, born in Corral de Almaguer, swarthy and of good stature.

11. "Damiero" is Pedro Sánchez de Amiuro.

12. The Tigua pueblo of Puarai was in the vicinity of the present Bernalillo. See Canto 5, note 4.

13. Juan de Olague, native of Panico, was a stalwart lad of nineteen.

14. Rodrigo Zapata, native of Azuaga, was twenty-three years of age. He was small of stature and had a chestnut colored beard.

15. León de Isasti, or Ysasti, came from the Valle de Haro. He was twenty-three years of age, was small of stature, and had a chestnut colored beard.

16. Juan Medel was forty-three years of age, a native of Ayamonte, small of stature, and graybearded.

17. Pedro de Rivera, born in Zacatecas, was nineteen years of age and of medium stature.

18. Francisco Vázquez was twenty-eight years of age, a native of Cartaya. He was of good stature and redbearded.

19. Cristóbal López, forty years of age, a native of Avilés, was of good stature, corpulent, swarthy, and blackbearded.

20. Captain Alonso Gómez Montesinos, thirty-eight years of age, came from the town of Villanueva de los Infantes. He was of good stature and had a chestnut colored beard.

21. This statement is incorrect, for the Pueblo Indians have always been noted as monogamists. Of the Zúñi of Cibola Castañeda wrote, "A man does not have more than one wife." (Winship, *op. cit.*, p. 518.) Concerning the Tigua, to whom Villagrà refers, Castañeda makes no mention of polygamy, but says: "When any man wishes to marry, it has to be arranged by those who govern. The man has to spin and weave a blanket and place it before the woman, who covers herself with it and becomes his wife. . . . If a man repudiates his woman [not women], he has to go to the estufa [kiva]. It is forbidden for women to sleep in the estufas, or to enter these for any purpose except to give their husbands or sons something to eat. (*Ibid.*, p. 521.) The inference therefore is that the Tigua were monogamous.

22. It is strange that Villagrà does not mention maize, which was and is the chief food staple of the Pueblos. The berries and grapes were not cultivated, but were gathered wild, like other native food products, such as piñon-nuts, cactus and yucca fruit, etc. To Fathers Arteaga and Zúñiga are attributed the planting of the first vines and the manufacture of wine at Senecú mission of the Piro in 1626.

23. Fray Alonso Benavides (*Memorial*, 1630, Ayer repr., pp. 36-37) wrote: "It [New Mexico] has likewise many rivers in which are fish in great abundance; and great sloughs [*esteros*], and particularly the Rio del Norte. This, when it carries least water, and we can ford it, comes up to the saddle; and when it goes swollen, it is of rapid and great current, with the water that it receives from the melted snows alone. And the same of the rest of the small rivers [*riachuelos*] which unite with it. All of which are very abundant in catfish [*bagres*], trout [*truchas*], silvery chubs [*sardinas*], eels, shovel-noses [*aguja*s], *matalotas*, suckers [*boquinetes*], gar-pikes [*cassones*], and many others."

## CANTO SIXTEEN

*How the governor made camp in one of the pueblos  
which was named San Juan de los Caballeros; of  
the hospitality shown by the Indians; of the  
desertion of four soldiers and their pun-  
ishment; of the building of the  
first church.*

THERE can be no greater happiness than that experienced by a shipwrecked crew, which, after being thrown about by the winds and waves, finally finds a safe haven in a secure port.

Not unlike shipwrecked mariners, our army, after many trials and many sufferings, came in sight of a splendid pueblo. We gave it the name of "San Juan," adding "de los Caballeros" in memory of those noble sons who first raised in these barbarous regions the bloody tree upon which Christ perished for the redemption of mankind.<sup>1</sup>

The natives of this pueblo came forth and gladly shared their homes with us. Here the entire army made camp. One day, while the general was taking his meal, the savages began to raise such a frightful wail that we all thought the final day of judgment had arrived, when we would be called before the judgment seat of God to give our final accounting. Astonished and confused, we inquired the cause of such dreadful lamentations. The people answered that for a long time they had been praying to their gods for rain; that despite their prayers not a single cloud appeared to darken the heavens, and that unless the drought were broken all their hopes would be gone, for not a single plant would yield its crop.

On hearing this, the commissary and the good Fray

Cristóbal, trusting in God from whom all our needs must come, commanded the Indians to cease their wailing, for they would offer prayers to God in heaven, asking Him to look down with pity, and, though they were disobedient children, to send abundant rains that the dying plants might revive and yield plentiful crops.

The Indians were greatly pleased, and like little children who hush when they are given the things they have cried for, ceased their lamentations. Eagerly and anxiously they scanned the heavens, awaiting the promised rain. The next day at about the same hour in which they had set up their wail, the skies suddenly became dark and the clouds of heaven opened and poured forth regular torrents of rain. The barbarians stood spellbound in awe and mute gratitude at the unbounding mercy of God.<sup>2</sup>

Some time after this occurrence there appeared in camp an Indian who said that his baptismal name was Jusepe. He stated that he had fled from the party led by Bonilla, he who had entered these lands contrary to orders. He said that Bonilla had been stabbed to death by a soldier named Umaña who was now the governor and general of those who remained. He had left them on the banks of a river more than a league in width, some six hundred miles from where we were encamped. He stated that they had been lured forth by extravagant tales of gold which abounded in the many towns in those regions; that they were preparing to cross the river in barges; and that to judge from the great number of smokes they saw, the country was well peopled. Jusepe also told of one pueblo through which they had passed which was of such great extent that they spent an entire day and a half in journeying its length. He stated that he had fled for fear of Umaña, as a great many had already been executed by his orders.<sup>3</sup>

Some time after this a mutiny occurred among some of

our soldiers, among whom was [Captain Pablo de] Aguilar [Hinojosa].<sup>4</sup> The general wished to punish the evildoers severely, as an example, but so many persons begged him, even with tears, that he show mercy toward them; consequently he pardoned them all. In honor of this event a week of celebration and festivities was ordered. There were tilting matches, bullfights, and a comedy which was especially composed for the occasion, together with many Moorish and Christian games. All this was concluded by a thunderous discharge of artillery, which caused great fear and wonder among the many barbarians who had come as spies to find out our numbers and strength. Among these the most conspicuous were those of Ácoma, who sent spies among us, and they went back to their nation and gave a very detailed account of what they had seen.<sup>5</sup>

When these celebrations were concluded, we were faced with another occurrence similar to the one which preceded them. It seems that sometimes mercy and leniency are only an incentive for further disobedience. A few of the soldiers, forgetful of their duty to their general, their comrades and relatives, abandoning all sense of honor, stole a number of the horses and disgracefully deserted the expedition. This was the first instance of desertion in our campaign.

Heaven aid the ship which breaks the sacred moorings of obedience and drifts without a pilot, dragging the powerful cables which securely hold it! May no one of us ever reach such a state as these soldiers who so basely deserted and fled from their duty!

The general ordered me to set forth immediately in pursuit of the deserters. Juan Medel, [Pedro de] Ribera, and [Captain Gerónimo] Márquez<sup>6</sup> were detailed to accompany me. Our orders were to execute the deserters promptly wherever we apprehended them.

Following our orders we journeyed forth and caught up with the deserters on the fourteenth day. Like Torquatus who ordered that his beloved son be beheaded for disobedience of orders, we had two of them executed. The other two escaped, abandoning the horses.<sup>7</sup>

As we had reached the vicinity of Santa Bárbara, from whence we had set forth, we returned to the settlements and replenished our stores; from there we wrote a detailed account to the viceroy of all that had occurred, and then went back to the army.

On our return we found that Ensign [Francisco de Sosa] Peñalosa had arrived at the pueblo of San Juan with the priests who accompanied him. A church was built which was solemnly blessed by the father commissary. Here a large number of children were baptized amid great celebrations.<sup>8</sup>

The governor now determined to send an expedition to explore the plains where the buffalo were found. He sent on this expedition the sergeant major with fifty well-armed men.<sup>9</sup> These traveled until they came to a beautiful stream along whose banks grew many plum trees. The waters were filled with fish. In less than three hours, with bare hooks, the men were able to catch forty arrobas weight.<sup>10</sup> From here they marched a day's journey to another river. As the army approached its banks there was seen on the top of a small hill just ahead, a human figure with ears about half a yard in length with a long snout and a tail so long that it dragged on the ground. It was clothed in a suit of blood red. This figure stood menacing our men with bow and arrow and leaping about with antics such as our men had never witnessed before.<sup>11</sup>

The sergeant ordered that we should pay no attention and see what it did. He recognized at once that it was an Indian who was attempting to frighten the men so

that when they fled he could possess himself of the baggage. Our men, when he approached, acted as though they were in great fear, hurrying about trying to hide from him. The Indian urged on ran hither and thither, making faces and trying to frighten the men. Directly the soldiers seized him and removed his mask. He was now thoroughly frightened and pleaded with tears that it be returned to him, which was done amid much laughter and merriment.

The sergeant would not permit the Indian to leave until he was in good humor; then the savage was liberated and was gone in an instant, happy, though sadly disappointed with his venture.

The party now marched forth until we reached the banks of still another stream. Here, while the army was marching, another savage made his appearance. He was a most unusual man with whiter skin and bluer eyes than a Fleming.<sup>12</sup> He was accompanied by a squad of bowmen. As they approached the Spaniards the leader stopped and gravely looked them over. He betrayed neither fear nor surprise. The sergeant, noting his seeming indifference and unconcern, ordered one of the soldiers to approach and fire a gun, holding it near his ears, in order to inspire him with fear and respect. This was done. The savage, despite the force of the shot, merely raised his white finger and scratched his ear. He stood there as immovable and as unconcerned as a marble statue. Seeing this, the sergeant, filled with admiration for this noble savage, ordered that he be treated with respect, and forthwith presented him with a long knife. The savage took the knife, examined it, and then motioned to one of his men who fastened the knife in his girdle.

The Spaniards then requested the Indian to furnish them with a guide to lead them to the plains of the



buffalo. The leader of the band ordered one of his men to accompany us.

Never did a prisoner receive a capital sentence with more fear or panic than did the Indian receive these orders. He obeyed, but was terrified and speechless. The Indians departed and the sergeant major with his men accompanied by their guide went on. The sergeant gave special orders to watch the guide that he might not escape.

During the night Cortés,<sup>18</sup> who was guarding the prisoner, fell asleep and the guide escaped. Cortés awoke just as his prisoner left with the speed of a meteor. He quickly took after him and pursued him for almost two leagues. The Indian outdistanced him, however, and finally disappeared.

In the meantime, the sergeant major and his men awaited his return with anxiety. They did not know the road they were following or where they were. They waited till daybreak, but Cortés did not return. About three in the afternoon Cortés arrived at camp, tired but happy, accompanied by twelve friendly savages. He joyfully announced, "One escaped me, but I have returned with twelve, everyone of whom is as able as the one who fled."

With the new guides the band went forth happy and encouraged.

#### NOTES

1. This vitiates the popular conception that the Tewa pueblo of Ohke, or San Juan de los Caballeros, received its Spanish appellation by reason of the politeness and hospitality of its inhabitants toward the newcomers.

2. In this connection the reader is referred to an amusing story of a drought and subsequent rainstorm in recent times at San Juan pueblo, related by the late Frank G. Applegate in his *Indian Stories from the Pueblos*, pp. 45-48, Philadelphia, 1929. Incidentally it reveals the extent to which Christianity has been absorbed by the Pueblo Indians after more than three centuries of missionary labor among them.

3. See Canto 5, note 7. Doctor Herbert E. Bolton (*Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, pp. 201 ff.) summarizes the declaration made by the Indian Jusephe (Joseph) at San Juan, February 16, 1599, citing the "Relación que dió un indio de la salida que hicieron Umaña y Leyba del Nuevo Mexico." In 1593, Francisco Leyva de Bonilla and Antonio Gutiérrez de Humaña led an unauthorized expedition from Nueva Vizcaya to New Mexico, where they spent about a year among the pueblos, making Bove, later San Ildefonso, their principal headquarters, whence they set out northeastward. "Jusephe stated that Humaña went through Pecos and a great pueblo of the Vaqueros [probably identical with the buffalo-hunting Querechos of Coronado's time]. At the end of a month of leisurely wandering from side to side, crossing many streams, they reached great herds of buffalo. Going northward now fifteen days, they reached two large rivers, beyond which were rancherías, and, farther ahead, a very large pueblo in a great plain ten leagues long, which they crossed in two days. Through the pueblo flowed one of the rivers, both of which they had crossed. The houses were grass lodges and the Indians had plentiful crops. [The character of the houses identifies these Indians with the Wichita and their country, the "Province of Quivira" of Coronado, along the valley of the Arkansas in the present Kansas.] Humaña continued three days to a most amazing buffalo herd. . . . Three days after having left the large pueblo Humaña murdered Leyba. Ten days from the pueblo they came to a large river about a quarter of a league wide. Upon reaching the river Jusephe and five other Indians fled and returned toward New Mexico. On the way four were lost, and a fifth was killed. Jusephe was taken prisoner by the Apaches [presumably the Vaqueros above mentioned] and kept for a year. At the end of that time he heard that there were Spaniards in New Mexico and made his way to one of the Pecos pueblos, and was later found by Oñate at Picurís." After the murder of Leyba, Humaña and nearly all of his party were killed by Indians. Jusephe guided Vicente de Zaldívar in September, 1598, on his journey to the buffalo plains, and in June, 1601, he served as guide to Oñate who set out to see the country traversed by Humaña, continuing as far as the land of Quivira; indeed Jusephe's story of Humaña's exploit played no small part in inspiring Oñate to undertake this exploration.

4. Aguilar evidently was a trouble-maker. In the preceding canto Villagrà relates how the captain disobeyed orders which almost resulted in his execution, yet in the present episode he was arrested but later released. Aguilar evidently had great influence with Oñate, for notwithstanding his failings he was a member of the council of war that accompanied Vicente Zaldívar to Ácoma, and was one of the party selected to scale the mesa and to guard it during the night before the attack. In 1601 he was one of the leaders of the malcontents who, when the colony

faced starvation, wished to abandon the project. The facts are not clear, but the testimony of Captain Luis de Velasco indicates that Aguilar was murdered by an Indian and a negro at Oñate's instigation. Responsibility for this affair, as well as for the murder of Captain Alonso de Sosa Albornoze because he wished to return to New Spain with his family, was one of the many charges preferred against Oñate in 1614. See Hammond, *op. cit.*

5. One of the Ácoma spies was Qualco, as mentioned in Canto 26.

6. Captain Gerónimo Márquez, *maestre de campo* of the relief force which joined the colony in 1600, was the son of Hernán Muñoz Zamorano, was forty years of age, swarthy, and blackbearded. Involved in the death of Manuel Portugués and Juan González, and of killing three others and some Indians before reaching New Mexico, Márquez was sentenced in 1614 to perpetual banishment from New Mexico, to exile from Mexico City and vicinity for four years, and to pay a fine of five hundred ducats, with imprisonment until the fine was paid. Hammond, *op. cit.*, p. 185. See Appendix T.

7. See note 4. Villagrà likewise was charged in 1614 with the killing of Manuel Portugués and Juan González, and was sentenced to exile from New Mexico for six years, banishment from Mexico City and vicinity for two years, and to pay the expenses of the trial. *Ibid.*, pp. 184-185. With respect to the other two deserters, Juan Rodríguez Moreno and Matías Rodríguez, the sentence declared that Villagrà let them go "for various reasons."

8. The building of the church was commenced on August 23 and in fifteen days it was so well advanced that it was dedicated, to San Juan Bautista, on September 8. It was finished early in October, the occasion being made a very festive one. This, of course, was the first church erected in New Mexico. *Ibid.*, pp. 102-103.

9. For the account of this expedition under Vicente de Zaldívar in 1599, see Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, pp. 223-232.

10. Bolton identifies this Rio de las Bagres with the Rio Gallinas, near Las Vegas, New Mexico. The narrative cited says, "That night five hundred catfish were caught with only a fishhook, and many more on the following day." The forty arrobas mentioned by Villagrà were equivalent to 1,016 pounds. Evidently fishing was very good in those days.

11. This episode is not recorded in the official report above mentioned (note 9). The river was probably the Canadian, and the Indians the Querechos (Vaquero Apache) of Coronado's time.

12. This Indian was evidently an albino.

13. Apparently Marcos Cortés, native of Zalamea de la Serena, thirty years of age, of good stature, chestnut colored beard, with a wart on his right cheek. Cortés later was one of the twelve guards who constituted the night-watch at Ácoma before the fatal attack on January 23, 1599. See Cantos 25, 27, and 29.

## CANTO SEVENTEEN

*How the sergeant marched forth with the new guides;  
how he arrived at the plains of Cibola; of the  
obedience the Indians showed toward the  
governor, and of the journey to the  
pueblos and his decision to ex-  
plore the South sea.*

THERE is no loss so great that it cannot be remedied if man is but of brave heart and strong spirit. Cortés, having lost his prisoner, first by his neglect and then by being outdistanced in the pursuit, meditated over his shame and misfortune, and was unwilling to return to camp empty-handed. Suddenly he saw twelve naked savages furiously pursuing a deer. The deer was coming toward him, and as it approached, Cortés raised his arquebus and dropped it in its tracks with a single shot. The savages, hearing the loud report, then seeing the animal fall and the smoke pouring from the firearm, were frightened almost to death. They thought Cortés a veritable god, having witnessed how, with his hands as it were, he had sent forth a bolt which killed the deer they pursued. Seeing them so surprised and astounded at a sight such as they had never before witnessed, Cortés called to them. They approached him trembling with fear, dragging their bows behind them. At this time four women savages arrived, leading some dogs which pulled a sort of cart.<sup>1</sup> They use dogs in these parts, harnessing them like mules. Although they are small, they easily pull a weight of three and a quarter arrobas.<sup>2</sup> Like our mules they have sores from their harness.

Cortés gave the deer to the women. After these had

talked to the savages they fearfully lifted the animal. The men respectfully accompanied Cortés to the camp as before related.

With these guides the Spaniards soon reached the plains of the buffalo. There they saw an immense bull, at the sight of which the horses reared and backed away. The horsemen held their steeds in check by spur and bridle, to the great astonishment of the Indians who wondered that they could so dominate and manage these fiery beasts, as wild and as fierce as those which roamed the plains. In order to impress them, the sergeant ordered a halt. He then approached the immense bull and fired at it with his arquebus. The great beast spread its four legs and fell to the ground, turned over, and dropped dead. The sergeant and his men then went forth into the plain where they saw immense herds of these cattle. They are about the size of a Castilian bull, extremely woolly, hump-backed, black-horned, and have splendid meat. They yield great amounts of lard and tallow. They have beards like billy-goats, and are as fleet of foot as deer. They go together in great herds of as many as twenty or thirty thousand. These cattle are easily found as they graze over such a great area that for six or eight hundred leagues it seems to be a regular sea of cattle. Unfortunate indeed would be the traveler who lost himself on these plains, for he would surely perish in the midst of this sea of beasts.<sup>3</sup>

The sergeant major, wishing to capture a few of these buffalo to take back to the pueblo of San Juan that the rest might see them, ordered a great stockade to be built. Captain Ruiz, Juan de Salas, Juan López,<sup>4</sup> Andrés Pérez,<sup>5</sup> Juan Griego,<sup>6</sup> Pedro Sánchez Damiero,<sup>7</sup> Juan Guerra,<sup>8</sup> Simón Pérez,<sup>9</sup> Escalante,<sup>10</sup> Alonso Sánchez, Bocanegra,<sup>11</sup> Reyes,<sup>12</sup> Jorge de la Vega,<sup>13</sup> Juan de Olague, the good Cristóbal López, and Mallea quickly carried

out this order. After the stockade had been constructed, all the former, together with the quartermaster, Captains Aguilar and Marcelo de Espinosa, and Domingo de Lizama,<sup>14</sup> Ayarde,<sup>15</sup> Cristóbal Sánchez,<sup>16</sup> Francisco Sánchez, Juan de León, Zapata, Cavanillas,<sup>17</sup> Pedro Sánchez Monrroy, Villaviciosa, Francisco de Olague,<sup>18</sup> the Robledos, Juan de Pedraza,<sup>19</sup> Manuel Francisco, Carabajal, Carrera,<sup>20</sup> the Hinojos,<sup>21</sup> Juan de Vitoria,<sup>22</sup> Ortiz, the Varelas, Francisco Sánchez the caudillo,<sup>23</sup> and Sosa <sup>24</sup> rode forth among the cattle on fleet mares.

When the cattle discovered the stockade they began to stampede, rushing about like a raging whirlpool, raising an immense cloud of dust. Had our soldiers not been stationed on an eminence they would no doubt have been trampled to death beneath the hoofs of these savage beasts.

Seeing that nothing would avail with such a savage herd, the sergeant ordered his men to cease their attempts to capture any and to begin to shoot them down. This was done and soon great numbers were killed. The soldiers dried the meat to take with them.

After all was done, they bade farewell to the twelve savages who had accompanied them, giving them many beads and trinkets. They left, astonished at the might and prowess of the Spaniards.

The men also saw in these regions many of the vaqueiros who inhabit these regions and who hunt these cattle on foot.<sup>25</sup> They are well-built, intelligent people who live in tents made of the skins of the buffalo. So skilled are they in the art of tanning, that even after these skins have become wet they dry as soft as linen or fine Holland cloth.

In the meantime, the general and the commissary at San Juan determined to call the principal chieftains of the provinces together for a conference. Accordingly

they sent the general's diary, which was to them the emblem of his authority, to all the different provinces, advising the Indians that the general ordered their leaders to appear without fail. When they were all together,—the general, the secretary, the father commissary, and the priests being present,—the general informed them of the purpose of the meeting. He assured them that he was led only by his love for them, and that it was his duty to explain that every one of them would burn eternally in the fires of hell after death if they did not listen to him. In order to free them from this frightful punishment and that they might enjoy an eternity of happiness, it was necessary that they should learn and know that there was a Lord in heaven of such might and power that by His sole desire He was able to do what He wished. This great Lord, whose deeds they saw, made the trees and plants grow, and afterward wither and die; He caused the rain and hail, and then showed His glory in the clear and cloudless skies; He made the sun, as well as the stars, come and go. It was He who gave man health and brought sickness upon him. It was necessary, he urged them, that they should know these things. He told them how this same Lord had created the sun, the moon, the stars, the plains and waters, the fish in the streams, and the birds in the air; of the great chorus of angels who serve Him in heaven, and the men who inhabit the earth, and that it was essential that they understand that this great Lord was everywhere present; that He knew everything that happened; their most secret thoughts; their disposition to do good or evil; that none could plead ignorance of His laws, since all knew what was good and what was evil, and that no one would be excused from His final reckoning because, although God had endowed each one with a free will and the right to do as he chose, yet each was accountable for

his deeds, good or bad; that according to his actions each might surely expect either reward or punishment as he merited.

He further told them that to carry out these purposes, our Lord had His ministers here on earth to reward and punish. He told them that they were without guidance and without authorities, or laws, or anyone to instruct them; that if they wished to be instructed it was necessary that they should render obedience to the royal crown; that those who did so would be well rewarded and always defended from their enemies. At the same time they would receive many benefits, both material and spiritual; that those who did wrong would be punished according to their crimes, and that those who rendered obedience could never again withdraw their allegiance under penalty of death.

The general proposed all these things to them. The barbarians answered that they were willing and desirous of rendering homage to the royal crown because they approved of what the governor proposed to them. The necessary papers were then drawn up and signed amid great rejoicings.

The noble commissary then proposed to them that they leave their vile idolatry and adore the crucified Christ, God and man, who died and was buried for the redemption of mankind. To this they all replied that, first, they wished to be instructed in all those things he proposed, and then, if they liked them they would gladly do as he said; that if they did not find them suitable and did not want them, they should not be forced to accept something they did not understand. This was the commissary's opportunity to dispatch his priests, as Christ sent his apostles, throughout the different provinces. To San Miguel was assigned the province of Pecos; to Zamora, the province of Queres; to the great Lugo, the



province of Emes [Jemez]; to Corchado, the province of Zia; to the good Claros, the province of the Tiguas; to Fray Cristóbal, the province of those noble Teguas where the army was encamped.<sup>26</sup>

At the conclusion all joined in great celebrations. The general then went on a trip of inspection to all the provinces which were distant from these, and everywhere they rendered homage to the royal crown.<sup>27</sup>

The general, seeing how readily they all rendered obedience, wrote to the maese de campo, telling him that as soon as the sergeant should return from his trip to the plains of the buffalo, he should leave him in charge and follow the general with thirty well-armed men, for he had decided on a journey to the South sea. In the meantime he wanted to visit all the pueblos which had proved friendly, in order to insure their obedience, for there are always some who would create dissension. Accordingly the governor set forth toward Ácoma, whose people were up in arms, led by that spy who had been sent to report on the strength and numbers of the Spaniards.

The events which there occurred I shall relate in the next canto.

#### NOTES

1. This "sort of cart" was the travois of the Plains Indians, a name applied by French Canadians to a device consisting of two poles, one fastened to each side of a dog (later a horse), the upper ends resting about the animal's shoulders, the lower ones trailing the ground behind. A skin tipi cover was folded into a compact bundle and lashed to the poles, and thus formed a litter on which the family belongings were transported. The wheel was unknown to the natives of the western world before the discovery. The use of dogs by the Indians of the Southwest attracted the attention of the early Spanish explorers. The anonymous "Relación Postrera de Sívola" (trans. by Winship, *op. cit.*, pp. 570-571) describes the custom briefly but exactly: "These people have dogs like those in this country, except that they are somewhat larger, and they load these dogs like beasts of burden, and make saddles for them like

our pack saddles, and they fasten them with their leather thongs, and these make their backs sore on the withers like pack animals. When they go hunting, they load these with their necessities, and when they move—for these Indians are not settled in one place, since they travel wherever the cows [buffalo] move, to support themselves—these dogs carry their houses, and they have the sticks of their houses [tipi poles] dragging along tied to the pack-saddles, besides the load which they carry on top, and the load may be according to the dog, from 35 to 50 pounds." The account given by Baltasar de Obregón (*Obregón's History of 16th Century Explorations in Western America*, transl. by Hammond and Rey, p. 305, Los Angeles, 1928) is also worth repeating: "They [the buffalo-hunting Indians of the plains] have droves of dogs on which they load their tents, the contents of their huts, household goods, and provisions. These dogs can bear a load of two or three *arrobas* [approximately 50 to 75 pounds]. They are equipped with leather harness, poitrels, girths, and headstalls by means of which they are guided. They travel two or three leagues [5.3 to nearly 8 miles] a day with a load. The dogs are strong, shaggy, and not very large." Dogs were used by sedentary Indians of the Southwest many centuries ago, for their remains have been found in ruins and in cave deposits in association with objects of ancient culture.

2. The weight drawn by the dogs as noted by Villagrà ( $3\frac{3}{4}$  *arrobas*, or about  $82\frac{1}{2}$  pounds) is somewhat more than that given by the other writers.

3. For the American bison, its history and extermination, see J. A. Allen in *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Kentucky*, I, pt. 2, Cambridge, 1876; W. T. Hornaday in *Report U. S. Nat. Museum for 1887*, Washington, 1889.

4. Juan López del Canto was a native of Mexico, twenty-five years of age; he was blackbearded and had a cross in the forehead.

5. Andrés Pérez, thirty years of age, was from Tordesillas; he was of medium stature, fat, and had a chestnut colored beard.

6. Juan Griego was a Greek from Negropote; he was of good stature, thirty-two years of age, and had a gash in the forehead.

7. Or Pedro Sánchez de Amiuro. See Canto 10, note 15, and Canto 15, note 11.

8. There was a soldier named Juan Guerra, not to be confused with Juan Guerra de Resa. Oñate provided the former with arms and equipment, but though he is mentioned in the Salazar documents, he is not in the muster rolls.

9. Simón Pérez, evidently identical with Simón de Bustillo, son of Juan Pérez de Bustillo. Both were members of the expedition. The son, twenty-two years of age, a native of Mexico, was swarthy, with little beard, freckly faced, of medium stature. The son was one of the loyal soldiers who remained at San Gabriel when so many deserted in 1601;

he signed a petition at that time under the name Simón Pérez de Bustillo. See Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate, op. cit.*, pp. 147-148.

10. Captain Felipe de Escalante, native of Laredo, son of Juan de Escalante Castilla, was short and heavy, swarthy and grayish; he was forty-seven years of age. Escalante was one of the three officers later killed at Ácoma.

11. For Captain Juan Gutiérrez Bocanegra, see Canto 10, note 29. Captain Bocanegra was appointed alcalde for the purpose of conducting the court-martial proceedings instituted against the rebellious Ácoma. See Hammond, *op. cit.*, p. 116.

12. For Pedro de los Reyes, see Canto 10, note 23.

13. The name of Jorge de la Vega does not appear in the inspection lists, though a man named Alonso de la Vega came in 1600.

14. Ensign Domingo de Lizama, tall, redbearded, with a wound on the nose, was from Bilbao, Spain; he was twenty-seven years of age.

15. Diego de Ayarde, or Ayardi, tall, pockmarked, an injured finger of the left hand, was from Guadalajara in Mexico; he had a chestnut colored beard.

16. For the Sánchez brothers, Cristóbal and Francisco, see Canto 12, note 5.

17. Juan Velásquez de Cavanillas, short of stature, had a chestnut colored beard; he was twenty-four years of age. Velásquez was one of the soldiers who jumped from Ácoma cliff when Juan de Zaldívar's force was attacked, and thus saved his life.

18. Francisco de Olague, younger brother of Juan de Olague, was of medium stature, beardless, with a mark above the left eye; he was seventeen years of age.

19. Juan de Pedraza, from Cartaya, was tall, blackbearded, with a big wound above the left eye; he was thirty years of age.

20. Gonzalo de la Carrera, from Alcalá de Henares, twenty-five years of age; he was of medium stature and had a chestnut colored beard.

21. Hernando de Hinojos, or Ynojos, native of Cartaya, was the son of Juan Ruiz; he was thirty-six years of age. He had a brother on the expedition, Sebastián Rodríguez. For Alonso Núñez de Hinojosa, see Canto 10, note 22; and Captain Pablo de Aguilar Hinojosa, Canto 11, note 14.

22. See Canto 10, note 19.

23. Francisco Sánchez, el caudillo, is to be distinguished from the Francisco Sánchez mentioned a few lines above. El caudillo was a native of Cartaya, the son of Diego de Sánchez, thirty years of age, of good stature, and blackbearded.

24. There were several Sosas among Oñate's soldiers: Besides the royal ensign, Francisco de Sosa Peñalosa (Canto 15, note 2), there were his sons Estévan de Sosa, age twenty-one, and Francisco Yllan de Sosa,

age twenty-three. There was moreover an Alonso de Sosa Peñalosa (also called Alonso de Sosa Albornoz), age forty-eight, captain, later murdered, apparently because he desired to return to New Spain with his family.

25. See Canto 16, note 3.

26. The list of assignments is not complete. To Fray Francisco de San Miguel was assigned the province of Pecos, the Vaquero [Apache] Indians of the plains, the pueblos of the Gran Salina east of the Rio Grande, the Jumano, and others. Fray Francisco de Zamora was given the Picuris province, the Apache and Navaho of the "snowy mountains" of northern New Mexico, and Taos and other pueblos in that territory. To Fray Alonso de Lugo were given the province of Jemez and certain nomadic tribes to the westward. The provinces of Sia, Santa Ana, Ácoma, Zuñi, and Moqui (Hopi) were assigned to Fray Andrés Corchado. To Fray Juan Claros were given the Tigua province (including Sandia and Puaráy), the pueblos of the Piro down the Rio Grande (including Qualacú, Teypamá, and Trenaquel), as well as "Mohoqui," which was assigned also to Corchado. Fray Juan de Rosas was given the spiritual care of the Queres (Keres) and the Tano, although Villagrà states that the Queres were assigned to Zamora. Fray Cristóbal de Salazar (cousin of Oñate, who died on his way back to Mexico for more friars in 1599) was assigned the Tegua (Tewa) pueblos of San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, San Juan Bautista, and others, as well as "San Francisco de los Españoles," or San Gabriel, which implies that a settlement of Spaniards existed at the mouth of the Chama, across the Rio Grande from San Juan, as early as September 9, 1598, although the capital was still at San Juan at least as late as March, 1599. See Hodge, notes in Benavides, *Memorial*, 1630, pp. 196-200 of Ayer reprint; Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate, op. cit.*, pp. 103-104; Bolton, *Spanish Exploration*, p. 203. It must not be assumed that these missionaries took actual possession of all of their respective fields, and it is not likely that any churches, except that at San Juan de los Caballeros and later the one built at San Gabriel (see plate iii), were erected at that time.

27. These proceedings are recorded in the acts of "Obediencia y Vasallaje" in Pacheco and Cárdenas, *Documentos inéditos*, xvi, Madrid, 1871.

## CANTO EIGHTEEN

*How the governor went to Ácoma; of the disturbances  
caused by Zutacápán, and of the treachery  
he planned.*

THE army had hardly started for the Rock of Ácoma before Zutacápán was on his way to carry the news of its coming. This individual was one of the least important among his people. In their councils he had never been heard or recognized. Envy, jealousy, and vain ambition now overcame him, and he saw himself already covered with honors and vested with authority. He arrived at the pueblo and, mounting to the roof of one of the houses, addressed the people as follows:

Listen, O, men and women of this unfortunate city. I can foresee all of you doomed to miserable slavery. Why are you so neglectful and unconcerned? Shall we allow ourselves to be deprived of that sweet liberty we have inherited from our forefathers? Hear the trumpets of these haughty Castilians who march toward us! Who among you for a moment dreams of liberty if once they come among us, unprepared as we are? To arms! Let us await them and meet them, come they for good or evil!<sup>1</sup>

He had hardly spoken when the warriors with loud cries rushed into their houses and seized their war-clubs and arms. The crafty savage, well satisfied with the fire he had kindled, seized a war axe, and brandishing it high aloft, goaded the warriors on with cries of "War! War! Blood! Fire! Death to these arrogant men who dare to invade our boundaries, those who even now bend their cursed steps toward us!"

Many of the savages assembled to hear him. However, there are always some who even in angry mobs show judgment. Zutacápán had a noble son, his first

born, by the name of Zutancalpo. This son was a youth of some twenty years, attractive, well behaved, and of rare judgment. He was the first to voice opposition to his father. He spoke to the crowd as follows:

Noble Ácomans, it is a certain fact which cannot be denied that fortune favors those who are alert to their own protection. We are equally agreed that there is no better safety than preparedness for those dangers which come unexpectedly, for it is these that are most to be feared. However, we all know that these Castilians have come into our lands and proved themselves great warriors, and that they are always on guard and alert. We know they have been received into many of our pueblos and have left our people in peace and well satisfied. If they should know that we are up in arms, who doubts that war would result? If, as is said, these men are immortal, who can ever forgive us the sin of starting a conflagration which we can never stop?

After this spirited youth had spoken, a venerable chieftain stepped forward. This noble elder was one hundred and twenty years of age.<sup>2</sup> In his day he had been a noted leader and a man of great prudence, highly respected in the councils of his people. Chumpo, for this was his name, spoke the following words:

Dear children, chosen ones in whom the honor and safety of Acoma is entrusted. I see you maddened with hate against those who come amongst us. But, be careful lest you light the flames in which all of us perish. I agree with Zutancalpo that if these Spaniards have come among our people and in their pueblos, and there has been neither war nor bloodshed, then, my children, we have no reason to fear them.

The words of the youthful Zutancalpo and of the venerable Chumpo satisfied the warriors and they laid down their arms. All except Zutacapán. His fury was such that fire shone in his eyes. He roared with wrath like a furious bull who paws the earth and then, rearing back on his haunches, paws the air in his anger. He

roundly cursed his son and looked upon Chumpo with glances which showed he would have liked to tear him to pieces with his teeth then and there.

Seeing finally that his wrath availed him nothing, like a cunning fox he hid his feelings and outwardly appeared satisfied. However, he was not through with his treachery. He went about among the youthful warriors, those who had been loudest in their cries for war, and one by one he secretly won over a number to his side. With these he planned that when the governor arrived he would invite him to enter one of the "estufas" <sup>3</sup> where a dozen warriors would lie in wait to murder him.

In the meantime, the general and his army arrived before the Rock.

All were surprised at the greatness and strength of this mighty citadel, with its lofty walls and turrets.<sup>4</sup> For a while the governor stood before it, gazing in awe at its high and mighty sides, noticing carefully its approaches and pathways. While he was thoughtfully noting everything, Zutacapán and all the people from the pueblo came forth to meet him. The Indians were filled with admiration on seeing the Spaniards clad in shining steel from head to foot. They were also delighted with the horses, which were gayly caparisoned, although they were terrified at their neighing. They thought the horses were talking. The general encouraged them in this belief in order to inspire more fear and respect.

Don Juan dismounted to meet them. The rest lined up behind him in well-formed ranks and with him at their head began the ascent of the Rock. The savages took note of the splendid order with which the Spaniards managed their horses and also observed that the Spaniards led the way that they might arrive first at the summit. They were greatly impressed with this superior strategy of the Castilians. On reaching the top, the soldiers fired

a salute, to the wonder and terror of all the savages. They noted that Don Juan gave every command and directed everything; they were the more certain that if they could get rid of him the rest would easily fall into their hands.

When we were assembled in the town an Indian brave approached the general and, taking him by the arm, invited him to go to see a great treasure which they had hidden in an "estufa." The general went along with him, not caring to show any timidity, but took care to keep in view of his troops. They arrived at the "estufa," where the Indian urged the general to enter. The latter gazed down into its depths and, his suspicions aroused, discreetly assured the savage that he would first lead his troops down to the plain and then return to the "estufa." And so, arm in arm, he and the Indian descended to the plain. Here Don Juan bade the warrior farewell, saying he was fatigued and that he would have plenty of time to return afterward to the "estufa."

The savage saw his plans defeated, but did not show his disappointment. A very long time elapsed before we learned of this treasonable plot. Purguapo, Chumpo, and Zutancalpo, secretly rejoicing at the failure of the plot, came to the camp with many of their people, bringing numerous gifts and great quantities of water for the horses. When they were all gathered together, the governor proposed to them that they should render obedience to the Spanish crown as the other pueblos had done. Without hesitation they agreed to this. Zutacapán and his friends were among the first to offer their allegiance.

The governor then left with his army, visiting the pueblos of Cíbola, Zuñi,<sup>5</sup> and Mohoce. When in the land of the Zuñi we were met by a band of Indians marching in procession and scattering flour over the people they met.<sup>6</sup> When we entered the pueblo the women scattered



so much meal over us that we were obliged to take their flour sacks from them. This was not without many a scuffle, which was accompanied by much mirth and merriment. After we had made peace with one another, they brought us great quantities of food and explained to us the significance of this ceremony, saying that it was just as impossible to live without food to sustain life as it was for us to go among them and not meet with their friendship. Then seeing a cross which we had raised, they joined us in adoring this holy symbol.<sup>7</sup> To show their good will they invited us to join them in a great hunt which was about to begin. We accepted their invitation and, mounting our horses, repaired to the appointed spot. The Indians were already assembled in a number exceeding eight hundred. They formed a semicircle extending for about a league. At the given signal they began to close in toward the center. Our men eagerly sought to follow the many hares and rabbits and foxes which darted about here and there, seeking to escape beneath the horses' hoofs. Our general, however, not knowing the secret thoughts of the savages, though they outwardly were friendly, ordered everyone to be on the alert.<sup>8</sup>

After the hunt was over, we counted eighty hares, thirty-four rabbits, and a great number of foxes. Nowhere are there hares larger, of better flavor, or more tender than those found in these regions.

Upon returning to the pueblo our general sent Captain Farfán to investigate certain salt lakes of which we had received great reports. Captain Farfán was gone for only a few days when he returned with wondrous accounts of these deposits which he maintained were over a league in width. These deposits, he stated, contained immense quantities of a very high grade of salt which was easily obtainable.<sup>9</sup>

Well pleased with his success, the governor immediately sent the captain upon another trip, this time to search for some rich mines which had been reported to us as existing in these regions. With Captain Farfán<sup>10</sup> went Quesada, Don Juan Escarramal, Antonio Conde, Marcos García,<sup>11</sup> Damiero, Hernán Martín,<sup>12</sup> and others. After traveling many leagues, Quesada returned to the army with wonderful accounts of the greatness of the lands they had visited.<sup>13</sup> He said there were abundant mineral deposits, fine pastures, rivers, valleys, meadows, and plains. He also stated that they had seen a great number of mountain hens [turkeys], iguanas,<sup>14</sup> and Castilian grouse. Quesada reported that they had found a great number of pearl shells, which led them to believe they were in the vicinity of the Sea of Pearls, that great body which Providence has so secretly guarded for reasons which we know not. In these regions they encountered many peaceful tribes. These people wore in their hair a cross made of two pieces of cane.<sup>15</sup>

While Quesada was still relating his adventures, Farfán arrived. It seems that both had hastened ahead so as to be the first to convey these glad tidings to us. All these reports were joyfully received by the governor and to reward some of them fitly, he named Ensign Romero and Juan Piñero captains.

## NOTES

1. Needless to say, this speech and the ones to follow are garlanded with Villagrà's choicest posies. He attributes to the Indians concepts entirely alien to their culture; and indeed one is left to conjecture how many of the Ácoma orations could have been reported when not a Spaniard was within gunshot.

2. The age given by Villagrà must be taken with reserve, for neither the author nor the Indians themselves had any means of determining the years of the venerable Chumpo.

3. The first Spaniards to describe the underground ceremonial chambers of the Pueblo Indians referred to them as hot rooms, or *estufas*, but

in modern usage the misleading term *estufa* has been discarded by ethnologists generally in favor of the more appropriate Hopi term *kiva*.

4. Ácoma (from *akóme*, "people of the white rock") is a pueblo of the Keres, or Queres, linguistic group which from prehistoric times has occupied its present site on the summit of a mesa 357 feet high, about sixty miles west of the Rio Grande in Valencia county, New Mexico. From the time of Coronado (1540) it was the wonder of the Spanish explorers by reason of its almost impregnable situation; at this time it was said to consist of two hundred houses. The first Franciscan missionary at Ácoma was Fray Gerónimo de Zárate Salmerón, who served prior to 1629; but Fray Juan Ramírez, who went to Ácoma in the spring of 1629 and remained there many years, was its first permanent priest and the builder of its first church. The Ácoma participated in the rebellion of 1680-1692, killing their missionary, Fray Lucas Maldonado, but on account of its isolation the pueblo was not so severely dealt with as were most of the others during the reconquest; indeed it held out until 1699 when it submitted to Governor Cubero. The population dwindled from about 1,500 at the beginning of the rebellion to 1,052 in 1706, and to little more than 800 at the close of the 18th century. The present population (1930) is 1,025. Consult E. S. Curtis, *The North American Indian*, xvi, 1926; Mary K. Sedgwick, *Ácoma, the Sky City*; Elsie Clews Parsons, "Notes on Acoma and Laguna," *Amer. Anthropologist*, xx, no. 2, pp. 162-186, Lancaster, Pa., 1918; Parsons, "Notes on Isleta, Santa Ana, and Acoma," *ibid.*, xxii, no. 1, pp. 56-69; Leslie A. White, "The Ácoma Indians," *Bur. Amer. Ethnol.*, 47th Ann. Report, Washington, 1932. For illustrations of the pueblo see *Quivira Society Publications*, I, pl. vii; III, pl. vii, and pls. v-ix of the present volume.

5. The author is somewhat confused here. Cíbola and Zuñi were the same; *i.e.*, in the words of Espejo, fifteen years earlier, the province was called Zuñi by the natives and Cíbola by the Spaniards. Mohoce is a form of Moqui or Moki, referring to the Hopi pueblos in northern Arizona. See the Luxán Journal, *Quivira Society Publications*, I.

6. This was an offering of sacred corn-meal which may be interpreted as a form of friendly greeting. Prayer-meal is still much employed in Zuñi and Hopi ceremonial performances. For its use by the Hopi in 1583, see the Luxán Journal, *loc. cit.*

7. The Zuñi were already familiar with the cross and its Christian symbolism, for when Espejo visited them in 1583 he found crosses that had been erected by Coronado more than forty years before, as mentioned in the Luxán Journal, pp. 89-90.

8. Communal rabbit-hunts are still common among the Zuñi.

9. The Zuñi Salt Lake, 42 miles south by east of Zuñi pueblo, has been the source of salt supply of the Zuñi Indians from time immemorial. See M. C. Stevenson, "The Zuñi Indians," *Bur. Amer. Ethnol.*, 23d Ann. Report, Washington, 1904; N. H. Darton, "The Zuñi Salt Lake," *Journal*

of *Geology*, xiii, no. 3, pp. 185-193, Chicago, 1905. For a summary of Farfán's report on the Salt Lake, see Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, pp. 235-236. A fuller account is given in "Relación del descubrimiento de las salinas de cuni," in Lowery Collection, Library of Congress; transcript in the Bancroft Library. See our pl. xi.

10. Farfán had eight companions, Captain Alonso de Quesada, Captain Bartolomé Romero, Francisco Vido, Antonio Conte de Herrera, Sargento Hernán Martín, Marcos García, Juan Rodríguez, and León Ysasti. See Bolton, *op. cit.*, pp. 239, 248. It will be observed that Escarammal and Damiero [de Amiuro], noted by Villagrà, are not included.

11. Marcos García, from San Lúcar de Barrameda, was of good stature, swarthy, grayish, and thirty-eight years of age.

12. There were two soldiers by this name. Hernán Martín, native of Zacatecas, the son of Hernán Martín Serrano, was forty years of age, tall, pockmarked, with little beard. The other Hernán Martín was the son of Hernán Martín Gómez; he was twenty years of age, of medium stature, and beardless.

13. Cf. Oñate's "Account of the Discovery of the Mines, 1599," in Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, pp. 239-249.

14. There are no iguanas in Arizona; possibly the Gila monster (*Heloderma suspectum*) was meant.

15. These Indians, known also as Cruzados on account of the custom noted, may be identified with the northeastern division of the Yavapai, now designated also as Apache-Yumas and Apache-Mojaves, of Yuman stock, whose habitat was Oak creek, Verde valley, the vicinity of Prescott, the Jerome tableland and the region southward, and Black Mountain, in northern Arizona. (See E. W. Gifford, "The South-eastern Yavapai," University of California, *Publ. in Amer. Archaeology and Ethnology*, xxix, no. 3, p. 178. Berkeley, 1932.) The same people, described as wearing crosses on their heads, were seen also by Espejo on his journey westward in 1583 from the Hopi province in search of minerals; they lived in the valley of El Rio de los Reyes, unquestionably the Verde. (See Luxán Journal in *Quivira Society Publications*, 1, p. 107.) See pl. xii.

## CANTO NINETEEN

*How the author, after punishing the deserters, returned  
and how the Indians of Ácoma ambushed him;  
of his sufferings and how he escaped and  
came to the capital.*

IT has never been known that good fortune could be depended upon. No matter how blessed one may be by fate, this good luck may turn at any time and one may see himself sadly oppressed by a multitude of adversities. When misfortune comes all at once, it is easier to endure, but miserable is he who must bear his trials alone.

We were returning, worthy sir, from our journey in quest of the deserters, and having left these unfortunate men dying upon the plains, their throats cut wide open, we hastened ahead to join the rest of the army.<sup>1</sup> As it had been many days since the army had heard from us, I deemed it proper to go ahead in order to report to the governor. My comrades agreed with me, so I made haste to proceed. In due time I arrived at the friendly pueblo of Puarai.<sup>2</sup> Here I learned from a Spanish youth named Francisco de las Nieves that the governor had been there and had left the day before. On learning this, I immediately set forth to overtake him. O, mighty prince, I no sooner approached the pueblo of Ácoma than I was aware that the Ácomans were awaiting my arrival. Those who plan treachery always leave some evidence, some sign of their perfidy by which those who are alert are forewarned. I noticed that they were lying in wait on either side of the road I must take, like so many crouching tigers ready to pounce upon their prey.

These people are in deadly fear of horses. They will

not under any circumstances approach within more than six arms' length of a horseman. The horse which I rode was one of the most beautiful ever born of a pure-blooded mare.

The Indians met me, showing signs of welcome, especially Zutacapán. I informed him of my urgent need for provisions and water. He urged me to dismount and go with him and that he would provide me with plenty of provisions. I replied that I was in such haste that I dared not pause a single unnecessary moment. He then told me with great anger to leave. When I saw their threatening attitude, I drew rein and left. When I was quite a distance away, they called to me, crying, "Castilian! Castilian!" I stopped my horse and turned around. They all beckoned me with their arms to return. In need of provisions as I was, and trusting in my mount, I turned and spurred my horse back to them. Zutacapán asked me if more Castilians followed me and how long before they would arrive. I answered him that one hundred and three well-armed men were but two days' journey away. The Indians then ordered me to leave them.

The sun was now low in the west so I hurried ahead until night fell, and it grew so dark that I could not see ahead of me. Since it was impossible to travel farther, I rode about a mile off the main road of travel and made camp. I unbridled the horse and turned him loose to graze while I waited for the dawn. After midnight I fell asleep. I awoke suddenly and found that the weather had cleared and that it was very cold. I bridled my horse and prepared to go ahead, when it began to snow, hardly before my foot was in the stirrup. I went on ahead, however, until I reached a pile of brush across the road. I noticed the brush, but carelessly paid no heed to it. Suddenly the ground below me seemed to open and I

saw myself and horse swallowed up, as it were, by the earth itself.

Then I realized what had happened, that I had fallen into a pit. Seeing my horse lifeless from the fall I, like a mariner who sees his ship wrecked and hurls himself into the sea to save his life if possible, crawled out of the trap Zutacapán had set for me to see if through the mercy of God I might escape with my life. It was snowing so heavily that the savages were unaware of their capture. I knew they would soon return to investigate, and if they found me, would in all probability kill me with torture, as is their custom. Accordingly I stripped myself of all unnecessary weight. I left my coat of mail, helmet, shield, my arquebus and powder pouch, and taking with me only my sword and dagger, I made for a ridge of stony cliffs nearby. In order that I might not be tracked, I put my shoes on backward so that the heels faced to the front.<sup>8</sup> Fortunately for me, the barbarians did not return while I was making all these preparations.

For four whole days I wandered, suffering terribly from both hunger and thirst. I do not believe that greater hunger was felt even by that unfortunate one who slew and ate her own born son amid the ruins of that ancient city which, because of its sins, was destroyed. Such a hunger assailed me that something similar occurred. I had along with me a faithful dog which watched over me as I slept. Seeing myself on the verge of starvation, I determined to kill and eat it. I gave it two mortal wounds, at which the dying beast fled from me. I called to it in anger and the noble creature, forgetting my shameful treatment, crawled toward me, licking his wounds, and then, as if to please me, licked my hands, staining them with the blood which flowed from his cruel wounds. O, sir, I was ashamed that I should be guilty of such base conduct! Especially did I regret it when I

realized that I had no fire with which to roast the meat. I was most sorry for this disgraceful and unnecessary act and turned to caress the dog when he fell dead at my feet.

Leaving the poor creature dead, I set forth in downcast mood to combat this sad fate which so afflicted me. At last I arrived at a great cliff at whose foot flowed a crystalline stream. I threw myself into its waters, blinded and burning with thirst, and drank long of its cool waters. When I had quenched the fire which burned within me, I glanced about and saw a bit of corn which had been dropped by someone. I knelt and devoutly thanked Almighty God for this most timely aid, and then crawled around and gathered a handful of the corn, which I eagerly ate.

After resting, I proceeded on my journey in search of the governor's capital, San Juan. I had hardly started when I met with three of our men who were looking for their horses. They were Francisco de Ledesma,<sup>4</sup> Miguel Montero,<sup>5</sup> and Juan Rodríguez. They called to me, asking who I was. When I gave them my name, they were so delighted that they fired their arquebuses. At the sound of the guns, the savages, who had been following me and who were almost at our heels, turned and fled, believing they had come upon the entire army. Praise be to the heavenly angels, my lord, for Juan Rodríguez came to me with a fresh horse to repay, perhaps, the favor I had once done him upon a similar occasion, when I found him hungry and thirsty, stretched across a lean mare ready to die.<sup>6</sup>

The soldiers quickly brought me the necessary food to satisfy my hunger. Then from their flints they brought forth the hidden sparks with which a fire was kindled and, lying in its pleasant warmth, I related all my adventures.



The next day we set forth in quest of the general's camp which was two days' journey away.<sup>7</sup> Arriving there in due time, I reported all my adventures to the governor.

Since you have listened, O, sir, to my experiences, I now pray you will further hear the details of the mighty deeds and sacrifices of my comrades in these most remote lands.

## NOTES

1. See Oñate to the Viceroy, Mar. 2, 1599, in Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, pp. 214-215, in which the execution is mentioned. See also Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate, op. cit.*, pp. 104-105. As before mentioned, Villagr  was tried in 1614 for these executions and sentenced to exile from New Mexico for six years, and to pay the expenses of the trial. (*Ibid.*, pp. 184-185.) The names of the two victims were Manuel Portugu s and Juan Gonz lez. See Appendix T.

2. See Canto 15, note 12.

3. It would hardly seem possible for ordinary shoes to be adaptable to such an emergency. In New Mexico, at least, cattle "rustlers" and horse thieves have been known to fasten shoe or moccasin soles to their footwear, heels foremost, in order to deceive possible pursuers.

4. Francisco de Ledesma, native of Talavera de la Reina, was a blackbearded youth, twenty-five years of age.

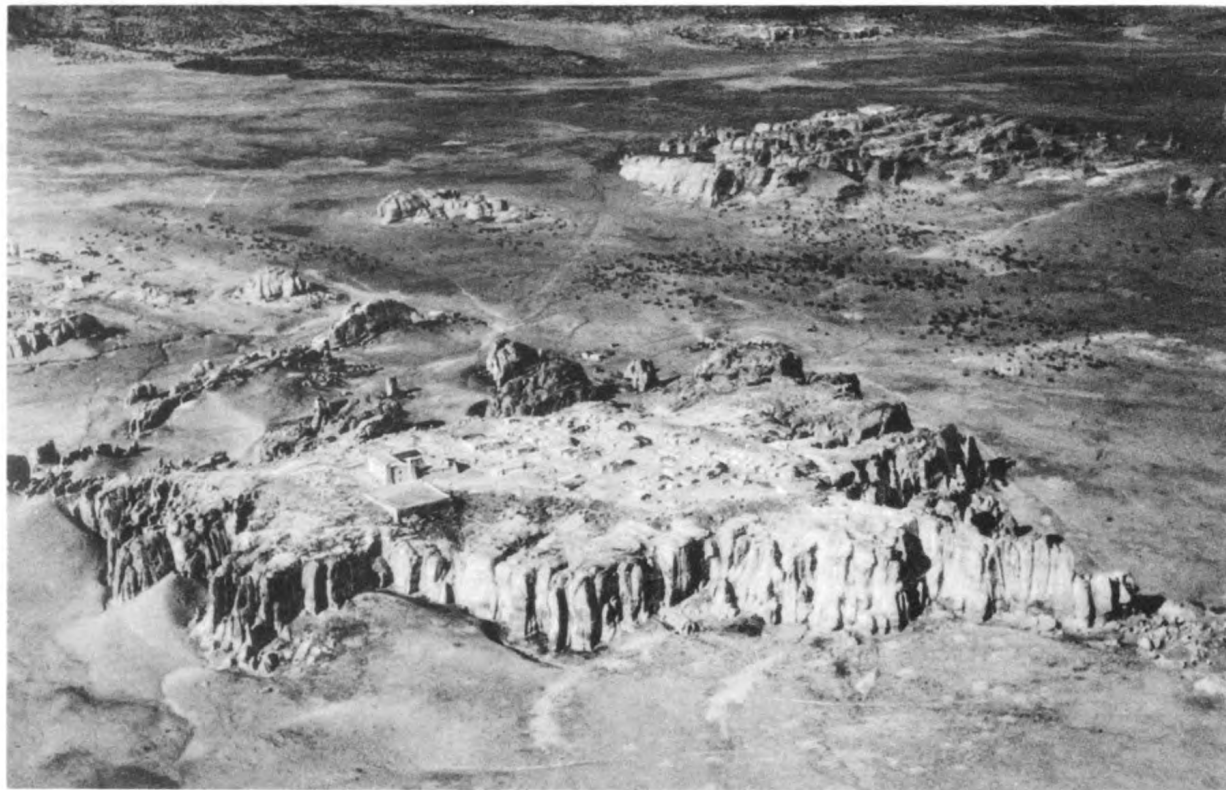
5. Miguel Montero de Castro, from the City of Mexico, was of good stature, redbearded, with reddish eyes; he was twenty-five years of age.

6. Villagr 's experience is mentioned in the "Account of the Journey to the Salines, the Xumanas, and the Sea, 1599" (Bolton, *op. cit.*, p. 236): "During these days Captain Villagran arrived, being brought in by three soldiers who had gone to round up the horses which the snow storm had scattered and had found him almost dead at El Agua de la Pe a [El Morro, or Inscription Rock; the water referred to by Villagr  is in the nook shown in *Quivira Society Publications*, 1, pl. ix], without horse or arms, and not having eaten for two or three days, for he had lost everything near  coma by falling into a pit, and only the mercy of God prevented his perishing as his horse had done." The incident of the pitfall is illustrated by a small engraving at the bottom of Villagr 's portrait (pl. i). Further reference to the predicament in which Villagr  found Juan Rodr guez on the journey northward is made in Canto 11.

7. O ate was encamped at the Zu i pueblo of Hawikuh.

QUIVIRA SOCIETY

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BIRDSEYE VIEW OF ÁCOMA AND ITS MESA, LOOKING NORTHEASTWARD

## CANTO TWENTY

*Of the hardships endured by soldiers of new discoveries,  
and the incommensurate reward for their efforts.*

**T**HE greatest honor and fame which a true soldier may achieve from his glorious triumphs in bloody war is to be held in grateful memory for his efforts. This fully requites him for the innumerable perils he undergoes.

We all know, most high and worthy king, that there is no suffering which is not worth while if only the efforts of those noble soldiers who serve us so well in war are but appreciated in the measure they deserve.

I deem myself far more fortunate than those many who met their untimely end at the hands of savage foes, not to mention others who have been so ill repaid for the many sufferings they have endured. To further show the merit of these true soldiers of whom I speak and honor most highly, and whose memory I reverence, not merely as men but as supermen, I have undertaken to write of their deeds. In my rough, unpolished manner I shall relate what I have known of them, dedicating to this task the very best my humble efforts will permit.

I shall not dwell upon the fact of how they left their firesides in their distant and beloved fatherland; how they left their parents, brothers, friends, and relatives that your majesty might be served. Nor shall I dwell upon the fact that all their estates and worldly goods are lost, but rather of the hardships they endured, the days and nights they passed amid many trials, and in suffering reverses the like of which were never known before.

You will note, most worthy sir, these men depend for their livelihood entirely upon their own resources, like

the famous Theban who astounded all when he was seen on Mount Olympus, arrayed from head to foot in everything of his own handiwork—well-made sandals, coat, shirt, and everything as well fashioned as though from the hand of a skilled worker. Even the books he carried were written and bound by himself. In like manner, worthy sir, these men do not possess a single article not of their own handiwork—their coats, trousers, stockings, shoes, and collars; their jackets and capes, and everything they wear. They sew as though they had always been used to handling a needle. This is not to be wondered at since this trade was the very first practised by men in this sad and miserable life.

They are all expert in the art of cooking. They wash and bake, and in short provide everything for their needs, from the wood they burn to the salt with which they season their food. They are expert in the art of tilling the soil. Every hour of the day and night you find them clothed in shining steel as though they were encased in polished bronze. Such trials would have completely overcome them formerly when they bedecked themselves in silks and jewels; but now, despite the fact that they are of flesh and bone, they live almost entirely in the open as though they were beasts of the field, exposed to the full rigor of the blazing sun, the rain and wind, and enduring alike cold and hunger. Their only couch at night is the hard ground where many times they have awakened covered with a mantle of snow. They are exposed to cruel tempests while unable to seek shelter, and so their clothes dry on their backs. They carry water for their needs in large bags. Sometimes they suffer terribly from cold, and even die.

There are no streams so swift or deep or wide that they do not swim; no difficulties too great for them to overcome; no nation so savage that they have not con-

quered it. These men fashion their own arms and all the accoutrements for their horses. They repair their arquebuses, fashioning for them beautiful stocks and boxes. They repair their own armor and shields, and adorn their helmets in beautiful manner. They are expert surgeons and treat the wounds of their comrades most skillfully. They are adept barbers.

Whenever it is required, they repair their horses' bridles and saddles, and shoe their mounts. They bleed their horses when necessary, and break the colts, for they are all excellent horsemen. In the many conflicts in which they have engaged, they have performed wonderful deeds of valor. There is not one among them who has not proved his mettle on many an occasion.

These men are forced at times to subsist on unsavory roots and unknown seeds, and even on the flesh of dogs, horses, and other animals whose flesh is most abhorrent to all civilized people. Through the snowy passes they blaze their way as a plow cuts a furrow through the soil. Often in the mountain fastnesses they escape in snowdrifts only by clinging to the tails of their horses.

Of all these things I shall tell if God permits me to write the second part of this work.<sup>1</sup> Then you shall hear, great king, of the wonders of these distant, unknown lands, and of the adventures of these valiant men. I shall relate of those who have proved their prowess. Besides those I have already mentioned are Captains Vaca <sup>2</sup> and Juan Martínez,<sup>3</sup> Rascón,<sup>4</sup> and Juan García,<sup>5</sup> Juan de Ortega,<sup>6</sup> Simón García,<sup>7</sup> Ortiz, and Juan Benítez,<sup>8</sup> Captain Donís <sup>9</sup> and Juan Fernández,<sup>10</sup> Guevara,<sup>11</sup> Luzio,<sup>12</sup> and Alvaro García,<sup>13</sup> Giménez,<sup>14</sup> Juan Ruiz, Sosa, Morales,<sup>15</sup> also Pedro Rodríguez,<sup>16</sup> and other worthy and brave men who have shown their merit alike in peace and war. I need also mention those heroic and exalted commissaries, Father Fray Francisco de Velasco,

Francisco de Escobar, Escalona, Fray Alonso Peinado,<sup>17</sup> whose efforts in cultivating the vineyard should be praised: all worthy sons of the blessed St. Francis. On one occasion we witnessed the baptism by them of more than seven thousand souls.<sup>18</sup>

What is most important to state is that they are now broken in health, old and decrepit, and find themselves in hospitals for the poor, suffering from incurable diseases brought on by their hardships. If they return to their homes, they find themselves unwelcome and unknown, like the great Ulysses who, after enduring the perils of war so nobly, returned to his old home aged and infirm, recognized and welcomed by none save his faithful dog.

O, glorious youth, how soon your beauty fades!

Note how these valiant heroes return to their old homes which know them not; broken, poor, tired and afflicted, old, infirm, sad and miserable. If in their final despair they so much as seek a single crumb of the bounty which your majesty offers with such a generous hand, they find they are but a few among many supplicants: sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons of those heroic souls who in these regions conquered new worlds. They find that not even at a second table is there room for them.

I term "second table," worthy sir, the courts of the governors and viceroys. There are some, I say some, at whose palace doors it is necessary that these supplicants wait for an eternity of years, miserably suffering starvation and currying the favor of pages, servants, and petty officials before they are even permitted to enter the portals of these palaces to present their just claims.

When by some stroke of fortune they gain entrance to this holy of holies, if we may term it thus, where the viceroy sits in solemn majesty as though he were not for

the gaze of mortal eyes, even then those who would see him must be as free from blemish and as pure and chaste as freshly fallen snow. In order to have an audience with him, one must be of high and celestial virtues, clean and pure, richly arrayed, perfumed and starched, and without the least suspicion of want, necessity, or misfortune. All others are as unworthy of his presence as though they were unclean, infected, leprous beings.

The Lord knows how I have longed to see you, O, worthy sir, viceroy of New Spain, for the sole reason that you might see how a God-fearing and just man may become a god on earth. May our Lord remedy this situation and answer the groans and sighs of these poor ones who cry out for aid!

It is a well-known fact that many of those who have governed have ruled justly and wisely. Today the kingdom is governed as never before. Supplicants and suitors seek the palaces and courts of justice where they are assured their petitions and causes will be heard and justice done, something which was never seen before.

Aside from these conditions, we also notice those who, like so many dogs, growl and tear themselves to pieces in their pulpits, barking and threatening with as much effect upon their listeners as though they were made of bronze.

I was about the court for seven years and never did I see a single supplicant, a single mendicant, who could not easily reach the audience hall of your saintly father and there could relate his tale of woe, certain that his grievances or his necessities would be given attention. May our Lord, in whose stead you govern here, protect and guard your majesty! You are considered as a father to your men. I, the humblest of them all, have seen fit to relate to you their trials and hardships. As you well know, worthy king, there is no one who, after he has

served with sacrifice and hardship, would not desire some recompense for his services. I humbly plead the cause of these unfortunate ones and pray your lordship that their services be granted the recognition they so highly deserve.

In order that I may not weary your attention, I shall take up the thread of my story.

When the sergeant arrived at the capital and joyfully announced his discovery of the famous plains of Cíbola,<sup>19</sup> the *maese de campo* left him to recuperate at the capital, in charge of the government there, and hastened to overtake the general, who, tired of waiting, had already proceeded upon his journey.

Marching ahead, the *maese de campo* and his men arrived at the famous pueblo of Ácoma.<sup>20</sup> Here, in the meantime, Zutacapán had again plotted with some of the more unruly warriors. He proposed that they make him their chief and king, promising them wealth and power if they would do so. With him as their leader, he assured them their liberties would be protected and the country freed of the Spaniards. All were agreed to this proposition. Accordingly, they called a meeting of all their friends and these approved the plan. The savage urged them all that under no circumstances should they permit the foot of a stranger to tread within the walls of Ácoma, and that they should give the Spaniards no food, even though they perish from hunger. He urged upon them the necessity of defending their rights by force of arms and the importance that all unite in a common cause.

Otompo and Meco, who were the ringleaders in this conspiracy, approved these plans, and they won over Mulco and many other reckless spirits to their cause. Such persons are never wanting in any time or place. The recklessness of man is such that once his fury is aroused it is alone sufficient to lead him to his destruc-



tion. This is a failing which man has had since he was first cursed with original sin. We ourselves are our worst enemies. The united forces of hell cannot prevail against us if we but have the determination to do right; but on the contrary, the very strength which we might use to resist temptation, if directed toward evil, is enough to lead us to ruin. No one is so base but that he realizes what good he may achieve if he but choose to do so, and no one is so lacking in conscience as to fail to recognize his misdeeds and realize the just punishment he deserves.

These savages, knowing the wickedness of their ways, sought to hide their motives, as evil always does, beneath the cloak of innocence. It was proposed to call a meeting of all the people and mislead them into granting their approval to their scheme. It would thus appear that they were acting from noble motives. At this meeting they all assembled, masked and disguised as did well befit their evil mission.

We shall see what was done.

#### NOTES

1. So far as known, the second part of the *Historia* was never written.
2. Captain Cristóbal Vaca, of Mexico City, thirty-three years of age, was swarthy and well featured; he came with the expedition of 1600. In the following year he was one of the petitioners who had remained at San Gabriel when many others had deserted, and gave testimony against the friars. Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate, op. cit.*, pp. 147-148.
3. Captain Juan Martínez de Montoya, from Nava la Camella, near Segovia, Spain, came with the relief expedition of 1600; he was forty years of age, tall, blackbearded, with good features. When Oñate resigned the governorship in 1607, Martínez de Montoya was appointed his successor.
4. Captain Francisco Rascón, native of Puebla, was twenty-five years of age; he was tall and well featured.
5. Juan García, native of Puebla, was a thin, beardless youth of twenty years.
6. Captain Juan de Ortega was in command of a company in the expedition of 1600. He accompanied Velasco to Mexico in 1601 to petition the viceroy for aid to the colony.

7. Simón García, one of nine soldiers who went to New Mexico in 1600, of whom we have no description. He accompanied Robledo, leader of an advance party of relief for the colony. Hammond, *op. cit.*, p. 128.

8. Perhaps Bernabé Benítez de Azebo, native of Alcazar de Cáceres, tall of stature, and swarthy.

9. Captain Francisco Donís, native of Puebla, was thirty-three years of age; he bore a mark in his forehead.

10. There is a Juan Fernández among the nine soldiers of whom we have no description. There is also a Juan Ruiz Fernández, who was twenty-three years of age. One Juan Fernández accompanied Robledo to New Mexico as mentioned in note 7; another (or the same) was one of the petitioners mentioned in note 2.

11. Sergeant Diego Martínez de Guevara, a native of Burgos, was twenty-one years of age; he was short of stature and blue eyed.

12. García Lucio, thirty years of age, was from Alcántara.

13. Alvaro García, another of the nine soldiers of whom we have no description. He took part in the activities mentioned in connection with Juan Fernández, note 10.

14. Juan Ximénez, native of Trujillo, was of medium stature, black-bearded, and thirty years of age.

15. Luis de Morales, native of Puebla, was twenty-three years of age; he bore a scar on the left side of his face.

16. Perhaps Pedro Rodríguez, from the Isle of La Palma; he was thirty years of age.

17. There is apparently no known record of the arrival and departure of missionaries during these early years. Some came with the expedition of 1600 under the leadership of Fray Juan de Escalona. The time of Escobar's arrival does not appear. From other sources come the names of additional missionaries, Fray Lope Izquierdo, Fray Gaston de Peralta, Fray Damian Escudero, Fray Luis Maironos, and Fray Alonso de la Oliva. Hammond, *op. cit.*, pp. 130-131. See also Hodge, notes to Benavides, *Memorial*, pp. 196-199 of the Ayer reprint.

18. The only time when so many Indians were assembled was at the dedication of the church at San Juan de los Caballeros in September, 1598.

19. The plains of Cibola were of course the buffalo plains. The term here has no relation to the province of Cibola or the Zuñi country.

20. Juan de Zaldívar, maestro de campo, and his party of thirty soldiers, reached Ácoma on December 1. Hammond, *op. cit.*, pp. 112-113.

## CANTO TWENTY-ONE

*How Zutacápán called a meeting of the Indians of  
Ácoma; of the tumult which was started  
and of the treason plotted.*

**O** WORLDLY glory, how presumptuously men who are most undeserving seek its loftiest heights! How do you reconcile your vile and low desires with worldly power and regal ambitions? Behold here this untutored barbarian born of ignoble savages! What attributes of royalty are found in such debasement as this? O, blind ambition for worldly power sought for alike by the high and the low, the worthy and the unworthy! A good example is this bloody savage, sprung from such ignoble forebears, and who like Lucifer seeks to reach such heights of power.

This savage, insistent in his desires, ordered his co-conspirators to bring the people together. When all were assembled in the pueblo, he eagerly proceeded to address them, for such was his lust for power that he could hardly wait for the moment to strike the first blow. He spoke as follows:

Brave men, the events just past and the dangers we face make it imperative that everyone should voice his sentiments and opinions whatever they be. Tell me, how could there be a greater misfortune, a more terrible disgrace upon all of us, than to submit to the slavery and subjection offered us and be obliged even to feed these strangers? I swear by all the living gods that not a man should remain alive rather than submit to this tyranny.

Seeing the tumult which these words aroused and the display of arms and warlike utterances on every side, his son, Zutancalpo, interrupted his father, and said:

The surest good which man may hope for comes from sub-

mitting oneself to that course which reason recommends. I see no enmity between us and the Castilians. It is unwise to give offense when none has been given us. Let us remain on peaceful terms with them. It is the safer and wiser plan. I say, let us render obedience to them as we have pledged. Let us restrain our wrath, for it is more prudent to seek peace than war. If we do this, we will avoid dangers which are sure to confront us if we do otherwise.

Thus spoke the noble youth.

All the warriors now began to talk among themselves and seemed to approve these wise and discreet words. Those who had been loudest in their protest now put their weapons aside. Chumpo, however, still fearful that the treaty they had made might be broken, took occasion to address the crowd, speaking with faltering voice, for he was very old:

Hear, my children, those words of wise admonition just given by one who has always distinguished himself in your battles. Zutancalpo, though young in years, has given wise counsel. We all know that death is but an incident we all must face. We do not fear it, but a glorious death is what we hope for. Avoid unnecessary conflicts, dangers, and uprisings such as are being considered here.

His words were drowned amid the jeers and taunts of the baffled conspirators who shouted at Chumpo that he was a stupid old fool, a dried-up fossil, a madman, and a charlatan. When Zutacapán heard Chumpo speak, he rushed upon him with such fury that if Cotumbo had not stopped him and blocked his blows, he most surely would have felled the old man with his war-club. Chumpo, seeing himself so assaulted and hearing the insults heaped upon him, was furious, but restraining his wrath, hid his just anger and calmly addressed his people:

Never have I felt more the necessity of vindicating my honor than today after these insults offered me. O, but that I had the

youthful strength which in younger years was mine! Well would I mete upon this vile traitor the punishment he so well deserves. My many years render this right arm impotent. But these insults are not for me alone. They are heaped upon you, my children, whose very fathers I helped raise.

Zutancalpo had remained quiet like a firearm which has been charged with powder and ball and which is quietly resting until the spark reaches the powder when it discharges with a mighty roar like a thunderbolt from a darkened sky. On hearing these words, he rushed forward and wrested the war-club from his father's hands. Parguapo also rushed to the fray, followed by Pilco, Otompo, Meco, and Guanambo. Mulco and many other Ácomans joined in the riot. The conspirators, seeing the tumult which they had aroused, fled and dispersed to their homes.

Having planned to break the peace and treaty with the Spaniards, they swore that not a single Spaniard should escape them. This was their plan: As soon as the Castilians arrived they were to be received with open arms. They were to be offered quarters in the different houses. When they were all separated, at a given signal the Indians were to fall upon them and not a single man was to escape.

Zutancalpo, Chumpo, and all their friends would have nothing to do with this treachery, and taking their friends and their families with them, they left the Rock, that they might not even witness the massacre. This pleased Zutacapán immensely, for he was left in full control, with no one to oppose him.

In the meantime, the *maese de campo* arrived, unaware of the trap that had been laid for him. The Indians all went forth to meet him and, completely deceived by their friendly attitude, the Spaniards joyfully embraced them and exchanged greetings. The *maese de*

campo requested food supplies which the Spaniards sadly needed. The Indians told him to make his camp, and the following day they would furnish them with provisions. The savages then returned to their pueblo, leaving the Castilians completely deceived. Such are the ways of duplicity! Heaven save us from falsehood, deceit, and treachery. What evil can hide beneath the garb of innocence! No amount of bravery, skill, or discretion, force, arms, or caution, can effectually resist it.

The next day the *maese de campo* set forth toward the pueblo. The natives greeted him on his arrival with friendly demonstrations. It was suggested to the Spaniards that they send their men to the various houses and that food would be given them there. The *maese de campo* eagerly agreed to this proposal and ordered his men to disperse and to make the rounds of the different houses for the provisions. Little did he dream that he was sending them into their untimely end.

The soldiers quickly dispersed, leaving the *maese de campo* with only six of his men.

We shall see what occurred.

## CANTO TWENTY-TWO

*Wherein is told of the defeat of the maese de campo  
and the death of his companions through  
the treachery of the Ácomans.*

HOW miserably we mortals live in this ungrateful world! We endure this false and untrue existence, teeming with dangers so hid by deceit which we can neither fathom nor understand. Ungrateful world, a festerous cancer; what poison reeks within your bloody fangs! What treason and betrayals have you in store for those who place their trust in earthly hopes! O, fickle hopes of mortal man, subject always to a thousand ills and wrongs! O, woeful day; O, fearful fate! How ruthlessly you strike, making no distinction between a brave and valiant heart and a cowardly, craven soul! How unjustly you aid those who seek to triumph, not by brave and open combat, but through sinister, underhanded schemes! But, let others write the annals of traitors and cowards, and now, returning to my story, I shall tell of this most unfortunate event.

The Indians could scarcely restrain themselves, such was their joy at seeing the unfortunate Spaniards scattering about among the houses, little suspecting what was to be their fate. Impatiently the Indians awaited the signal to attack. The leaders, noting that only six soldiers remained with the maese de campo, and seeing that these did not leave him, fearful lest others should return, gave the signal for attack. The savages raised a fearful war-cry and rushed upon the Spaniards from all sides. With grim determination they attacked, resolved to slay every one of them.

The maese de campo quickly recovered from his sur-

prise, and gathering those of his men who were with him, said to them:

My brave comrades, in whose hearts lie strength and valor which have never yet failed! You see with your own eyes the treachery which this miserable rabble had planned. See, they come upon us with their arms. They have broken their faith with us and proved false to the peace and allegiance they swore. They seek war. Shall it be war? Now, my men, let us counsel together. We must remember that it is incumbent upon us to sustain our honor as Spaniards. At the same time, we must prove ourselves worthy of the trust our general has confided in us. We must bear in mind his many triumphs, bloodless and peaceful. In all his conquests of this land no blood has yet been shed. If through necessity, though it be, we shall shed blood, even yet it will be a stain upon the glorious record we have kept so far. I am of this opinion: Let us quickly retire to the plain below. There will be yet ample time to punish the cowardly instigators of this affront.

As we have noted before, there never fails to appear, in any situation, someone to interfere with the order of things, with some ill-advised counsel. One Spanish captain, more to boast of his vaunted power than to give voice to his true desires, answered the *maese de campo* as follows:

*Maese de campo*, it behooves us as honorable men to retaliate and punish such insults. Give me your permission. I shall alone face this rabble and put them to flight. Then we can descend to the plain below and leave this accursed rock at our own convenience, peacefully and unharmed.

Zaldívar, aroused by this bold reply, delayed awhile before answering. In the meantime the Indians were almost upon them. Because of the delay occasioned by the idle words of this braggart, whatever opportunity there had been to retire was lost. The savages seemed to realize that the Spaniards were at their mercy. With Zutacapán at their head, they rushed forward, crying, "Death, death by blood and fire! Death to these thieves



who have so arrogantly dared to set foot within our lofty fortress! ”

After Zutacapán came Ezmicaio, Amulco, and Pilco, followed by Tempal and Cotumbo, all crying, “ Death to these unworthy, presumptuous dogs, disturbers of our common peace! ” Their words encouraged their savage followers, and on they came, brandishing their arms.

The maese de campo, seeing that the situation was critical, even yet hoped to avoid bloodshed. He cried out to his men: “ Let no one fire yet! Level your arms at them and take aim! It may still be possible to quell this disturbance without bloodshed! ”

The savages poured forth from every street and corner, rushed forth, as it were, like a frail craft caught upon the high and angry waves of a tempestuous sea is hurled to its destruction.

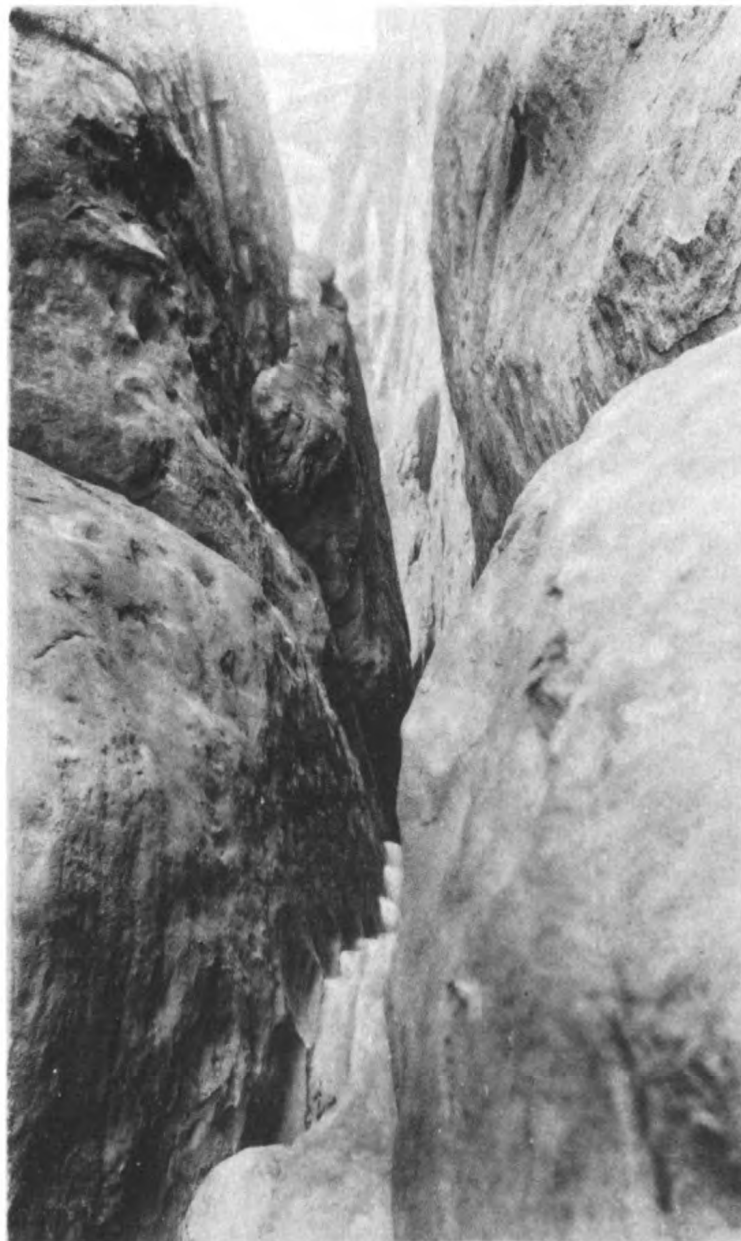
On they came, hurling their heavy war-clubs, darts, and spears at the little band of Spaniards. The maese de campo saw that further delay was useless, and that peaceful attempts to quell this disturbance would be of no avail. Like a poisonous snake which is held under the heel of a rustic peasant, yet, though its doom is sealed, strikes with its three-forked tongue, and with its fiery glance hurls defiance at its foe, so Zaldívar, although he fully realized his predicament, turned and savagely faced the oncoming foe and gave orders to fire. The arquebuses spit forth the hidden missiles from their barrels, laying low a number of the foe. But it was only a temporary advantage. The savages came on in increasing numbers and, mixing with the Spaniards, grappled with them hand to hand before they could reload their fire-arms. The soldiers, like shipwrecked sailors who, when their ship has foundered, abandon the craft and take to their boats in the raging sea, throwing aside their fire-arms, drew their swords and closed with the savage foe,

cutting them down to right and left, here lopping off an arm, there cleaving a skull asunder, striking, cutting, and stabbing. It was a bloody sight to see the destruction wrought by their mighty blows.

At this point Tempal, astounded and put to shame by the mighty resistance offered by this handful of Spaniards, advanced with spear in hand and hurling it forward struck the unfortunate Pereira on the mouth, opening a terrible wound. Hardly had Pereira fallen to the ground before he was upon him and beat his skull to a pulp with a heavy club.<sup>1</sup> When the Spaniards saw their comrade lying there, his skull crushed, his brains scattered about on the ground, they were seized with such hate and fury that, like a mighty castle which has been undermined and which is blown to fragments by the mighty force of powder, so they charged forth crying for vengeance and victory. But, it is not well to shout for victory too soon. In cruel and bloody war it is well to shout encouragement, for although words are good if equaled by deeds, still it is in action alone that victory is achieved.

I say this with special reference to the case of that wild, impetuous captain who sought to show his vaunted prowess by idle bragging. This one was not yet completely exhausted and sought to shield himself behind the *maese de campo*, who was foremost in every encounter. He was a veritable Goth of old in battle, a brave and mighty warrior who repeatedly repelled every assailant. The captain, who was unable to shield himself permanently behind the *maese de campo*, was at last laid low. Without receiving a single wound, he was taken prisoner. He did not even lift an arm to defend himself. Like a timid lamb he was taken and quickly slaughtered on the spot.<sup>2</sup>

O, ye who seek renown in battle, remember it is well



ONE OF THE OLD TRAILS TO ÁCOMA

that ye be not too mighty with your tongue; better yet that you wield a sword with prowess! Take heed from this story. I swear that had not our Lord looked upon us with favor, this man alone would have been sufficient to have caused the destruction of each and every one. The soldier who aspires to fulfill with honor this most noble profession, should bear in mind these two precepts: the first is, be a leader or one who obeys; do not venture one step beyond the duties which pertain to your station. The second is, determine well which of these callings you are fitted for. Let the Mighty Lord of the universe be your guide. No one rules the Almighty Lord nor is it needed that any should. There are those who give orders and those who obey. Each has his duty to perform. The head must govern and the feet must humbly obey. Were things otherwise all would be chaos in this world of ours.

But let us proceed, great monarch. Pilco rushed forth, frothing at the mouth, such was his rage. With both hands he swung a mighty war-club. Blind with fury, he rushed upon the unfortunate Bibero.<sup>8</sup> This one sank to his knee and, planting himself firmly on the ground, sought to ward off the blow with his shield and mailed arm. His left shoulder and side were left unprotected. The savage dealt him such a terrible blow that he crushed his entire side, leaving the poor man lifeless on the ground. At this very instant a huge boulder hurled from a roof-top by an old and withered hag, struck the dead Bibero on the head, smashing his skull to a pulp.

Our men, seeing their comrade lying beside the murdered captain, his brains scattered about, cried out with a terrible voice, which seemed as loud and dreadful as the thunder from the heavens. From every side our men rushed about, followed by the howling savage hosts who cut them down on every side. Popolco attacked Costilla,

a young mulatto boy inexperienced in arms, and with a lance opened his belly with a hideous wound. The boy's entrails, loosed from the open abdomen, fell upon the ground. In his dying agony the youth seized the savage and, grasping a dagger from the sheath of the unfortunate Bibero, like a seal pressing its imprint in softened wax, so he pressed his dagger against the bosom of his savage foe and ripped it open. They fell together and died in each other's arms, their blood, yea, even their very entrails, mingling in a horrible sickening mass.

At this time, Chontal, a brave and powerful savage, rushed toward the ensign Zapata, who was savagely holding at bay a score of the enraged Indians. He lifted on high his mighty club and brought it down on the helmet of the ensign with such terrific force that the Spaniard fell as though dead. He quickly recovered and, furious at such treatment, like a wild bull which neither danger nor wounds can cower, rushed upon the enemy, thirsting for revenge. Although half blinded by blood which flowed from his many wounds, six times he buried his sword to the hilt in the hapless savage.

With every thrust and stab a gaping wound was opened from which poured forth a torrent of crimson blood. The sight of this brave barbarian, lying dead before their eyes, maddened the savage horde. Again they rushed to the attack, crying: "Death to them! Death to them!"

The sturdy Spaniards stood their ground like a rocky cliff which firmly holds its own against the onslaughts of a tempestuous sea.

Zutacapán angrily upbraided his followers and urged them on. Seeing three Spaniards who alone were holding at bay a great number of Indians, he directed his attack on them. Despite their heroic efforts, they were forced back to the very brink of the terrible heights, and strik-

ing a last blow, they leaped into the awful abyss and into eternity.<sup>4</sup> First leaped Camacho, then Segura, and lastly Ramírez.<sup>5</sup>

The battle continued. Escalante and Sebastián Rodríguez fought like two enraged tigers. Surrounded on all sides, assailed with spears, arrows, and clubs, and pelted with stones, they fought to the very last, dying together in a final effort against the formidable odds.

The brave Araujo grappled in single combat with a tall, powerful warrior. They fought like two wolves. It was a terrible sight to see them, streaming with blood from many grievous wounds. Face to face they fought, neither giving nor taking a single foot. They fell together, perishing nobly, bathed in each other's blood.

A great number of savages had singled out the *maese de campo*, and they pressed him hard. He fought gloriously against his numerous assailants. Almost single-handed now, he still held the enemy at bay. But his end was drawing near.

I must pause, for grief overcomes me. I must pause to weep over the sad, untimely end of these, my associates, my comrades throughout this conquest. Later, I shall relate the unfortunate details of this event.

#### NOTES

1. Evidently the same as Juan Pineiro. See page 111, note 5.
2. By inference this captain was Diego Nuñez de Chaves.
3. See Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate, op. cit.*, p. 114, wherein is cited testimony showing that the fight was precipitated by the Spaniards and that Martín Biberio (Riveros?) was killed after some of the Indians' turkeys were taken.
4. See Canto 18, note 4, in which the height of the Ácoma mesa is given as 357 feet, and compare Canto 23, in which the distance from the summit to the ground below is given as more than 200 feet.
5. Juan Camacho was fifty years of age, Hernando de Segura twenty-seven, and Martín Ramírez thirty-three.

## CANTO TWENTY-THREE

*Wherein is told of the death of the maese de campo, of  
the events which followed, and how the  
general was notified.*

**A**NEW my agony returns. With sobbing voice I shall relate the sad yet noble death of that heroic son who, single-handed, withstood the onslaughts of the entire savage host.

During three long hours this noble son of Mars fought and bled. His dreadful sword wrought havoc wherever it struck. He stood for hours in a very sea of blood, yet he would not yield.

The fiery Qualpo, seeing the might of this terrible warrior, was filled with admiration at his noble courage. Determined for once and all to end the battle, he seized his heavy war bow, and planting his shaft, bent the bow with both hands, and aiming, let fly the mighty arrow. Loosed from the curved bow, the arrow flew with terrific force, and, striking the maese de campo on the right thigh, pierced him through and through, mail and all.

Zaldívar, blind with fury, like a lion at bay which has been transfixd by the hunter's arrow and turns and seeks its enemy, its mane erect, trembling with rage and roaring defiance, gnashing its teeth and lashing its tail, just so the maese de campo charged his enemies with such fury that they fled right and left. They scattered like a flock of doves which, surprised by the report of the hunter's piece, rise in flight to seek a safer haven in their hidden nests.

The Ácomans, recovering from their surprise, returned to the attack. Such strength however could not last. Like a wild bull surrounded and harassed on all sides and

streaming with blood feels his strength ebbing, yet his wrath and courage none diminished, so Zaldívar again faced the foe. Now Pilco and his warriors, aided by Zutacapán, Amulco, Ezmicaio, Cotumbo, Tempal, and many others, renewed the attack. They gathered courage, seeing the *maese de campo*'s weakened condition. Like hungry wolves they closed in on him, eager to win glory in a victory over a helpless foe. They shouted encouragement to one another, cravenly believing they were performing prodigies in attacking a single man, as though the field before them were not strewn with evidence of their cowardly strength.

Three times Zaldívar fell to the ground, only to rise again to battle. Each time he rose like a mighty lion. Three times he charged the foe, putting to flight those who opposed him. Finally, Zutacapán himself struck the brave Zaldívar a terrible blow on the forehead. Zaldívar fell, delivered unto that eternal sleep to which we are all doomed some day.

Unhappy fate of mortal man dependent on a million miseries, dangers, misadventures, and disasters! Heaven alone knows what awaits us, what sufferings, what heart-breaks lie in store for us!

When the savages saw their valiant foe fall upon the ground, they rushed upon him with fierce cries like a pack of savage wolves, struggling with one another in their frenzy to stain their arms with the hero's blood. Again and again they struck their fallen foe, like blacksmiths who smite the hot iron, vying with one another in the force of their blows. They left Zaldívar a shapeless mass, like the noble Anaxarco, who was ground to death by his enemies in a mighty mortar.<sup>1</sup>

Seeing the *maese de campo* perish, the brave Zapata, Juan de Olague, the powerful León, the strong Cavaniñas, and the redoubtable Pedro Robledo, having fought



long and fiercely, and having bested their assailants at every turn, dealing blows right and left, fought their way to the edge of the rock. Here one and all they leaped to either life or death. It was a height of more than two hundred feet to the ground below. Truly it was a miracle that they should escape alive. All survived, excepting the unfortunate Robledo, who, striking against the side of the cliffs, dashed out his brains and fell, a lifeless, shapeless mass.<sup>2</sup>

In the meantime, Sosa, Tabora, and Antonio Sariñana, who had eluded their pursuers early in the fight and managed to make their way down to the foot of the Rock unharmed,<sup>3</sup> reached the ensign Casas, who had remained with the horses. Together they quickly came to the aid of those who had leaped from above. They picked them up apparently lifeless. They revived soon, and although grievously wounded were able to make their way to the horses. Then, having dressed their wounds, they repaired to their camp where they were met by their companions with loud and sad lamentations. It was decided that Tabora should go in search of the general and inform him of the massacre. Messengers were quickly sent to all the nearby provinces to warn the priests to repair at once to the capital, San Juan [de los Caballeros], lest when the news of the massacre reached the provinces, the natives should rise and murder them all.

In due time the news of the massacre reached the capital. The sergeant,<sup>4</sup> when he first heard the news, stood as dazed. Burdened with the great grief which oppressed him, he stood motionless, his arms crossed on his breast, his head bowed. He remained thus for a long time. He then uttered a loud cry of anguish, and sobbing aloud, wept bitter tears, seeking to quench with tears the burning fire of grief which raged within his breast.

Recovering somewhat from the terrible shock, he composed himself as best he could. His first thought was for the widows and orphans, and he hastened to console them with kind words. These filled the air with their lamentations. Like lionesses mourning the loss of their cubs, they cried out mournfully. Some called for a faithful husband, some for a loving brother, some for an only son, some for a dear and faithful friend. Such was the confusion as that which rages when a wild and stormy sea hurls its crashing breakers against a rocky coast.

The sergeant tenderly but firmly sought to have the women desist from such futile demonstrations, which only added to the confusion and could do no good. He gave orders that proper religious services should be held in honor of the dead.

At this time Captain Tabora arrived at the capital; he came with the announcement that he had been unable to follow the governor's trail. The sergeant ordered Casas, Francisco Sánchez, Francisco Vázquez, and Manuel Francisco to seek the general's trail immediately and inform him of the sad events. These quickly departed on horseback, heavily armed.<sup>8</sup>

Leaving the capital, these four found the trail of the general's army, and quickly arrived at his camp; not however without severe annoyance from the Indians who succeeded in killing several of their horses.<sup>9</sup>

The general was returning joyfully from his journey, well satisfied with his discoveries and success. He contemplated stopping the next night at Ácoma and then repairing to his capital, where he had planned elaborate celebrations and festivities in honor of his conquests.

How the news was given to the general and of what followed, I shall relate, O, worthy king, in proper time.

## NOTES

1. Don Juan de Zaldívar, *maestre de campo*, is described as twenty-eight years of age, son of Vicente de Zaldívar [the elder], native of the city of Zacatecas, a man of good stature, chestnut colored beard. Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate, op. cit.*, p. 200. For the genealogy of the Zaldívars see Beatrice Quijada Cornish, "The Ancestry and Family of Juan de Oñate," *loc. cit.*

2. When the survivors returned to San Juan, the capital, Oñate held an investigation, and each one gave his testimony of what had occurred. Rodrigo Zapata, in his story, said nothing about jumping off the cliff; that may have been forgetfulness on his part. Juan de Olague related how he and Pedro Robledo fought off the Indians for a time and then jumped at the same moment, Robledo striking the rocks. Olague, though severely injured, mounted his horse with the aid of other soldiers. Juan de León did not go up to the pueblo with the others, having remained at the foot with Bernabé de las Casas and one or two others to guard the horses. But when trouble arose above, Zaldívar sent an Indian servant to call the guards, and then León went up and got into the fight. Seriously wounded, he managed to tumble or leap from the height and saved his life. Juan Velásquez de Cabanillas jumped off, landing somewhere near the horses. Descriptions of the five men are given above; of Zapata in Canto 15, note 14; of Olague in Canto 15, note 13; of León in Canto 11, note 11; of Cavanillas in Canto 17, note 17; of Robledo in Canto 10, note 30. The latter was twenty years of age, native of Temazcaltepeque. The survivors evidently landed on a sand dune. See pl. v.

3. Of the soldiers mentioned, Captain Gaspar López de Tabora was the son of the *comendador* Gaspar López de Tabora, native of the city of Lisbon, *alguacil real* of the said expedition, chestnut colored beard, thirty years of age. Antonio de Sariñana, son of Pedro Sánchez de Amiciro, native of Galicia, small of stature, scant beard, nineteen years of age. There were two brothers named Sosa in the expedition, sons of Francisco de Sosa Peñalosa: Francisco Yllan and Estévan. The former is here alluded to. Captain López de Tabora and Sariñana were apparently together when the outbreak took place.

4. Vicente de Zaldívar, brother of Juan, the *maestre de campo*, was the *sargento mayor* of the expedition. He was from Zacatecas, twenty-five years of age, of medium stature, with chestnut colored beard. See note 1.

5. Villagrá is evidently in error here. The three men he reports as going with Bernabé de las Casas probably went with Tabora on his futile mission, for Las Casas was accompanied by the *caudillo* Francisco Sánchez, the other Francisco Sánchez, Lorenzo de Munuera, Alonso del

Rio, and Asencio de Arechuleta, according to their own testimony in the *Proceso contra los yndios de Ácoma*.

6. Oñate had been on a journey to Moqui (Hopi), whence he sent Farfán westward in search of mineral deposits. As Christmas was approaching, Oñate decided to return to the capital (San Juan) and had proceeded as far as El Morro or Inscription Rock (Agua de la Peña) where he was found by Captain Bernabé de las Casas and six companions who bore the news of the fight at Ácoma and the death of Juan de Zaldívar. See Hammond, *op. cit.*, p. 112; Bolton, *op. cit.*, pp. 215, 237-238.

## CANTO TWENTY-FOUR

*How the governor received the news; what occurred  
afterward, and of Don Juan's entry  
into the capital.*

WHAT an insane, uncertain, weak, and doubtful thing is hope. When things seem most auspicious, fate deals with us most severely. First our good fortune carries us away. We are sure we are happy; then suddenly our frail craft without the least warning breaks its weak moorings and is hurled into a bottomless sea of destruction. Hope is like the airy bubbles which children blow through reeds. They appear so flighty, so beautiful, so delicate; but suddenly they burst and disappear, leaving no more trace of having been than though they had never existed.

O, worthy king, our worldly hopes are like man. Like man they die. When we are most certain, we are most likely to be disappointed. This sad occurrence is a clear example of the truth of what I am saying. Our good fortune had to this point led us to the very pinnacle of success. Without shedding a single drop of blood, we had accomplished a conquest such as was never seen before. At this height of our fortune, without warning, fate dealt us this fearful blow, giving us clearly to understand that nothing is certain in this world.

The messengers arrived at the general's camp and conveyed to him the sad news. Casas, the eyewitness to the massacre, related the details to Don Juan. He had scarcely finished his story when our general dismounted from his horse, got down on both knees, and raising his hands on high, cried out in a voice of anguish:

O, great and worthy Lord, if this poor ship which the great

pilot of thy church has entrusted to my care has not been properly guided by my hands; if, because of my sins, this undertaking does not merit thy holy blessing, I pray thou wilt look down on us with mercy and not mete upon innocent souls the punishment my sins deserve. We submit to thy holy will. To serve thee, we have journeyed to these lands. Have patience with us; suspend thy judgment; stay the hand of thy just wrath and have pity upon our afflicted souls.

With these and many other lamentations he gave voice to his grief. Rising, he took his horse by the rein and repaired to his tent where he gave orders that he desired to be undisturbed. There, alone, on his knees, before a rude cross which he had me make of branches, he passed the entire night weeping and praying to his God. He prayed for aid and light that he might guide his ship to a safe and secure harbor.

When the first break of dawn began to dispel the black shadows of night, the general sent for me and ordered me to assemble the men before him. When we were all together in front of his tent, our general came forth. He was still weeping, his eyes were swollen, and his face was haggard from loss of sleep. Clenching both fists, he stood before us for some time without saying a word. Three times he sought to speak, and three times the words choked in his throat. Then, like the busy bees who extract the bitter juice from the flowers and transform it into sweetest honey, he spoke, and from his anguished features came forth sweet, consoling words.

My men, heaven knows how my heart bleeds with anguish at the loss of our valiant comrades. In the death of the *maese de campo* and his companions, we have suffered an irreparable loss. They cannot be replaced, for they had no equals. We have heard how nobly they died in the service of God and of their king. Their work is done. It is essential now that our labors should continue. I know of no one present who is not worthy of the name of a true soldier of Christ. Soldiers of Christ you are. As such, you have

come to spread the doctrine of His passion and death among these barbarous nations. I am certain that among this army of soldiers of Christ there is not a single man who in a similar situation would not have nobly defended his life as they did. We have heard from eyewitnesses who came to us, grievously wounded in body and soul, the terrible fate our comrades met. Some were buried alive, others torn to pieces, some flayed, others torn apart, others crucified. They died like martyrs and no martyr ever met a more glorious death.

But, my comrades, let us have true Christian spirit. Whether death, hardships, or sufferings come, we shall meet all as becomes brave men, for it is an infallible truth that the more we suffer the greater shall be our reward. And now, let us lay aside our grief and sorrow and, lifting our thoughts to God, place our trust in Him. If we but follow His footsteps, without fail He will extend His helping hand in time of need.

The governor's prudent words had a wonderful effect on the drooping spirits of the soldiers. Like spring showers which refresh the barren fields and breathe into them new life and make them bloom with grass and flowers, his wise and prudent words gave new life and energy to the grieving soldiers.

Now we made preparations to continue our march in battle array, ready for any emergency, so that if the barbarians attempted to surprise us, they would find us ready. It was determined to send Tomás to meet the expedition which was returning from the trip to the mines, and advise them to repair at once to the capital, to San Juan, and to be alert against the hostile Indians. Tomás, as before stated, knew the language of all the Indian tribes, and was well acquainted with the lay of the land. For this reason he was selected for this mission. Captain Farfán and Captain Quesada, who, as we have said, had hurried to the general to inform him of the discoveries, were with us and instructed him as to their whereabouts.

Having taken every possible precaution against surprise, the army marched forth. Both the advance and rear guards were strongly protected with heavily armed men. Swift runners were sent ahead of the army to reconnoiter the land and report anything suspicious they encountered.

Since it is customary for traitors to shun the light of day and to work their nefarious schemes when darkness has fallen, special care was taken to keep sentinels on guard the entire night. Each daybreak found us armed for battle and ready to advance.

Journeying on, we entered a deep ravine among some rugged mountains. Among the rocks deep in the gorge where the sun's rays seldom penetrated, we found great quantities of snow. Gathering some in our helmets, we melted it and soon had a great abundance of water with which we quenched our burning thirst. And so we journeyed on. The great Lord who guided our footsteps, did not forsake us, and in due time we arrived in the vicinity of the capital.<sup>1</sup>

The general, seeing that we were approaching, sent his son, Don Cristóbal, as messenger to bear tidings of his arrival to the sergeant. He ordered Captain Quesada and me to accompany him. We were instructed to tell the sergeant that it was the general's desire that no one should come forth to meet him, since it would serve only to increase the troubles of his afflicted mien. We were also to see the widows and orphans, and personally to console them in their losses in behalf of the general.

Hurrying ahead, we found the sergeant filled with sorrow and worried about our long absence. He had not heard a word from us since we left. We were filled with grief when we met him, realizing that of the three who stood there, two were now orphans.



We also visited the widows. The sorrow we experienced when we met the sergeant was renewed when we spoke to these unfortunate women.

In the meantime, the general and the army arrived at the capital. When all the people were assembled in his presence, it was a sad sight. There was not a voice that did not sob, not an eye that did not shed tears that fateful day. The general said nothing, but embraced each one tenderly. All together we went to the church, where the general once more embraced the priests most sorrowfully. The priests in chorus chanted the *Te Deum Laudamus*, thanking the Almighty for the safe arrival of the general and his army.

Having concluded, the sentinels were posted, the general retired to his quarters, and each one went his way. A thousand fearful thoughts filled each man's mind. Here we were in a vast wilderness with no place to seek shelter or protection, with no hope for aid, surrounded by innumerable savage foes, who, if they chose to rise, might easily destroy our small force. These and many other thoughts filled the minds of all. Eagerly we awaited the morrow.

What happened on the following day, and what steps were taken to insure our safety, I shall relate in due time.

#### NOTE

1. The route from Inscription Rock or El Morro was evidently eastward through the pass in the Oso ridge to Agua Fria, Zuñi or Guadalupe cañon, Ojo del Gallo (the site of the first Fort Wingate), San José river, the site of Laguna pueblo (established a century later), thence to the Rio Grande. Obviously the most dangerous part of the route, on account of its proximity to Ácoma, was the Rio San José.

## CANTO TWENTY-FIVE

*How war was declared against the Indians of Ácoma;  
of the opinion given by the friars and of the in-  
structions given to the sergeant major before  
he departed to punish the Indians.*

THE first rays of the morning sun had scarcely begun to penetrate his room when the governor, who had remained fully armed all night, called to the guards and began to give his orders for the next day. The secretary, Juan Pérez de Donís, a worthy soldier who had served faithfully in this expedition, having died, Juan Gutiérrez Bocanegra, the warrior who had so distinguished himself at Ácoma, was named alcalde and captain in his stead.

The governor, before proceeding against the rebellious Indians, first, prudently, sought the advice of the friars, directing them a series of questions, which I repeat here exactly as written.

*The Case which the Governor presented to the Friars, Requesting  
an Opinion from them:*

Don Juan de Oñate, Governor, Captain General and Adelantado of the provinces of New Mexico, requests an opinion as to what conditions are necessary in order to wage a just war. In the event of such a war, what steps may be taken against those warred upon and against their possessions.

*The Opinion of the Friars.*

The opinion submitted requests advice on two questions: First, what conditions are necessary to wage a just war? To this query we answer: First: There must exist authority to wage war, authority of a prince who recognizes no superior, such as the Roman pontiff, the emperor and the kings of Castile who enjoy the privilege of emperors and recognize no superior in temporal

matters. They, and those acting in their stead, have this authority, for an individual cannot declare war. In order that there may be war, men must be called. To do this is the attribute of a prince who may seek justice before his superior.

In the second place, there must be a just cause. There are four causes which justify war. It may be waged in defense of the innocent who are unjustly oppressed, whom these princes are obliged to defend; to recover possessions which have been unjustly taken; to punish those who are guilty of wrongdoing, or have violated the laws of the land, if they be subjects; or who have violated the laws of nature if they be not subjects; and lastly, to establish peace, for peace is the principal object of war.

In the third place, war to be justified must be waged in good faith with steadfast intention to right wrongs and without malice or hate, ambition for power, or covetousness of another's possessions on the part of those engaged in war.

The second question asked us is, What may be done with the persons and property of those against whom a just war is waged? To this we answer that the vanquished and his spoils are at the mercy of the conqueror, with due consideration to the causes which led to the war. If in defense of the innocent and oppressed, these should be set free; if their goods have been taken, they should be restored to them and they should be remunerated for what they have suffered, as Moses did when he freed the Hebrews from the bondage of Egypt.

If the cause of the war were possessions taken, these should be replaced in like amount of equal value, and if necessary exemplary justice may be meted out, as does the civil authority and the divine authorities in the punishment of crimes committed, just as the judge orders the execution of the miscreant who has stolen a few maravedis or reales.

If the cause of war is the punishment of wrongdoers, they and their possessions are at the mercy of their conqueror according to the laws of the land. If they are subjects, or if they be not subjects, they may be treated by divine and civil law, as law and justice require. In order to mete this punishment, any steps necessary may be taken, the only condition being that they be such steps as are necessary to carry into effect the requirements of justice.

Finally, as the purpose of war is to establish peace, then it is even justifiable to exterminate and destroy those who stand in the way of that peace. Once its purpose has been accomplished, the

war should cease, for war is not an act of choice, but an act of necessity. As an act of necessity, it should be resorted to only when peace is not possible.

If war be waged for reasons additional to those mentioned, the wrongs done which merit punishment should be dealt with and righted as the situation requires. The innocent who have done no wrong and merit no punishment should always be protected. Bloodshed and death should be avoided as much as possible, for death is most distasteful to Almighty God. So much does He abhor it that David, because he was a murderer, was not permitted to complete the temple he planned to build to God. Also, it should be considered that those who die in an evil cause are certain of damnation. Many of these souls might well be saved and converted. Those who merit death can be properly proceeded against by civil authorities, and they, in inflicting death, do so because the penalty is deserved and under virtue of both civil and divine sanction.

This is my opinion.

FRAY ALONSO MARTÍNEZ.

This opinion was concurred in and signed by all the priests.

Having received this learned and well-reasoned opinion from the churchmen, the governor, reassured by the fact that the reasons given concurred with the causes set forth, all doubt removed from his mind, ordered that it be publicly proclaimed that war by blood and fire was declared against the Indians of Ácoma.

It was the general's desire to conduct this war in person. The priests and all the people protested against thus endangering his life, and so against his desire he yielded and entrusted this important mission to the sergeant [Vicente de Zaldívar].

Accordingly, the sergeant took charge. It was necessary, the governor advised him, that he should vigorously pursue and punish those who had taken part in the massacre of our comrades. By their acts they had broken the peace which had hitherto reigned throughout the land. Not only this, but they had jeopardized the salva-

tion of many souls, innocent women and children, to whom the word of God could not be preached if these miscreants were to remain in control at Ácoma.

The general delivered the sergeant's commission to him in person, requiring him to furnish to the secretary a receipt for it. In this commission he gave him full authority and power in his stead.

Don Juan exhorted his men to repent of their sins and lead exemplary lives, and to conduct themselves with honor, dealing justly with the natives through whose lands they passed. He urged the sergeant to exercise great vigilance, noting the roads and trails and passes. His instructions were that the army should proceed to Ácoma. Once arrived at the Rock, the sergeant was to place his army in a fortified position, planting his guns, and stationing his musketeers and arquebusiers with due caution; and, once secure, he was to make demand upon the Indians that they should descend from their Rock and surrender. He was then to demand that they should all renew their allegiance to the crown, and as evidence of their good faith, deliver to him, as prisoners, every man who had anything to do with the massacre. Were these conditions fulfilled, the sergeant, after instructing the Indians in the mystery of the faith, which is the sole reason we have come to these lands, was to return to the capital with his prisoners.

If the Indians refused to agree to these terms, and proved hostile, then he ordered that the sergeant should reduce them to submission by force of arms and should take them all prisoners and return with them to the capital. Not one, irrespective of age or sex, should be spared, in order that they might be punished in such manner as would serve as a fearful example to all the other provinces.

Were pardon to be granted to anyone, this pardon

should first emanate from the priests. To them they should address their pleas. The general wished the Indians to understand and realize that these were the persons whom they must respect and honor with the highest consideration.

There were assembled for the expedition seventy picked warriors. Among them were such distinguished men as the accountant, the quartermaster Zubia, Pablo de Aguilar, Farfán, Márquez, and others.<sup>1</sup> The general also directed me to accompany them in order that in such noble company I might learn the art of war which I so greatly lacked.

Juan Velarde,<sup>2</sup> because of his bravery, ability, and prowess, was chosen secretary. Dextrous alike with pen and sword, he was a valuable addition to the party.

Among others who went were the noble ensign, Juan Cortés,<sup>3</sup> a veritable tower of strength and courage. This soldier was in poor health, which had prevented him from taking an active part in the campaigns. It pleased our Lord to sustain his strength and health throughout this campaign. Later events proved his worth. Without his strong assistance it is doubtful that we could have accomplished what we did.

In the meantime the Indians met and planned how best they could oppose us. The details of this will take considerable time to tell. Accordingly, I shall tarry here and then take up my tale again.

#### NOTES

1. The accountant (*contador*) was Captain Alonso Sánchez, whose two sons were also members of the expedition; the quartermaster, Diego de Zubia, married Doña Juana de Trejo, daughter of Sánchez, and went to New Mexico on his honeymoon; Captain Pablo de Aguilar Hinojosa; Captain Marcos Farfán de los Godos; Captain Gerónimo Márquez. For the part played by these in the expedition, see Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate, op. cit.*

2. Captain Juan Velarde Colodro, native of Madrid, twenty-eight years of age, of medium stature, chestnut colored beard. In 1612 Oñate and others testified that Velarde Colodro was one of the first to enlist for the expedition and that for twelve years he rendered valiant service in New Mexico. See *Historical Documents relating to New Mexico, . . . to 1773*, edited by C. W. Hackett, I, 467 ff.

3. The only Cortés mentioned in the muster rolls is Marcos, son of Juan Martínez. See Canto 16, note 13.

## CANTO TWENTY-SIX

*How the news of the death of the maese de campo  
reached Gicombo, one of the absent war-captains of  
the Ácomans; how he called the captains to-  
gether in council, and of the dissensions  
that arose.*

**N**OTHING wounds the soul so deeply as to be  
accused of a crime of which it is totally innocent.  
The more worthy the accused, the deeper and  
more painful is the wound.

Scarcely two hours had elapsed after the massacre  
when Gicombo, a brave captain of the Ácomans, a pru-  
dent, honest, and just warrior, received the news.  
Gicombo was about thirty leagues distant from Ácoma  
and knew nothing of what had occurred there. The devil,  
through his guiles, so managed that he was not present at  
the massacre. Had he been in Ácoma he might have  
averted this unfortunate event.

When Gicombo heard the news, fearful lest these mis-  
deeds should be imputed to all, and that he together with  
the rest might have to suffer the consequences of this  
act, took counsel with himself what he should do.  
Gicombo was a man of influence among the Acomans.  
He was married to Luzcoija, a savage of exceptional  
virtue and beauty, who was held in high esteem by all.

After considering the matter, Gicombo sent Buzcoico  
as messenger to the Apache nation, a foreign tribe which  
lived far from his people and who were strangers to  
them. He sent a message there to his faithful friend  
Bempol, an Apache war-captain of renown, requesting  
him to meet at Ácoma when six suns had passed, that he  
might discuss with him matters of great importance.



The sun had scarcely set for the sixth time when the two friends met at the Rock. Here they were hospitably treated by the fair Luzcoija, and after partaking of food the two captains conferred. It was agreed to assemble all the war-captains of Ácoma in council on the following day.

Accordingly, on the next day, in answer to Gicombo's call, the war-captains assembled. There were Popempol, Chumpo, Calpo, the dreadful Buzcoico, Ezmicaio, and Gicombo. The latter addressed the captains, saying:

Worthy captains, you well know that he who causes offense often brings a storm of wrath upon the heads of those who are innocent. What has happened? Eleven Castilians, for no reason whatsoever, have been dispatched from this miserable existence. They cannot be brought back. We know that those who leave this world never return.

I am of the opinion that we should first of all take steps to insure the safety of our women and children. Let us remove them from this rock to a safe place. In the meantime, we shall await the Castilians and ascertain in what strength and in what spirit they come to avenge their dead comrades, for assuredly they will come. I have called Bempol to join us. He is strong and mighty in battle, and great in counsel. He can give us wise and prudent advice. Many lives depend on us. We must act quickly.

Like a raving patient, who in his frenzy repulses the physician who would minister to him and tearing the bandages from his wounds rejects the aid offered, so Zutacapán, hearing his words, frothing with fury, answered:

I am surprised and humiliated to hear such craven advice from such people. Any one of these six captains here is alone sufficient to defend this rock against a world of enemies, if need be. If Gicombo is so frightened and so filled with terror, let him seek shelter beneath the shadow of this war-club I carry. This right arm of mine will alone suffice to insure his safety. We need no strangers to come among us to help us protect our homes and advise us in our coun-

cils. We have warriors enough, brave, prudent, and wise. We need no strangers.

Gicombo and Bempol both rushed at Zutacapán, and had not Popempol, Chumpo, and Calpo interfered, Zutacapán would have met his just punishment then and there. Facing Zutacapán, Bempol roared at him in an angry voice:

Tell me, you scoundrel, since when have you presumed to offer an opinion in a council where heretofore you have had neither voice nor vote? Never yet have you given proof by your deeds of the vauntings of your idle tongue.

Cotumbo interrupted Bempol, saying:

Let no one be uneasy. This arm alone is capable of defending this citadel against any number of foes. To consider any move, except in defense of our fortress, is cowardice and nothing more. Such advice is an insult to our honor. Here on these lofty walls we are as secure and mighty as the gods themselves.

Tempal then spoke, spitting like a venomous serpent, stating he agreed that it was cowardly to fear that the Spaniards could harm them in their lofty fortress. Like sparks which fly when the fiery flint is struck by a steel, came words of approval from the captains, all agreeing that it was nothing short of infamy to consider anything else but the defense of their citadel. High up in their rocky castle they considered themselves as safe as though perched among the very stars.

Having heard all this, the noble Zutancalpo, like a skilful musician who first strikes a soft chord and then breaks into his tune, began to speak slowly and calmly:

If valor alone were sufficient to defend our noble land, I would be the first to offer its defense. But, tell me, noble warriors, how many times have you not seen the misery and suffering of the conquered who have fallen from high and mighty power? How many brave and valiant men have you not seen perish before a superior

force, shorn of their glory like stars fallen from the highest heavens? What does it benefit us to have my father assure us as he did that his right arm will suffice to insure our safety against a world of enemies, if, when he is put to the test, assailed and insulted, he swallows these insults and ignobly remains silent, as we have just now witnessed? There is his war-club on the ground, inert, impotent, without an arm to wield it in resentment of the insults offered him.

Without allowing him to conclude, Bempol furiously spoke:

Let no one of you here set his courage above the miserable dust I trod. If he does, I am here to put him to the test in spite of the vile and angry looks you give me.

Gicombo with many others seized their arms and arrayed themselves with Bempol. Many fiery words passed back and forth. Gicombo, Zutancalpo, and Bempol challenged Zutacapán, Cotumbo, and Tempal to mortal combat. The challenge was accepted, but at last, influenced by prudent warriors, they decided to postpone the combat until victory over the Spaniards was achieved.

It happened that there was at Ácoma at this time an old medicine-man, a soothsayer, named Amulco. Amulco, who was held in great esteem by all the Ácomans, implicitly believed in his occult powers. The warriors were now somewhat cooled in their anger and fury, just as the oven gradually cools when the lid is removed. Amulco spoke to them as follows:

Noble men, you know that I am able by my power to foretell what good or evil lies in store for us. You also know that the gods have given me power to change or alter this destiny if I see fit. Why, then, are you so uneasy about the future? I can quickly disclose this to you. In order to quiet your fears I shall reveal what the future holds. I have no doubt but what it will please you to know.

All the captains enthusiastically approved this resolve. Accordingly, the old villain entered into a room and shut



SOME ÁCOMA HOUSES

himself in for some time. All remained, breathlessly awaiting his return.

Amulco soon emerged from the room, his face flushed and all aglow as though he had come from the very depths of hell. He said to them angrily:

What fears are these, what fancies, what visions have you Ácomans seen? You dauntless Gicombo and Bempol, I see you are both crestfallen and worried. Have you all perchance forgotten the noble Qualco? Do you not remember how we sent him to spy on the Castilians at San Juan, which they now call San Juan de los Caballeros? Do you not recall how he told us that these very Spaniards fired shot after shot at one another, and yet not a single one of them was injured? Do you not see that these arms which you deem so terrible are merely to frighten us? They make a terrible noise and belch fire, but they can injure no one.

Gicombo answered:

For this very reason it is evident that they are like the gods, since these terrible weapons do not harm them. With more reason we should fear them.

Zutacapán then replied:

I am willing to have these Castilians direct their lightning bolts at me. But let me remind you of this: Out of a hundred claps of thunder, how many times have you seen lightning strike? Have you ever heard of it striking within our walls? Have you ever known of any one of us who was killed by a lightning bolt within these walls? If the power of heaven has not harmed us, why then should we fear some of these infamous strangers whom we know are mortals? Mortals they are, for there lie the bodies of these miserable ones.

The valiant Gicombo retorted at once:

I know they are mortals. On your shoulders lies the blame for the death of eleven of them. You also know that there is no fortress, however strong, that will not yield to treachery and treason.

Amulco answered:

That is all very well; but when good fortune falls to our lot it is well to take whatever advantage it offers. Victory is as certain for us as the light of tomorrow's sun. Now, let us make ready to receive them. Destroy the bridges, block the passages. Leave not a single foothold for the Spaniards. Here upon this rock we are as safe as though perched upon the highest horn of the moon. You, Gicombo, I know Luzcoija is beautiful; nevertheless, I promise you eleven lovely Castilian damsels. And to you, brave Bempol, I shall give six. What noble spoils you will take back to your land, to your relatives and friends!

"Arms we seek, not women," both answered in one voice.

Nevertheless (continued Amulco), lest any one should think we have sought to avoid conflict with the Spaniards through fear of death, we shall remain in the fortress to meet them. Let those of you who seek to leave, do so. There are the high mountains ready to receive you safely.

But the Castilians are now getting ready, so I must hasten, sir, to prepare myself also, as I must accompany them in this punitive expedition.

## CANTO TWENTY-SEVEN

*How the army marched to Ácoma; of the false alarm  
raised at the Pueblo of San Juan and of  
the fright which it caused.*

**I**F a festerous cancer is promptly and skilfully treated, there is a chance that the patient may recover. If the malady is left unattended until it has eaten deep into the flesh, the unfortunate victim is certain to die. It is the same in all things. If sins and crimes are not promptly repressed and punished, it is impossible that peace exist in this world. Consider the case of the Araucanians. More than fifty years ago these people stained their arms with the blood of Spaniards, yet they still continue to bid defiance to our authority simply because they were not dealt with as they deserved.<sup>1</sup>

It was fear of such conditions which impressed our general with the determination to punish immediately the Indians of Ácoma. The orders were given to the buglers to sound their martial notes calling the men to battle. To the gallant sound of the blaring trumpets the soldiers answered, assembling in warlike garb, ready to go where their general ordered. The natives, seeing these things, quickly became alarmed and sent messengers to the neighboring provinces, calling upon the savages one and all to unite and wage war against the Spaniards with blood and fire.

What a gallant sight it was to see the well-armed men assemble! Every man was clad in shining mail of double strength and of the finest steel. From their powerful shoulders hung heavy shields. Some had lances fitted with double heads, others with heads in the form of a crescent. Every detail had been carefully attended to.

Even the war-horses were gayly adorned. The bridles, reins, bits, stirrups, pack-saddles, riding-saddles, and harnesses had been inspected and repaired where necessary. Weakened buckles and eyelets had been reinforced with thongs. The horses were well protected for war with breastplates of heavy steel, all burnished and shining. The men had sifted their powder and dried it in the sun. Each man had carefully tried his weapons, and oiled and tested the springs. Each one carried his own knapsack filled with his necessary belongings, and had carefully stored a good quantity of ball and powder. Not a stone was left unturned to insure them everything of which they would have need.

It is as essential for success that the true soldier attend to his spiritual as well as to his corporal needs. For this reason the general urged the men to go forth to battle with neither hate nor passion in their souls. No one should be moved only by the spirit of revenge. True, vengeance calls for vengeance, and death for death, but they should bear in mind that they were embarking on a noble mission and that the vengeance or punishment they were to exact was but a just atonement for a dastardly deed. Don Juan prayed to God that, through His own bleeding wounds He deign to look down with mercy and favor on this expedition. Then he instructed his men to make their peace with God, confessing their sins. The rules of the holy church, he reminded them, required it, on such occasions as this, of every Christian soldier, for none should leave this world unconfessed and unforgiven.

Every man followed the general's advice and confessed his sins and devoutly received communion; all except one abandoned wretch who, despite the urgings of his comrades, would have nothing to do with the holy sacraments.<sup>3</sup> I shall say no more of him. He who forgets the God who saved him, alone must answer for his acts.



Thus we began the march toward Ácoma.<sup>3</sup> The next day the sergeant gave me orders to depart with twelve men to the pueblo of Zia to gather provisions.<sup>4</sup> We were to collect enough provisions to feed the army for two weeks, and then rejoin him on the march. We knew not what would be our reception at Ácoma, and were it necessary to lay siege to the Rock, it would be imperative that we have a good supply of provisions.

We were successful in obtaining the stores and soon overtook the army. For many days we marched, and finally found ourselves in a narrow cañon in the vicinity of Ácoma. Emerging from a deep narrow defile, we obtained our first view of the pueblo at a distance of about two miles, a splendid sight to behold those towering heights which so proudly bade defiance! That pueblo set upon the towering cliff had never known the tread of the conqueror's heel.

No storm-tossed mariner ever viewed a friendly port with more delight than did the savage Ácomans behold our troops. No sooner had they sighted us than they raised a howl of delight, so loud, so fierce, so terrible, that it seemed as if hell had turned loose all its demons.

Marching thus in orderly fashion we reached the powerful fortress. It seemed impregnable, consisting of two lofty rocks, over three hundred paces apart, rising from the plains to an imposing height. These two cliffs were joined by a ridge of jagged rocks. A narrow pathway connected the two, broken in several places by deep crevasses. We had never before seen such a stupendous mass of malformed rock, rising into the air and towering upward almost into the skies, it seemed.<sup>5</sup>

From his lofty haven Zutacapan watched our men as they filed past, counting each one. Seeing us so few in numbers, he danced with glee and with a well-satisfied smile on his face spoke thus to his men:

They are here. What foolhardiness! These are simpletons indeed to have walked into such danger with a mere handful of men.

Gicombo answered him:

They may be fools, but I say the world has never before seen a like number of such fools. See them; they come in such small numbers, but they appear determined. Notice how they are looking us over. There is some great mystery here.

Then Zutancalpo spoke:

We well know that these strangers have come from far and distant lands. Who knows the distances they have traversed, and the dangers and conflicts they have met? Yet they come before us so few in numbers. Undoubtedly they have many times before this given proof of their strength and valor.

Zutacapán interrupted him, saying that he needed no assistance. He asked only to be permitted to begin the attack and reap for himself the good fortune which had come to him. He called to his men. They leaped forward like so many unleashed greyhounds. Some were clad in many-colored blankets; others were dressed in skins and wore masks. Among the warriors were many maidens of surpassing beauty, stark naked. Secure in their eyrie castle they taunted the Spaniards, exhibiting their naked bodies with neither modesty nor shame. Many of the savages were also naked. They painted their bodies with daubs and stripes of black, red, and white, What a terrible sight they were! A regular troop of imps from hell. They also taunted the Spaniards as they leaped from cliff to cliff, their shaggy hair hanging in mats and dragging the long tails and horns of their costumes.

The sergeant, emulating the wise King David who suffered indifferently the insults and taunts of Shimei, paid no heed to the blasphemous words of the savages. He called the secretary Juan Velarde and the interpreter Tomás and addressed the Indians in a loud voice, de-

manding that they come down from the Rock and make due amends for the murders they had committed.

As soon as the sergeant's words had been interpreted, Zutacapán answered him from above in a hoarse rasping voice :

What tempest, what ill-wind has blown you hither? O, wretched ones, you have fallen into our hands. Have you no sense of shame that you dare thus approach these lofty walls of ours? What temerity has led you to come in this manner, so insolently demanding that we make amends for the death of those, your comrades, who now lie miserably slain? We shall deal with you all in like manner.

The Indians seized their arms, and cried out :

Death to them! Death to these insolent dogs! Let not a single one escape! With our sharp knives we shall cut them into little bits!

The sun was already sinking in the west, so the sergeant, satisfied that their hostile minds would permit no further parleying with them, ordered that camp be pitched. This was quickly done. Sentinels were then posted so as to be prepared against surprise.

At this point I shall turn back to the capital, San Juan, and relate what happened there that very night.

The general was in his quarters when the Indians raised an alarm that all the neighboring tribesmen were in arms and marching to destroy all the Spaniards. The pueblo of San Juan was so situated that it formed an immense square with four entrances. The general posted his men and guns at each of these approaches, entrusting one of them to Captain Moreno de la Rua,<sup>6</sup> Francisco Robledo, Juan de Salas, and that Estévan, son of the noble Carabajal.<sup>7</sup> With these he detailed Juan Pérez de Bustillo,<sup>8</sup> the ensign, Juan Cortés,<sup>9</sup> and Antonio Sariñana. The captain and alcalde Bocanegra; his son,

Gutiérrez;<sup>10</sup> Medina, Don Juan Escarramal, Ortiz, Heredia, Francisco Hernández,<sup>11</sup> Sosa, and Don Luis Gasco, were assigned to guard the second gate. The third gate was placed under the care of Captain Marcelo de Espinosa. With him were stationed Gerónimo Márquez, Juan Díaz,<sup>12</sup> Pedro Hernández,<sup>13</sup> and Francisco Márquez, four brothers.<sup>14</sup> Also, Bartolomé González, and Serrano,<sup>15</sup> Baltasar de Monzón, the Barelás,<sup>16</sup> Juan de Caso,<sup>17</sup> and Pedro de los Reyes. The last gate was entrusted to Captain Ruiz, aided by the worthy Cadimo, Gonzalo Hernández,<sup>18</sup> the ensign Juan de León, Hernán Martín the younger,<sup>19</sup> the guards on duty, and the royal ensign. The general and the men of his house, Antonio Conte, Vido, Alonso Nuñez, Cristóbal de Herrera, Juan de Herrera, Brondate,<sup>20</sup> Zezar,<sup>21</sup> and Castillo<sup>22</sup> formed a special guard. Thus prepared, all awaited the attack of the savages.

The Indians continued their alarms. The men were all well stationed and ready to defend the capital when the general noticed that all the housetops were crowded with people. He quickly sent two captains to investigate who they were and what they meant. They returned soon, informing him that Doña Eufemia had gathered all the women together on the housetops to aid in the defense.<sup>23</sup> Doña Eufemia had stated that they would come down if the general so ordered, but that it was their desire to be permitted to aid their husbands in the defense of the capital. Don Juan was highly pleased at this display of valor coming from feminine breasts, and he delegated Doña Eufemia to defend the housetops with the women. They joyfully held their posts and walked up and down the housetops with proud and martial step. These were the wives of the royal ensign, Alonso Sánchez, Zubia, Don Luis Gasco, Diego Nuñez, Pedro Sánchez Monrroi,

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THE NATURAL RESERVOIR ON THE ÁCOMA MESA

Sosa, Pereira, Quesada, Juan Morán, Simón Pérez, Asencio de Archuleta, Bocanegra, Carabajal, Romero, Alonso Lucas, San Martín, Cordero, the caudillo Francisco Sánchez, Francisco Hernández, Monzón, Alonso Gómez Montesinos, Francisco García, Bustillo, and the wife of the redoubtable Griego, who, like the brave and gallant chieftain he was, gave proof of his mettle.

Our enemies, however, if they were coming, were apprised of our strength and vigilance, and returned to their homes, for not one appeared upon the scene.

I shall pause here in order to resume the narrative and relate what occurred at the Rock of Ácoma where the sergeant and his men were encamped.

#### NOTES

1. Unlike the Indians of Mexico and Peru, the Araucanians of southern South America resisted conquest by the Spaniards from the time they first became known in 1535. In an expedition against them by Pedro de Valdivia in 1554, that leader, founder of Santiago de Chile, fell a victim to their arms. Retaining their independence for more than two centuries, this was finally conceded by the Spaniards in 1655. Hostilities did not cease, however, but continued from time to time until 1773, when they were compelled to submit, and a century later they recognized the sovereignty of Spain. The Araucanians are now a degenerate people numbering about 50,000, including a considerable Spanish infusion; they are decreasing in population owing to the effects of disease, liquor, and polygamy.

2. The "abandoned wretch," Lorenzo Salado de Rivadeneira, was accidentally killed by his friend Asencio de Archuleta (Archuleta) during the attack on Ácoma as described in Canto 30.

3. The expedition set forth from San Juan on January 12 and reached the Rock on the 21st.

4. Zia, or Sia (Tsia), is a small Queres (Keres) pueblo on the Rio Jemez sixteen miles northwest of Bernalillo. Espejo in 1583 visited the Punames province which contained five pueblos, of which Sia was the largest. In printing the original documents the forms Tria and Trios are found, but these are misprints of Tzia and Tzias. The Sia people engaged with the other Pueblo Indians in the revolt of 1680, making a determined stand until 1689, when they were assaulted by Domingo de

Cruzate, the pueblo being wrecked and the tribe decimated in the bloodiest engagement of the rebellion. The first saint-name, Sant Pedro y Sant Pablo, was applied to the pueblo by Oñate in 1598; on the establishment of the mission early in the following century it became known as Nuestra Señora de la Asunción de Zia. The present population is 177. For the ethnology of the pueblo, see M. C. Stevenson, "The Sia," *Bur. Ethnol., 11th Ann. Report*, Washington, 1894.

5. For the height of the Ácoma mesa see Canto 18, note 4. For a view of the pueblo on its rocky height, much as it doubtless was first seen by Villagrá, see *Quivira Society Publications*, 1, pl. vii, and pl. iv of the present volume.

6. Captain Juan Moreno de la Rua was a native of Salamanca, forty-four years of age, son of Hernando Moreno de la Rua, of medium stature, fat, with a reddish beard.

7. The name of Estévan, son of Juan de Victoria Carabajal, does not appear in the muster rolls. He probably went to New Mexico when his father returned thereto with Villagrá and his recruits in December, 1600.

8. Juan Pérez de Bustillo was a native of Mexico, forty years of age, son of Simón Pérez, small of stature, swarthy, grayish, a wart on the left side of his face.

9. Evidently Marcos Cortés. See Canto 16, note 13; Canto 25, note 3.

10. The son was Antonio Gutiérrez Bocanegra. See Canto 10, note 29.

11. Either Francisco Hernández Cordero, native of Guadalajara in Nueva Galicia, twenty-two years of age, of good stature, beardless, or Francisco Hernández Guillén, native of Seville, fifty years of age, red-bearded, with a mark on his right cheek.

12. Juan Díaz, possibly an error for Manuel Díaz, native of Talavera, twenty years of age, beardless, of good stature, fat.

13. There were an Antonio Hernández and a Gonzálo Hernández in the muster rolls, but no Pedro. In addition, Gerónimo Hernández gave testimony regarding the desertion of the colonists (Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate*, pp. 150, 151), and Juan Ruiz Fernández was also among those mustered.

14. They were evidently only brothers-in-arms.

15. Sebastián Serrano was a native of Mexico, twenty-eight years of age.

16. Alonso and Pedro Varela.

17. Probably Juan del Caso Baraona, native of Mexico, son of Sancho de Baraona, fifty years of age.

18. Gonzálo Hernández, native of Coimbra, fifty years of age. He brought his wife, a son, and a married daughter to New Mexico. See note 13.

19. This Hernán Martín was twenty years of age. Cf. Canto 18, note 12.

20. Captain Joseph de Brondate, son of Clemente Gregorio Brondate, native of Aragon, twenty-five years of age, of medium stature, with chestnut colored beard.

21. Captain Gregorio César. See Canto 10, note 4.

22. The name of this soldier appears earlier in the story. See Canto 10, note 18.

23. Doña Eufemia was the wife of Francisco de Sosa Peñalosa, the royal ensign.



## CANTO TWENTY-EIGHT

*Of the events which preceded the assault on the Rock of  
Acoma, and of the objections which were  
voiced to the sergeant's plan.*

TRUE valor does not necessarily lie in recklessly exposing one's life to certain danger for the mere sake of being held as a brave and valiant man. That honor which the soldier shows who tempers his zeal for glory with caution and prudence is just as worthy of esteem; who does not needlessly expose his life, but who once in the fray deports himself like a true warrior. He who goes into battle and emerges victorious deserves all honor. Why speak of wondrous deeds and heroic actions? It is results which speak for themselves. The true soldier considers all things, and when in doubt he does not hesitate to speak his counsel for fear of being considered of timid spirit.

A brave and worthy captain is deeply worried over uncertain, perilous situations. The fatigued soldiers pondered long over the seemingly impossible task of reducing this mighty fortress. We considered the strength of the enemy, their haughty courage, emboldened by their apparent safety in their eyrie nest, the difficulties we must overcome in the ascent of the Rock, and many other things. Here we were, at least five miles from the nearest water supply.<sup>1</sup> We had scarcely provisions to last us two weeks, for the sergeant, when he sent me to Zia, had given explicit instructions that we should not exceed in the very least his commands. On the other hand, the savages had an abundant supply of water and provisions, so we were informed, to last them six years. It was voiced about that the sergeant had determined to carry the

Rock by assault, a task we deemed impossible. Some came to me and requested that I urge the sergeant not to risk everything in such a daring attempt. Were the attempt to fail, we would be at the mercy of the savages.

I agreed to speak to him. He listened to me and then answered:

I shall conduct this affair. Let these old women hold their peace. I have my plans, and you may feel sure that I shall imperil the lives of none. Moreover, no one need take part in anything against his wish!

The sergeant spoke gruffly and somewhat piqued. However, he realized that those who disapproved of his plan were men of proved valor. After a short time, he again spoke:

This is not an occasion for delay. We have reached a crisis and the situation calls for drastic action. We must attempt some daring plan. Fortune, I am well satisfied, will favor us. Only in this manner can we gain the victory and return with glory to the capital.

Then like a woodsman who in the high mountains attacks a stately spruce and plies blow after blow with his bold axe until the great tree first trembles, then sways, then falls crashing to the ground, so Zaldívar unfolded to us the plan he had determined on. This project involved the scaling of the Rock by twelve picked men whom he had already chosen.

The savages, filled with joy to see us camped in their midst, began to celebrate the victory they were certain awaited them. Zutacapán was the foremost among the revelers, attired in robes of gaudy colors. Cotumbo, Tempal, Amulco, and the great Pilco, vied with him in the elegance of their dress. Together with their men they sat down to a sumptuous banquet to celebrate their coming triumph.

Zutancalpo viewed all these doings with many misgivings. In company with Gicombo and Bempol he approached the scene of the merrymaking, and like another Scipio, who when warring in Numantia rebuked the youthful Capango who spent his time in carousals and pleasure in the midst of war, spoke to the people assembled:

O, careless comrades, you well know that on such serious occasions as the one which confronts us, even a youth is privileged to speak his mind. You all know that words of truth may come from young as well as older lips. What I wish to say to you is worthy of your attention. I know these thoughts will fall upon deaf ears, so far as my father is concerned. He seems to have lost all reason and thrown prudence and caution to the winds. The peace I longed for is now impossible. War there will be. But why, with the enemy in plain sight, do you idle your time in banquets and celebrations? They are sadly out of place at times like these. See the noble Castilian warriors already at our very threshold. Even though you are certain of victory, why place all in jeopardy by your carelessness and neglect those arts which war requires? Let us prepare our arms, strengthen our defenses, and block the pathways which lead to this lofty fortress. Let us not sleep. Where are the sentinels which should even now be guarding against a possible surprise? Let us prepare ourselves and show the enemy what a blazing conflagration a small spark may be fanned into.

Zutacapán looked at his son and smiled scornfully:

You, my son, tell Gicombo and the great Bempol that they need not be uneasy. Tell them to go and fight this war with words, and not to fear. Their lives are secure.

Hearing these words, the noble youth was filled with disgust and left the scene of the revelry. The celebrations continued. The savages, aroused to the highest pitch of fury, danced and pranced about like fiery steeds which bite and kick and paw the earth and air with their steel-clad hoofs, frantic and desperate for action. The carousals lasted until daybreak.

When the first rays of the glorious sun began to dispel the filmy shroud of night, Zutacapán cried out:

Where are the Castilians? We are tired of waiting for them!

It happened that at this very time several of our horses had strayed near the Rock and were drinking eagerly at a puddle of rainwater. The Indians quickly discovered them and killed two with their arrows, wounding others. The sergeant reprimanded the guards for their carelessness and ordered Cordero and Zapata to put an end to the affair. The scanty victory cost the savages dearly, for with his first shot Zapata laid low the great Totolco, an Ácoman captain of note, the father-in-law of Gicombo and the father of the fair Luzcoija.

The Indians hurriedly retreated, filled with alarm when they saw their captain fall. Zaldívar, well pleased with this success, called a council of his men. This is what he spoke:

Worthy sirs, when we left the capital we well knew these savages would be expecting us. We knew their numbers, which are not more than we anticipated. Should we leave this spot without having achieved a complete victory over these barbarians it would be a serious blot upon our honor as Spaniards. How could we ever expect the remaining savages to obey and respect us were we to leave this affront unpunished?

He reminded us of what our Savior had suffered for us and that our reward was certain if we but served Him well. In conclusion he said:

My men, it is useless to argue with such savage beasts. To expect them to yield to reason is as violent a thought as to expect to see fishes flying through the air or deer swimming through the streams. Let us use a little strategy and this task will not be so difficult as it seems. I shall go forth and announce to the savages that we are coming to attack them. Then we shall break camp and feign a combined attack in open view. We shall direct this attack against the second rock. It is certain that they will be de-

ceived by this plan and all rush to repel us. In the meantime, these twelve men I have chosen will be hiding beneath this first rock. When the opportune moment arrives, they will scale its lofty heights unopposed, and once we have gained a foothold within their walls they are at our mercy.

All applauded and approved this daring plan. Accordingly, the sergeant mounted his horse and, going to the foot of the cliff, announced to the savages that we were going to attack them and warned them to prepare themselves.

The savages were astounded at his boldness, and could not understand this extraordinary action.

You will note, O, worthy king, that this fortress was composed of two lofty rocks, which are about three hundred paces apart. These two castles of rock were connected by a narrow ledge of precipitous cliffs, along the top of which was a narrow pathway. This pathway was broken in several places by deep fissures in the rocks.

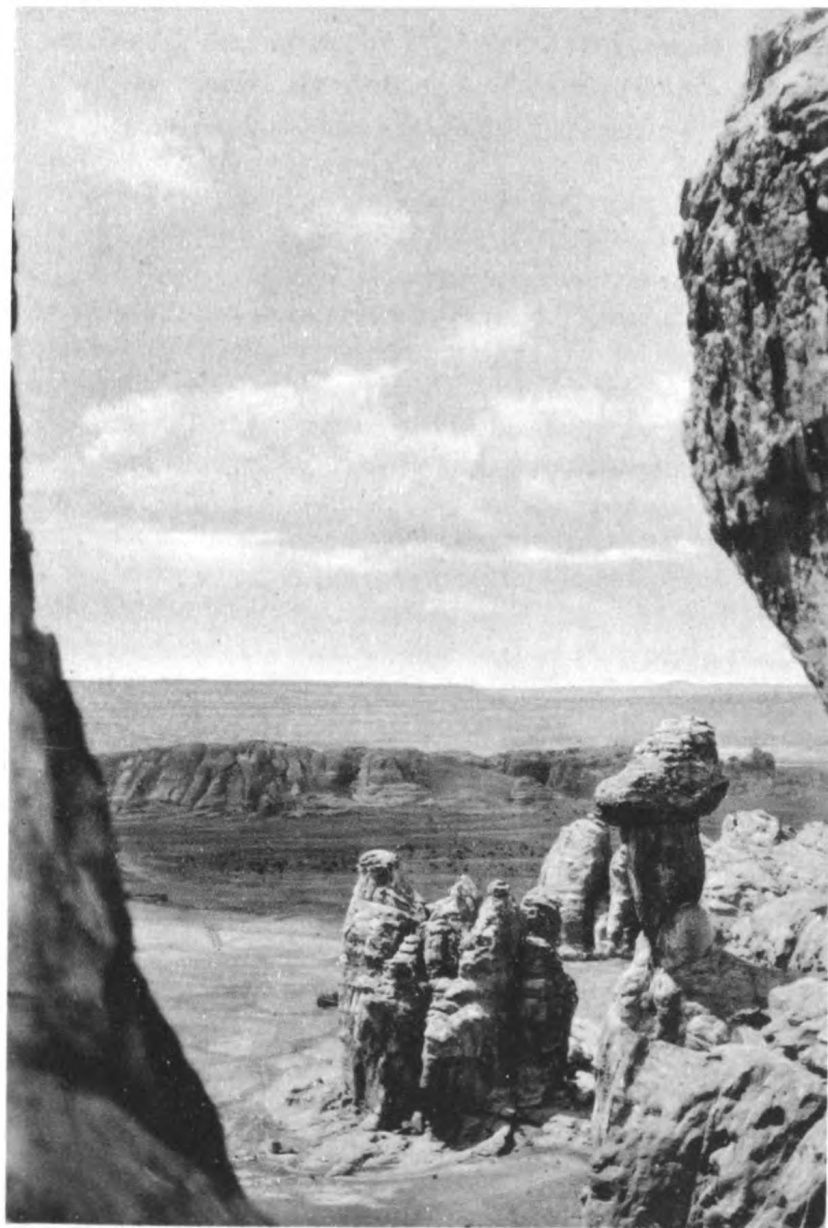
The sergeant then accompanied the twelve chosen men, of whom he was one, to their hiding-place, and gave orders for the men to break camp. When this was done, the army in battle array began its march to the second rock where they were to attack.

The savages, seeing us advance, fell into the trap and one and all crowded to the second rock, leaving the first unprotected. They determined that this citadel which had never before been conquered would repel the foe.

How it was carried by assault, O, worthy prince, we shall soon hear.

#### NOTE

1. Villagr  here refers to the Rio San Jos , nine miles north of  coma. The immediate water supply then as now is a large natural cistern in the summit on the northern side of the pueblo and a large reservoir of clear cool water on the southern part of the cliff, for the mesa is divided into a northern and a southern section, as Villagr  mentions in Cantos 27, 28, and 29. See pls. viii, ix.



ACROSS THE VALLEY FROM THE ÁCOMA MESA

## CANTO TWENTY-NINE

*How the twelve Spaniards scaled the first rock; of the battle with the Indians on the heights of Ácoma and of the council the Indians held in which they named Gicombo as their general.*

**O** WORTHY king, how true it is that some occasions demand most daring, yes, even foolhardy deeds! Success is often attained through acts that seem so rash as to defy all reason and prudence. Such schemes call for the greatest strategy. The least misstep may prove fatal. Such was the plan the sergeant proposed.

As stated, the army marched in battle array to attack the second rock. The assault was directed against the main and only pathway leading to the heights above. The Indians, as we had hoped, abandoned the first rock and hastened to repel the invaders. In the meantime, the twelve chosen warriors remained in hiding, awaiting the opportune moment. Such a noble feat as they performed is worthy of recording. Such deeds should not remain unsung. That history may remember those valiant twelve, I here repeat their glorious names. There were the sergeant major, León de Isasti, Marcos Cortés, Munuera, Antonio Hernández, the secretary Juan Velarde, Cristóbal Sánchez, Cristóbal López, Hernán Martín, Cordero, Pablo de Aguilar, and lastly, that the list might contain one unworthy name, myself.

When the attack was at its height, these twelve scaled the high walls of this immense mass of stone. This was easily accomplished, for there were none to oppose us. Arriving at the summit we found there only a few: Gicombo, Bempol, Chumpo, Zutancalpo, and a few of their friends. They were the ones who had urged peace.

Their comrades had now abandoned and rejected them, and they were gathered together here. Zutacapán had been the very first to lead his men to repel the feigned attack.

Gicombo was the first to sight us. When he saw the Spaniards at the summit of the Rock, he realized at once that all was lost unless we were dislodged. Accordingly, he sent Bempol with four hundred of his warriors to repel the valiant twelve. They soon gathered for the attack and, with fierce war-cries, rushed across the narrow pathway which connected the two rocks. The sergeant major, noting their determination, cried out to his men:

Soldiers of Christ, today is the day of the holy and blessed San Vicente, whose illustrious name I bear! I place my faith today in him! I trust, worthy Spaniards, that today will see us victorious and triumphant over this host of barbarians and idolaters!

Hearing his words, the men took courage. A shower of stones and arrows descended upon us, so great that it seemed the missiles would crush us to the earth. A well-directed shot from one of our men laid low the savage Polco, a chieftain of note. This stopped the savages momentarily. Then the secretary, Marcos Cortés, Cordero, and León de Isasti, discharged their weapons, bowling over ten of the barbarians. Cristóbal Sánchez, Munuera, Pablo de Aguilar, Antonio Hernández, and Hernán Martín fired the second volley, claiming fourteen of the savages as victims.

At this time a heavy stone struck Cristóbal López, dropping him to the ground. He lay as one dead for a moment, then leaped to his feet and savagely attacked the foe with a spirit that was astounding. Antonio Hernández, the Lusitanian, covered himself with glory in this encounter. So reckless was he in seeking danger



that at one time, had not the sergeant major rushed to his assistance, it would have fared badly with him.<sup>1</sup>

Bempol, seeing the fury of the few Spaniards, was filled with confusion. He and his comrades quickly dragged off their dead and wounded. They soon returned, reinforced with a strong number led by Gicombo and Zutancalpo.

The sergeant major, seeing a savage impudently arrayed in the garments of his murdered brother, stood for a moment stunned, like Jacob when he recognized the bloody coat which he knew belonged to his son Joseph. Recovering from his surprise, his eyes ablaze with just wrath, he fearlessly rushed to where the savage stood, striking blows right and left and clearing his way through the midst of the savage host. Then, nearing the foe, like a fox pouncing upon the unsuspecting heron, he leaped upon the savage and with one blow cleft his skull asunder, leaving the miserable wretch bathed in his gore and his brother's garments transformed into a bloody funeral shroud.

Gicombo again rallied his men and led them to the attack, with such fury that had not the sergeant major stopped him with a well-directed shot which shattered his right arm, it might have fared ill with all of us. Their leader grievously wounded, the rest turned back.

You have seen a wild bull which has been goaded and harassed to desperation. He first lifts his head high in the air and, streaming blood, trembles throughout his entire frame with rage, then casts his bloodshot eyes about and sees his enemy, and, lowering his nose to the ground, bellows defiance and charges upon his foe. Such was the defiance of Gicombo. He was everywhere, now encouraging, now taunting his men, urging them on.

While all this was going on, the army was vigorously assaulting the second rock. The caudillo Francisco Sán-

chez, Diego Robledo, Simón Pérez, Guillén, Catalán,<sup>3</sup> Mallea, Vega, Ayarde, Juan Griego, Martín Ramírez, and Montero dismounted when near the Rock and pretended they were going to attempt to scale the summit. Immediately the savages gathered above and sent down a shower of arrows and stones. It was a veritable deluge of stones, clubs, and arrows. It seemed as though the floodgates of heaven opened and let loose a regular torrent of water. When the dust had cleared, the Indians beheld the Spaniards at the bottom, safe and sound as though their missiles had been raindrops. Never before had they seen such men as these.

In order further to distract the attention of the savages, Captains Márquez and Quesada, together with the accountant Romero, Juan Piñero, the Quartermaster Zubia, the brave Zapata, Farfán, and Cabanillas began to fire at the savages above, led by Zutacapán, Cotumbo, Tempal, Pilco, Amulco, and Parguapo. Many were those who fell victims to their unerring aim and came tumbling from the terrible heights, leaving their miserable souls up in their lofty fortress. Other joined them, including Juan Medel, Ribera, Naranjo,<sup>8</sup> Francisco de Ledesma, Carrera, Juan de Pedraza, Olague, Zumaia,<sup>4</sup> Francisco Vázquez, Manuel Francisco, Marcos García, Pedro de los Reyes, Pedro Sánchez Damiero, Simón de Paz, Juan López, Andrés Pérez, Pedro Sánchez Monrroi, Villalua,<sup>5</sup> Francisco Martín,<sup>6</sup> Alonso del Rio, and others. The ensign Bañuelos proudly rode about the walls on a splendid bay horse flecked with white spots. Aloft he bore a great two-headed lance. The brave Hinojos, Carabajal, Casas, and Alonso Gómez Montesinos assisted in the attack, performing wonderful feats of valor.

So the battle continued until evening. The sergeant, leaving his men well protected upon the lofty heights of the first rock,<sup>7</sup> and naming Pablo de Aguilar, León de

Isasti, Villaviciosa, and others as his lieutenants, descended from the Rock and rejoined his men below. Everyone made preparations for the next day. Since there were two very deep chasms which separated the high perch they had gained, the sergeant ordered a great beam to be brought to enable the men to cross the crevasses. The soldiers confessed their sins, all except the wretch before referred to; then at break of day the following morning all received communion and prepared for battle.

Above in Ácoma the Indians were holding council. They were dismayed at the enormous losses they had suffered and dreaded the next day's encounter. A war council was held and all their captains and bravest men assembled, excepting Gicombo, Bempol, and Zutancalpo. The captains and warriors cried out for Gicombo. Determined that he should come to the council, they sent his trusted friend, Mencal, to summon him. Mencal repaired to Gicombo's dwelling, where he found the poor Luzcoija bandaging the shattered stump of what had once been her husband's stalwart right arm. She pleaded with him tenderly not to return to battle. "Already I am an orphan," she sobbed. "If you leave me, whom may I look to?" Gicombo was determined and would not go to the council. Bempol and Zutancalpo were also present. These were persuaded to attend, and left with Mencal. Gicombo, lest the warriors returned for him, secretly informed Bempol where he would await his friends, in a secluded part of the Rock. To this place he asked them to come when the council was over.

When the warriors reëntered the council-room, the captains and warriors there assembled cried out again for Gicombo. Bempol and Zutancalpo were finally persuaded to go for him. They found him at the appointed spot with his afflicted wife, and after pleading with him

he finally agreed to go. "For your sake, my friends, I go," he said, "but otherwise I would not go though all the gods together ordered me." Gicombo, before leaving, told the weeping Luzcoija to await him where she was. She answered him, "Here I shall wait for you, and though a thousand suns and a thousand nights come and go, I will perish ere I leave this spot. Here I shall await you."

When Gicombo entered the council Zutacapán spoke thus: "Before we transact any other business, first let us see how we can repair Gicombo's strong right arm."

Gicombo answered him: "Had I taken your advice and hid behind the shadow of your mighty war-club, which sought no dangers, I would be here like you, safe and sound. But, let us cease this idle chatter. Here I am, noble warriors; what do you want of me? Here is the man whose advice you spurned and whom you shamefully insulted when I advised peace with these Spaniards. What do you wish?"

They all answered him in one voice: "For that very reason we have called upon you. In you alone we place our faith in victory and our very lives. We have chosen you as our general."

After much discussion, Gicombo agreed to accept the post. He insisted on three conditions, however, first:

If in the morrow's conflict I, with the brave Bempol and the worthy Zutancalpo, should perish, and together with us Zutacapán, Cotumbo, and Tempal, I ask that we be buried together in one grave, with all our arms. There are yet scores to be settled between us, which, if not settled in this world, must be in the next.

Secondly, he said, that all must promise that on the morrow they would fight to death, that not one should permit himself to be taken alive, and that rather than permit this, they would turn their arms upon one another and perish.

The third condition was that in the event of victory he, as their general, should be their sole ruler upon that mighty Rock.

All the savages agreed to these conditions and assured him of their obedience in all things.

## NOTES

1. Antonio Hernández was a native of Braga, son of Francisco Simón, thirty-three years of age, tall of stature, chestnut colored beard, with two injured fingers on the right hand. He is called the Lusitanian from the former name of this part of Portugal.

2. Juan Catalán was a native of Barcelona, son of Antonio de la Cruz, thirty-two years of age, with bright reddish beard.

3. Alonso Naranjo was a native of Valladolid in Castile, son of Diego Carrasco, forty-two years of age, of good stature, tawny beard, with a wound in the face.

4. There was a Jorge de Sumaya in the expedition, but he does not appear in the muster rolls.

5. Francisco de Villalua was a native of Cádiz, son of Juan Miguel Galindo, twenty years of age, of good stature, and beardless.

6. Francisco Martín was a native of Ayamonte, son of Bonifacio Gómez, sixty years of age, of good stature, graybearded and hairy.

7. In Canto 27 Villagrà says that the two divisions of the Ácoma mesa were separated by a chasm three hundred paces in width. This however must be regarded as the maximum width, as there are points where the walls of the crevasse almost meet.

## CANTO THIRTY

*How the new general, after giving his orders, left to bid  
Luzcoija farewell; of the battle with the Spaniards  
and of the events which followed.*

WHEN one is led into any undertaking against his better judgment and forces himself to place his body and soul in a task which is to his dislike, it is only natural that he should proceed with suspicion, caution, and misgivings, and be extremely wary of every step he takes.

Gicombo, who had consistently advised against hostilities with the Spaniards, now found himself the leader of the warring Ácomans. He was deeply concerned lest Zutacapán and the other savages should fail him at the most fatal moment. So he called the Indians and had them take a solemn oath according to their laws, with the superstitious rites of their religion, that they would keep inviolate the promises they had made him. It was such an oath as this that Hannibal took before the altars of his pagan gods when he swore eternal enmity and hatred to the Roman race.

When the Indians had concluded this vile and pagan ceremony, Gicombo personally selected five hundred of them and led them to a secret cavern in the rocks. This cave was directly in front of the chasm which separated the first cliff from the second. He left the men in hiding there under the command of Bempol, Chumpo, Zutancalpo, Calpo, Buzcoico, and Ezmicaio. He assigned each of these a company of picked warriors. The savages were to lie here in ambush and wait until the Spaniards had crossed from the first cliff, and then annihilate them.

In order further to deceive us, the cunning savage

planned to have all his warriors remain in hiding so that we should think the pueblo was deserted and abandoned and would immediately cross the chasm unprepared to meet his men.

Long before daybreak all the warriors were carefully hidden within the gloomy cavern awaiting us. And, since morning was rapidly approaching, Gicombo left his men and went to bid farewell to his devoted Luzcoija.

The savage found his wife awaiting him where he had left her. She was sorely wounded at heart, grieving for her lost father and her loved husband, like a dove which, having lost its young, refuses to take refuge among the leafy bowers but seeks danger among the bare and withered branches of a tree long dead. Burning with love and frantic with fear for her husband, she greeted him with a sobbing voice, saying:

If the pure and faithful love I have borne you, whom I have cherished a thousand times more than my very soul, merits any recompense, however small, I pray you, sir, do not permit this tender creature, which you have always assured me was dearer to you than your life itself, to be forgotten and abandoned. If you have come only to leave me, I beg of you, dispatch me here from this miserable world, for without you I do not desire even one hour of life.

Gicombo answered her tenderly, but firmly:

Luzcoija, I swear before you, by those beautiful eyes which hold for me all that is worth while in this life; by those lips which hide those rare and precious pearls; by those soft hands which hold me in this sweet prison, that it is impossible that I sheath now the sword I have drawn against the Spaniards. For this very reason you must animate and give me courage that this afflicted soul may return if only to see you once again. Yes, I fear that I may lose you, but I firmly believe that I shall return to you. And, even though I die a thousand times, I shall still return to comfort and console you. I leave you, Luzcoija, but my heart and soul remain with you that you may know the tender love I bear for you.

He then hurried to the gloomy cavern where his companions awaited him.

At early daybreak, Father Fray Alonso [Martínez] celebrated holy Mass. It was the feast of his saint's day. All of the soldiers devoutly received communion. After the Mass the father spoke to them as follows:

Knights of Christ, strong in battle, defenders of the holy church and our holy faith, it is needless for me to recommend the safety of our holy cause to your brave arms, for, as noble sons of the holy church you have always served her well. I do beseech you, however, through Christ our Savior, to restrain your bloody arms as much as you can, lest needless blood may flow. The true valor of Catholic arms is to conquer without death or bloodshed. Go in Christ's name. In His holy name I bless you one and all.

We then made our way to the first rock and scaled its walls. When we arrived at the summit, we were surprised to note the pueblo was to all appearances deserted and abandoned. Such was the eagerness of our men that, without awaiting orders, some of them bridged the first span which broke the pathway and thirteen of our men rushed across.

The thirteen had hardly crossed when Gicombo and his men were attacking them with spirit. Like a wounded whale which, dragging the sharp harpoon in its side, lashes the sea from side to side with its enormous tail, spouting water high into the air, and then leaps almost out of the water, causing the sea to boil and rage in a thousand whirlpools, so did Gicombo struggle. They were almost upon our men, so they immediately fired the powerful arquebuses, killing a great number of the Indians. But this did not stop them, and our men, having no time to reload, drew their swords and opposed them hand to hand.

We on the opposite side of the crevasse could not assist our comrades, for in their haste to proceed they



had pulled up again the beam to carry it with them and use it at other places. The Spaniards met the foe with gallant efforts, causing terrible havoc among them with their sharp blades. Here a skull was opened wide, here a throat was cut from ear to ear, here an arm, here a leg dismembered. Foremost among them were the two brothers Cristóbal and Francisco Sánchez, Captain Quesada, Juan Piñero, Francisco Vázquez, Manuel Francisco, Cordero, Juan Rodríguez, Pedraza, and others. Like the fingers of the hand, although they are unequal in strength and size, still when they are clenched and grasp an object they are all united and equal, so these comrades all united in one mighty effort against the many savages who opposed them. Blood flowed like water; their swords dripped gore from the very hilts.

Carrasco,<sup>1</sup> Isasti, Casas, and Montesinos proved their worth in this encounter. They fought together, and many were the luckless savages who fell beneath the mighty blows of their gallant swords.

At this point, Zutancalpo and Buzcoico came to reinforce the savages with a great number of men. The Spaniards retreated to a natural cave, where, entrenched against the savages, they held them at bay, safe from their arrows and the many missiles which rained upon them. They easily held them at a distance with their arquebuses.

The sergeant cried out for someone to bring another log to bridge the span. Thinking he was talking to me, I stepped back nine paces, running toward the edge of the chasm, and like Circio, with a terrible leap left the edge. The sergeant had sought to stop me, but missed his hold. Had he not, that day would most certainly have been my last upon this earth. My desperation lent me wings, and I landed safely on the other side, where I frantically seized the beam and bridged the crevasse.

The trumpeter blew a blast and our soldiers dashed across. When our comrades heard this and saw us coming, they emerged from their trench like the dead will on the last judgment day when they shall come forth from their sepulchers to answer Gabriel's final call.

Seeing that defeat had changed to victory, our men now attacked with vigor. Among those who led were Captain Romero, Juan Velarde, Carabajal, Bañuelos, Archuleta, Lorenzo Salado,<sup>2</sup> Zubia, and many others.

Zutancalpo, the brave Gicombo, and Buzcoico came on again, followed by their savage troops. They came like an angry sea which splashes high and raises its waters almost to the heavens. It swells, it spreads, it groans and roars, and then rushes upon the ragged rocks where it beats and tears and finally breaks its fury. The Indian captains ordered their men to let loose their arrows, which descended upon us like a regular downpour of rain and hail. Quesada, Ensign Carabajal, Antonio Hernández, Francisco García, and Lizama were severely wounded by these arrows. Asencio de Archuleta in the excitement lifted his arquebus and without noticing where he shot, sent four bullets through the body of his most trusted friend.

O, divine Pastor, how carefully you watch your flock! How you reach with your shepherd's staff and lead back those sheep who have strayed from the fold! The unhappy Salado fell with eight gaping wounds in his body. Rising again and lifting his eyes toward heaven, the poor wretch cried aloud:

O, Lord, I have not confessed for more than two years, despite the urgings of my comrades. I confess my many sins. I only beg that thou do not call me till I have washed this soul of the offenses which so stain it. This I ask through thy most sacred blood.

The sergeant, seeing him there, ordered six good sol-

diers to take him down from the Rock that he might confess his sins with the worthy father. Salado would not hear of this. "Alone have I offended my God," he cried, "and alone shall I seek forgiveness!"

The sergeant granted his wish, sending a few men to watch him. Salado began the descent from the Rock alone. He had scarcely taken a dozen steps when a frightful demon appeared before him and spoke to him: "O, valiant warrior, if you seek to leave this life triumphant, hurl yourself from this cliff. I will hold you with my hands and you will descend safely." But, the wretch who was contrite and resolved, despite his sins, answered him: "Begone, Satan; do not tempt me! I am a soldier of Christ, and if I have followed your cursed banners in life, it is time now that I deserted them." So saying, he continued the descent, and in spite of his many wounds he made his way to the tent of the father, where, having confessed his sins, he breathed his last.

O, blessed Lord, how merciful thou art even to those who have offended thee. The more this miserable body which thou hast created wars against thee, the more thou aidest and liftest us on to that high reward which awaits us all.

Now, O, worthy king, I feel my strength is leaving me; so I will pause here, and later, having rested, shall resume my story.

## NOTES

1. Martín Carrasco, native of Zacatecas, was thirty years of age, of medium stature, with bright reddish beard.

2. Lorenzo Salado de Rivadeneira, native of Valladolid in Castile, was of medium stature, redbearded, and twenty-three years of age. See Canto 27, note 2.

## CANTO THIRTY-ONE

*How victory was finally won. How the pueblo was set on fire, and of succeeding events.*

**W**HAT most distinguishes a tried warrior is his exercise of vigilance and prudence, taking advantage of every opportunity offered and not jeopardizing the success he has already gained by unnecessary chances.

Zaldívar, though victory was nigh, proceeded with caution, although with valor. With the brave Pedro Sánchez Monrroi, Marcos García, Martín Ramírez, Cristóbal López, Juan Lucas,<sup>1</sup> Juan de Olague, Cabanillas, Juan Catalán, Zapata, Andrés Pérez, Francisco de Ledesma, and the renowned Márquez, he continued the battle with strength and courage. Not even the reapers who ply their curved scythes with vigor, cutting the ripened stalks and gathering them in a thousand sheaves, work with the spirit and energy as these soldiers who, falling and stumbling over the corpses strewn over the ground, continued to claim the bloody toll the savage battle exacted. Not an object on the Rock remained unstained that day from the torrents of blood that flowed.

Far from being discouraged by the frightful carnage, the barbarians asked no quarter, but, like a smoldering fire that when fanned by breezes first bursts into flame and then mounts to a fearful conflagration, so their ire was only fanned by the terrible punishment inflicted and their hatred raged like a mighty fire the more they suffered. They would rush upon the very mouths of the guns, and, although they fell as fast as they came, others took their places and renewed the battle.

Zaldívar, seeing their spirit, like a tiger which is sur-

rounded by his enemies, turns at bay and with snarling teeth and clawy paws charges the pack of hounds that assail him, putting them to sudden flight, turned and faced the savages, clearing his way of all who opposed him.

Impatient at the delay, Zaldívar ordered two small culverins to be brought up from the camp. In the meantime he spoke to his men as follows:

O, pillars of the holy church, warriors who have never known defeat, mirrors of gallantry whose breasts deserve to be crowned with red, white, and green crosses of valor, today you have brought fame and glory to Spanish arms! Sustain that glory at the high pinnacle to which you have carried it till final victory is achieved.

The two cannon having arrived, they were placed and directed against a body of three hundred savages who were advancing. Each piece was loaded with two hundred balls. When the fuse was set off, the pieces spat forth their deadly missiles with a deafening roar. It was like seeing a flock of magpies which have been stilled by the hunter's piece. When the smoke clears, one can see some scattering in all directions, seeking safety in flight, others upon the ground, some dead, some dragging a broken wing, some a broken leg, some dragging their entrails in the dust. Just so the savage cries of the Indians were stilled by this fearful roar, and when the smoke had cleared, great numbers lay upon the field before us, some with broken arms and legs, some with dreadful wounds in their heads and bodies. It was a gruesome and terrible sight.

The Indian Qualco, seeing all this, in sheer desperation, like a swordfish which has unwittingly been caught within the fisherman's net together with a shoal of smaller fish, and rushing blindly against the sides, tears the walls of his prison, releasing the many finny crea-

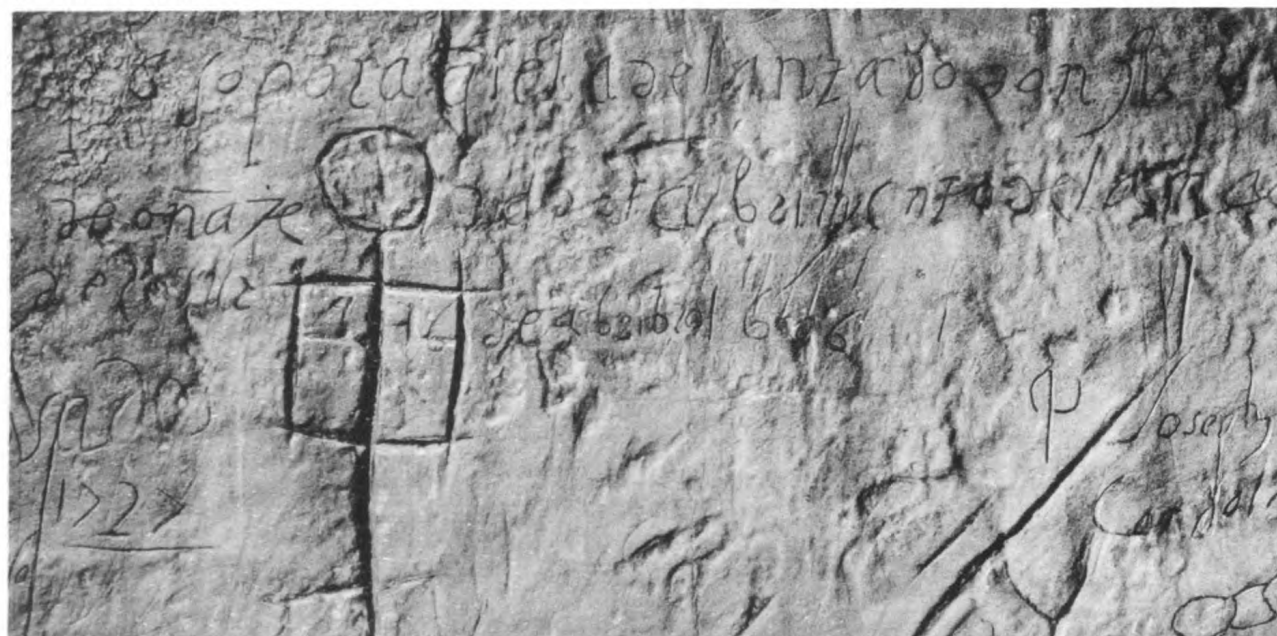
tures which seek sweet liberty in flight through the waters, charged our ranks and with powerful blows cleared his way to where Diego Robledo stood. Well might that savage trust in his mighty powers, for not long before, on the plains of Zíbola,<sup>2</sup> single-handed he had conquered two savage bulls.

As the Indian raised his powerful weapon to fell the Spaniard, Robledo parried with his sword, and warding off the blow quickly thrust forward and ran his foe through the breast. Qualco dropped his club and sought to grapple with the Spaniard. Robledo quickly ran him through the thigh again. Then the savage dropped to the earth as if dead. Just as the rustic peasant places the pebble in his sling and whirling it around lets loose one thong and hurls the pebble forward through the air, so this savage quickly rose and, seizing the Spaniard by the lower parts of his body, swung him over his head and hurled him two yards away. Then, his strength failing, dropped dead to the ground. The Spaniard, like a spitting cat which, snarling and scratching, faces its enemies, arose, and, furious at his discomfiture, charged his oncoming foes and put them to flight. At this point Zapata, Cordero, Cortés, Francisco Sánchez, Pedraza, Ribera, Juan Medel, Alonso Sánchez, Juan López, Naranjo, the noble Ayarde, Simón de Paz, Guillén, Villaviciosa, Carabajal, Montero, and Villalua, having gained the pueblo, began to set fire to the houses, hoping to frighten the Indians, but it was of no avail.

The sergeant, desirous of putting an end to the fearful loss of life, like a skilled pruner who examines each branch with care and cuts off the dead and ill-formed branches, saving each healthy bough that might bear fruit, careful that none be lost which might prove useful, scanned the battlefield and, seeing that victory was

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THE INSCRIPTION OF DON JUAN DE OÑATE ON EL MORRO. (SEE APPENDIX U)

accomplished and that further carnage was unnecessary, called to the savages to surrender, giving them his word of honor that they would be treated with mercy and justice. The savages answered him with a shower of arrows, crying to him to do his best, that sooner than surrender, they, their wives and children would perish at their own hands.

One alone urged the Indians to surrender. This was Zutacapán. He made approaches to the sergeant, asking peace. The sergeant answered him that first he must surrender the instigators and ringleaders of the massacre of the Spaniards. When Zutacapán heard this, he trembled like a leaf and returned to his comrades.

The fire had now spread and the flames lit up the sky, hiding the resplendent rays of the glorious sun. The savages were divided in opinion. Some were for surrendering to the Spaniards, others were opposed. When Zutacapán brought them the word that their chiefs and captains, including himself first of all, would have to be delivered to certain punishment, they decided to renew the battle and fight to conquer or to die.

For three days the battle raged. The Spaniards neither ate nor drank nor slept during all this time. The houses were almost all ablaze or burned to the ground. Dense columns of smoke poured forth from the windows as from the mouth of a volcano. The unhappy savages, seeing that all was lost, threw themselves in numbers into the raging flames. Some leaped to their death from the top of the Rock; others turned their arms upon one another, father slew son, and son slew father.

When Gicombo and Bempol saw that all was lost, they determined to die together. Some of their comrades sought to dissuade them, urging them to surrender to the Castilians. To these Gicombo answered:



Unworthy Ácomans, what has come to pass that you offer such unworthy advice? What is left for you once these Castilians are victorious and have you in their power? We have reached the final point where, without liberty, it is better that we were dead. Could we endure life under such conditions? O, Ácoma, once you were great and mighty. Those very gods who lifted you to this high glory have now deserted you, and see to what ignoble depths you have fallen. Remember your oath, Ácomans! Did you not solemnly promise that if victory were denied us, you would all sooner perish than surrender your honor? Death is a thousand times more welcome than a life of infamy and disgrace.

Neither Maximinus, Macrinus, Maxentius, Procrustes, Diocletian, Tiberius, nor Nero ever showed such cruelty as did these savages as they began to turn their arms upon one another. Not only the men, but the women, followed his advice. Some, like the abandoned Dido, hurled themselves to their destruction; others died by fire like Portia; others turned sharp daggers to their breasts like a Lucretia.

At this point the sisters of Zutancalpo went forth to find him, that they might all perish together. How they found him and their sad end will serve the purpose of another canto.

#### NOTES

1. Juan Lucas, native of Puebla, of good stature, freckled and beardless, was eighteen years of age.
2. See Canto 20, note 19.

## CANTO THIRTY-TWO

*How Zutancalpo was found by his four sisters, and of  
the sad death of Gicombo and Luzcoija.*

**N**O reef was ever beaten by an angry sea with such ruthless might as man is scourged by fate in this unhappy life. If we but consider, we will see that man, once he is in the grasp of ambition and selfish greed, knows no contentment. Royal honors, princely power, are all but paths that lead him to an unworthy end.

What miserable creatures we are! In this poor life we must continually fight these beasts of unquenchable thirst. What did it avail the noble Zutancalpo to have so worthily opposed the evil of his father's ways? How many were the innocent lives lost, the brave men who perished, and the houses leveled to ashes, simply because, O, Zutacapan, you sowed the evil that your wickedness held. Your people are no more. This noble son of yours is now dead. Those idle vaunts, those promises you made to your people, what has become of them? What did you gain by inciting your people to war against the Spaniards? Yours is the blame for all the broken treaties and forgotten pledges. What evil possessed you to stir up such a bloody war? You sought power and authority. Little did you appreciate how unworthy you were of such prizes. If this unfortunate pueblo is now in ashes; if its streets run red with blood; if this Rock is strewn with bloody corpses, yours alone is the fault. You alone are to blame.

In the midst of the dead and the dying, like angels of death, the four sisters of Zutancalpo sought their dearly beloved brother. Forgetful of their own misfortunes, they mourned his absence, hoping to find him still alive,

yet certain that he must be dead. Mocauli the elder, who had separated from the rest, first spied his bloody corpse. Six times she turned the body over, hoping it was not he, yet recognizing the dear brother she sought. With a cry of anguish she suddenly threw herself upon the corpse. Her sisters heard her and hurriedly, as though summoned, came to the spot where, recognizing the noble youth who in life had meant so much to them, they cried out in anguish and tore their hair and beat their breasts. Long and piteously they sobbed and cried as though their hearts would break, calling to their brother with many sad, endearing words. After a long time they placed his body on a plank and sadly wended their way to the smoldering ruins of what had once been their happy home.

When the sad procession arrived with their precious burden, they were met by the aged mother of Zutancalpo. Too well she had guessed the burden they brought. When she saw them, she uttered a cry of anguish, and tearing her hair, she scourged her face and tore her breasts in mortal sorrow, as she cried:

O, gods of Ácoma, why have you saved for these declining years of this unhappy life this terrible blow? Why have you cut down in the flower of his happy youth this loved son thou gavest me?

Desperate in her sorrow, she embraced the bloody corpse, still and cold in death, and together with the body of her loved son threw herself into the flames. The four sisters followed her example, and there in the raging fire of their ruined home they embraced one another and, intertwined in each other's arms, like a mass of snakes entwined and knotted in one solid mass, they perished. In their dying moments they tenderly caressed those features of the unhappy youth so dear to them. Thus they chose to leave this life, happy after all the misery

of the day, united until death, and after death mingling their ashes in a common heap.

This sad event was followed by another equally strange. Fortune is an uncertain, fickle thing. We can never depend on continued success, but of ill-fortune we may always be sure. It so happened that a certain warrior who held life more dear than the noble death which his companions sought, which only shows that in this life what some seek others flee from, sought to escape from the fateful Rock and seek sweet liberty in distant parts. This savage, Pilco by name, fled from the pursuing Spaniards with the speed of the wind. Not even Esidio, of whom it is told that he sped over the waters without so much as disturbing a single ripple, or even Orion who sped over the ripened wheat-field without disturbing a single blade of wheat, could have equaled him in his flight. He seemed to bear a charmed life, so safely did he pass through the flames and burning embers and through a regular rain of bullets. In his flight he met a soldier named León, a man of bravery and valor. When he first saw the Spaniard in his path, he raised his war-club and hurled it with all his might. León dodged the blow and grappled with him. The heavy war-club dashed against a rock with such force that it splintered in a hundred pieces. When León seized him, the savage struggled fiercely and, like an eel, squirmed out of his captor's grasp and sped away. León, chagrined at his discomfiture, pursued the prize he had let escape so easily. He was fleet of foot and soon began to gain upon the savage. Pilco fled directly toward the cliff. Our men were so astounded at the noble sight, that they stopped to gaze spellbound as the savage, closely followed by his pursuer, approached the edge of the cliff. Not a second did Pilco hesitate, but with a mighty leap cleared the edge of the precipice and flung himself downward. Downward he

shot! Then as the spear of the wily Greeks hurled against the wooden sides of the Trojan horse buried itself in the wooden side and trembled from the force with which it came, Pilco struck the sandy plain below and seemed to pierce the earth. Trembling, he stood like one transfixed; then leaping to his feet he sped across the plain. But it was not his fate to escape nor to enjoy the blessed freedom he held so dear. Diego Robledo, mounted on a swift horse, pursued him, and overtaking the unhappy wretch, he pierced him through with his lance and left him dead upon the plain.

We could not help but sorrow at the untimely end of this poor savage who so ignominiously perished when the freedom he coveted was almost within his grasp. Such bravery and such spirit well deserved a more glorious end.

Leaving the scene of this sad tragedy, let us return to Bempol and Gicombo. Their cause forever lost, these friends met to bid each other a sad farewell before they put an end to the unhappy fate which pursued them. Bidding each other a tender farewell, they separated, Bempol to hurl himself from the loftiest height of the noble Rock, Gicombo to take with him into the other life his beloved Luzcoija. No Spanish arms would ever enjoy that beauty and those charms he held so dear. And for themselves, like Brutus and Cassius, they were determined that it was a better lot to leave this world than to endure the infamy of the vanquished. Before leaving, Gicombo spoke these words:

What a miserable fate is ours! What violent wrath has hurled this fiery tempest upon us? And you, unfaithful Ácomans, you Zutacapán, unworthy dog, you who caused all of this grief and misery have now fled. I know the immortal gods will see that with cruel and terrible punishment you atone for the sins you have committed. Nothing is more certain than this. You will be bitterly punished as your cowardice deserves.

Gicombo then directed his steps toward his home. There he found a great number of Indian women, weeping and sobbing before the flames of his house. They raised such a din with their cries and shouts that he could not distinguish a single voice. The smoke which enveloped all in a dusky haze hid everything, and he rushed frantically about seeking his Luzcoija that together they might die.

At this time the sergeant was seen approaching with a squad of soldiers. Gicombo saw him and turned his gaze upon him, his eyes burning with hate. Like a wild boar at bay, he bid him defiance with snarling teeth and foaming rage. At this moment Luzcoija spied her husband and rushing to him knelt, obediently requesting with her eyes the blow she expected and desired. The savage raised his war-club and struck her a mighty blow between the eyes. Those beautiful eyes, those beautiful features in an instant were crushed to a pulp. Gicombo lifted her tenderly in his arms, and turning to the sergeant with a satisfied almost happy expression, hurled a challenge at him.

Zaldívar, desirous of saving the noble foe, called upon him to surrender, assuring him of his eternal friendship and promising him that he would establish him in authority on the Rock, subject only to the governor, Don Juan. Gicombo answered him:

What is there you can offer me in life now that this one has gone? But, if you would grant me a boon, allow me to meet in single combat upon this field six or seven of your champions, that I may die gloriously opposing you. This I say for myself. All these you see here must perish in these flames.

The sergeant, hearing these words, ordered Simón Pérez to fire. In an instant the gallant chieftain fell mortally wounded. At this the frightened women, half-suffocated and burning with heat, escaped.

In the next canto I shall tell of the miserable death which the brave Bempol suffered.

## CANTO THIRTY-THREE

*Of the miserable end of Bempol and others; of the search  
made by the sergeant for his brother's remains.*

HEAVEN save us from the just anger of the Almighty! With stern hand He metes justice upon us, His unworthy creatures, that we may feel the good which comes with evil and the evil which lurks in good. It seems that when misfortunes once assail us and fate has us in its relentless grasp, evil fortune pursues us until it drags us to the most abject condition of human misery that can possibly exist.

Why search for examples of the thousands of lamentable events history relates to prove it, when the case of this abandoned heathen, Bempol, so well illustrates the fact. Abandoned by his gods, what a miserable fate he met!

O, great and mighty Providence, by those sacred wounds Thou bearest, do not ever permit such punishment to descend on those who profess Thy holy faith! If it is just that those who stray from the fold be punished so, O, Lord, surely Thy justice must hold in store a lesser punishment for those who are faithful.

Worthy king, if you would note the end of the unfortunate Bempol, pray look with me toward the high summit of this mighty Rock where the wretched one prepares to end his miserable life. Sadly he spoke to himself:

Today will see an end to my unhappy lot if it be possible that death may end this cruel fate to which I so miserably submit. If so, then this untimely death will be but a sweet passage to a safer and happier port where I will unburden myself of this load which so oppresses me. I leave this life alone. There will be no funeral



ZUÑI INDIANS GATHERING SALT AT THE ZUÑI SALT LAKE



pomp for me; no mourners. Hurling myself from this rock, I shall end my mortal days. When I am dead, surely someone will carry the news to her whom fate decreed should be the wife of this unhappy creature. My friends and comrades will hear of my death. Some, I am sure, will grieve; others, perhaps, will rejoice. Those who sorrow will mourn me for a while, but when the sun has traveled past the moon for twelve successive times, then I will be forgotten. The bitter tears once shed will have been sweetened; the hearts which were sad will have been gladdened. Such are the ways of this world. Parents, brothers, sisters, wives, all forget with time.

O, Ácoma, what gods have you offended that they have hurled down upon you their wrath? This mighty citadel, as immortal as the gods themselves, was once a high and mighty power, pre-eminent in war. Never before has Ácoma known the conqueror's heel. I have heard it said that misery is more easily endured if there are others to share its cruel scourge. If so, let others seek to be consoled, for I am not.

While he was so soliloquizing, ten maidens accompanied by their mothers approached with many cries and lamentations, filling the air with their outcries. Like moths attracted to the fire, which hover about, then fall and miserably perish in the flames, they came to Bempol and with many entreaties begged him to conduct them to a place of safety. To better urge their pleas they presented before him his own daughter, a maiden of scarcely ten years, whom he had brought to Ácoma some years before.

Bempol was unmoved by their pleas. Not until he saw the daughter, whom he loved even more than his life, did he show any sign of emotion. Turning to the women, he addressed them in an angry voice:

Shame on you miserable ones! You well know you must some day leave this life; then what better company would you desire than what you now have; what better opportunity than this very

moment? What misery, what fear can be greater than what you have already experienced?

So saying, he seized his daughter in his strong arms and crying to the women, "Follow me, if you would seek liberty!" he hurled himself from the Rock.

The women, like sheep who dare not lead but will follow the first who does, no matter whither the path may go, hurled themselves after him into the very depths of hell, where, according to the great Lombard, a special corner is reserved for suicides who are condemned to lament for an eternity the life which they have taken from themselves.

Going back to the death of Gicombo, when his aged mother heard the news of his untimely death, her cup of anguish was indeed filled. First her husband was taken, then her daughter, then her son. With wild cries of anguish, she rushed among the Spaniards without the least thought of fear, giving voice to her sorrow:

Ah, woe is me, unhappy creature that I am. You have taken them all, my husband, my son, my daughter. I am an orphan now indeed. Tell me, Castilians, where are they? Where is that noble husband, where is my beloved son, where is the beautiful Luzcoija who was such a comfort to me in my declining days? Where is that son, my only strength? Where are those grandchildren I hoped would gladden my fading years? I beg you, strike me dead. There is nothing in this life for me to live for.

Then, like a mariner who climbs to the highest point of the mast and leans over toward the sea below, this wretched savage first leaned forward over the towering Rock and then hurled herself from the dizzy height. Down she went into the most infernal depths, the final resting place of suicides.

At this time the aged Chumpo came forth seeking the sergeant and suing for peace. Bent with age and infirmities, he hobbled along, aided by a heavy cane he

held in his withered hand. Approaching Zaldívar, he spoke to him, sobbing bitterly:

Noble son, Heaven is a witness that this blood would never have been shed had the vile Zutacapán but followed my advice, and the wise counsel of that tender flower, now crushed, which was privileged to see but thirty summers come to awaken the soil. I sorrow for this unfortunate pueblo, for these bloody corpses, half-devoured by their own dogs. I sorrow for their sires, their grandsires, and even their great-grandfathers, some of whom I knew. Of all those, I alone have lived to witness this miserable end. How their manes must grieve together at this sad fate in that common place where they are assembled. But never can they suffer as I do, who am here and witness all this with my own eyes.

Stretching forth his bony hands, like a pleading mendicant, he fell upon his knees before the sergeant. This noble warrior was moved to pity by the pleadings of the venerable patriarch, and lifting him to his feet he embraced him tenderly and comforted him.

After Chumpo had calmed somewhat, the sergeant asked him to show us where the bodies of our comrades had been buried. He told us all. After the savages had beaten out the lives of the Spaniards with stones and clubs, they had thrown them together in a common heap, and piling on fagots had set fire to the immense funeral pyre. In gayest raiment they danced and sang about the fire, heaping upon it their arms, bows, and arrows, quivers and war-clubs, offering them as a sacrifice to their gods.

We asked Chumpo to take us to the spot where the maese de campo had met his death. When we stood before the blood-spattered place, still discolored, though cold and black, the blood of the maese de campo again boiled within his brother breast. He tried to speak, but the words would not come. His eyes, transformed into two fountains, gushed forth torrents of tears. With a

piteous sob, he threw himself upon the ground and wept over that precious spot.

When Zaldívar had somewhat recovered from his anguish, he cried out:

Little did we expect this fate would meet us when we happily set forth upon this expedition. We viewed a happy future where we would win both honor and fame. Unfortunate me! My vain hopes have flown like leaves blown from a mighty tree. But He who governs all has decreed it so. His holy will be done. O, Lord, I now understand. This example has pointed out to me a lesson. You, my brother, you are happy now; happy in the glorious death you met. Yours is the first offering paid to this new Mexican church.

Woe is me, who am destined to live and face this miserable life! Would I also had been at your noble side to share the fury of the savage foe. How happily would I have died with you upon this bloody field. Had it been so, I would have been spared this day. I would have been spared the ordeal of viewing this spot of hallowed ground, stained with your precious blood.

O, Ácoma, the gods will not impute to you alone the false hospitality and treacherous dealings of your people. I share with you the blame for all of this. It is my sins which have offended Almighty God and brought this punishment upon us all.

You, my brother, if it was destined that you should meet your death in battle, what nobler crown, what more glorious end could have been desired than this? Death, you are but the beginning of this glorious victory. Those songs of triumph which fill the air are but the praises of your glorious deeds. And so, my comrades, who will say my brother did not triumph in this noble cause? Nowhere in this wide world could you have found a more princely sepulcher or more pompous funeral rites than here on this mighty citadel in the midst of this victorious army.

Then turning to us, the sergeant said:

Noble sirs, here is another Troy indeed. Here my brother chose to die, and by his death immortalized his name, his faithfulness and valor.

So saying, he raised a cross upon the spot and we all

sank to our knees and fervently prayed to God. We prayed for the forgiveness of our sins. We prayed that the Almighty would bless our arms and guide our footsteps, and when our journey here was done, that He would call us to His kingdom.

Now, most worthy prince, I too am drawing near my journey's end; so before embarking on the final chapter it is necessary that I pause and rest.

## CANTO THIRTY-FOUR

*How the pueblo of Ácoma was burned to ashes; how the  
body of Zutacapan was found. Of the events which  
followed; how the news of the victory was car-  
ried to the governor, and of the death of  
Tempal and Cotumbo.*

**T**HOUGH we are weary from our long journey,  
the holy cross which has never yet known defeat  
still standing in the breeze, let us depart from this  
spot where the image of the crucified Redeemer stands  
and, repressing our tears that our afflicted souls may find  
comfort, continue on our journey.

O, worthy Philip, you have listened most attentively  
to the song of this unworthy muse. I pray you, bear with  
me but a little longer, for I am about to reach the  
promised end.

Trusting in your most generous bounty, as a father to  
your warlike race, that you will open for me a safe and  
happy harbor, I again unfurl my sails to the breeze and  
guide my craft back to burning Ácoma; back to that  
frightful fire whose flames rage so savagely, belching  
forth clouds of sparks and cinders which envelop the  
lofty houses in an awe-inspiring conflagration.

Note, most worthy lord, those high walls, roofs, and  
lofts, tottering and crumbling in a thousand parts, then  
crashing in an inferno of flames, engulfing the unhappy  
inhabitants. Note those wretched beings who in their  
last despair seek death by hurling themselves from those  
awful heights. See the savages, men and women, who  
with their little ones roast amid the raging flames, la-  
menting their misery and their fate.

The sergeant was moved to compassion by the terrible

slaughter. Like the pilot of a ship which is about to founder, who rushes about shouting and urging the crew and passengers to take to the boats and leaves the doomed vessel to save their lives, so Zaldívar urged Chumpo and the other savages who had surrendered to plead with their people to yield and cease this terrible self-destruction. He assured them on his word of honor that he would spare them all if only they would end this awful sacrifice.

No sooner had Chumpo heard this assurance from the noble youth than he and his attendants, heedless of the danger, rushed about amid the fiery flames and falling walls, pleading with their people to desist from this needless sacrifice of life, telling them that the sergeant had pledged his word to spare them all.

The poor savages, like persons shocked by a lightning bolt, terrified, a deathly palor on their cheeks, came forth in small groups, distrustful, fearful, yet hopeful that Chumpo's assurance might be true. Solemnly and slowly they picked their way carefully, avoiding the bodies of their relatives and friends, sacredly viewing the mangled corpses of those who so nobly had defended that haughty Rock, now bathed in their blood.

Coming before the sergeant, they prostrated themselves before our banners like stalks of wheat that bend before a hurrying breeze, and yielded their arms. They surrendered unconditionally in a number of about six hundred, together with their wives and children, conquered at last.<sup>1</sup>

Without a question of doubt, had it not been for the noble efforts of the venerable Chumpo, this would have proved another Numantia, for such was the spirit of the Ácomans that had he not interceded not a single soul would have survived that day.

All the Indians had surrendered, and at last the strife

and battle was ended, when suddenly, without warning, all the women rushed forth with terrible cries, and threw themselves with fury upon a prostrate form, beating it with sticks and stones. The sergeant, furious at this breach of the peace they had sought, rushed a squad of soldiers to the spot, determined to punish them terribly were this man a Spaniard. When the savages saw the soldiers coming, one of the women called out:

O, noble men, if our surrender to you merits any consideration at your hands, pray allow us to finish this task which we have begun. There lies the miserable Zutacápán. He is the cause of the death we inflicted on your comrades. He is the cause of all this unhappiness and misery, of all these bloody corpses.

The savages continued to beat the miserable wretch until they left him a mass of broken bones and gory flesh, scarcely recognizable as a human form. Having at last satisfied their wrath, the women returned to where we had gathered them.

After all was quiet again, our men began to make inquiries of one another for a certain warrior who had been foremost in every fray. All had seen him, but none had recognized him. In like manner the Indians scanned the features of every soldier they saw. Every newcomer was carefully examined. When a soldier emerged from some house they would gather about him like flies about a honeycomb, gazing at him intently and in amazement. We asked them for the cause of so much curiosity. Chumpo then answered for them:

These people seek a noble Spaniard who was foremost in every encounter. They say he was mounted on a white steed. He had a long white beard, bald head, and carried a flaming sword in his right hand. When he assailed them, they say he swept them before him like a whirlwind. This warrior was accompanied by a maiden of most wondrous beauty.



The sergeant was greatly astonished at hearing this. He realized that it had been a heaven-sent messenger who had aided us. He answered Chumpo, saying:

Noble father, tell your children not to seek the two further, for they have returned to their celestial home whence they came to aid us. Tell them they will come again to aid and defend us if needed. For this reason, tell your children to take lesson and be careful that such murders as they have committed do not occur again.<sup>2</sup>

The gallant Trojan did not produce more astonishment and wonder when he related the details of the fall of Troy to his illustrious queen than did the sergeant when he spoke these words to the savages. They were spellbound and stood without uttering a word or making a single sign.

The effect upon our men was equally wondrous. We realized then that it was our most Holy Mother who had come from on high to aid us. Such wondrous deeds of Providence are beyond the understanding of so miserable a worm as I. Therefore I shall proceed to relate what afterward occurred.

Zaldívar quickly dispatched Zubia to carry the news of this wondrous victory to our general at San Juan. It so happened that on the very day of this battle all its details had been related to him by an aged Indian woman.

Zubia hastened on his way to carry the happy tidings. On the journey he met Tempal and Cotumbo. These two savages had escaped from the Rock and were fleeing afoot. They hailed the messenger and informed him that they were natives of distant lands and that they had been attacked and robbed of all their goods by fugitives from Ácoma. As they were nearly famished, they asked him for food.

Zubia took the Indians captive and carried them to the

capital, where on arriving he had them imprisoned in an estufa (kiva), while he carried the glad tidings to Don Juan.

After the rejoicings were over, some friendly Indians approached the governor and informed him that the two captives, Tempal and Cotumbo, were Ácomans and ring-leaders of the rebellious Indians.

When the two savages found they had been discovered, they barricaded themselves in the estufa and would allow no one to approach for three days, hurling stones on those who came near. At last, seeing that further resistance was useless, they cried out:

Castilians, if you are not yet satisfied with the blood you have shed, and if you must still wreak your vengeance upon us, we will grant you this satisfaction. Send us two sharp daggers, and we will cut our throats and die here. We would prefer this rather than have it said that we died at the hands of such infamous dogs as you!

The general and others, including the Indians, urged these two to surrender and, confessing their sins, to embrace our holy faith. They reviled us for suggesting such a thing. When the general saw this, he ordered that instead of daggers they be given two ropes and told to hang themselves if they chose to die at their own hands. The two savages took the ropes and stood in silence for a while. Then they made a noose each and placing them about their necks, slowly came forth. Wending their way to a nearby tree, they climbed to its highest branches. There they knotted the rope to the tree and paused a while. Then one of them spoke:

Take note, warriors, that here hanging from these branches you will have the miserable spoils of victory which you so desire. Here is the price of those unfortunate wretches to whom we gave death, whose remains now rot where they fell. Since such is our fate, gladly do we die, closing our doors on this miserable life.

We leave you free. Yours are our possessions and our lands. You are secure from harm; for no one ever returned from this journey upon which we are about to embark. But, mark well, if it be possible for us to return, a terrible vengeance will be ours!

So saying, foaming with rage, they dropped from the branches and there they hung, strangled, their features swollen, their eyes bulging out, their tongues hanging from their mouths. There, on the Golgotha of their choice, they surrendered their immortal souls.

And now since they are gone, my story is also done.

O, worthy king, if it should please your majesty that I should conclude this tale at a future date, I pray you will be patient.\* I have served you faithfully with the sword; the pen is a new and strange implement to wield.

#### NOTES

1. The fighting ceased about four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, when Zaldívar gave the Ácomans an opportunity to surrender; but the Indians were resolute and the bloodshed was renewed and continued for about another hour, when they sued for peace. The Acoma casualties were estimated at six hundred to eight hundred. Seventy or eighty warriors were made prisoners, in addition to about five hundred women and children. Captain Don Luis Gasco de Velasco, treasurer of the expedition and one of Oñate's critics, asserted three years later that the Indians surrendered after the war had lasted some time and that they gave corn, blankets, and turkeys as had been demanded by the Spaniards they had slain; but Zaldívar refused their offering and confined many of the natives in the kivas as prisoners. From there they were taken out one by one, murdered, and thrown over the cliff, a negro and some of the soldiers acting as the butchering squad. These events took place on the third day of the battle, January 24, and all regardless of Villagrà's statement that Zaldívar, moved by compassion, assured the Ácomans "on his word of honor that he would spare them all if only they would end this terrible butchery." These accusations of barbarism were not only supported by the charges brought against Oñate in 1614, when he was found responsible for hanging two Acoma Indians without cause (they may have been the two whom Villagrà asserts hanged themselves at San Juan!) and for the indiscriminate slaughter of guilty and innocent alike when Acoma was destroyed by Zaldívar under his orders. But this was not all. The captives

taken at Ácoma were brought to trial at the pueblo of Santo Domingo early in February, 1599, when they were charged with killing eleven Spaniards and two servants, and of failure to submit peacefully when Vicente de Zaldívar came to punish them. On February 12 Oñate pronounced his cruel sentence: that all males of more than twenty-five years of age be condemned to have one foot cut off and to give twenty years of personal service; the males between twelve and twenty-five years of age and all females more than twelve years of age were doomed to twenty years of servitude—in other words they were sold in slavery. Two Hopi Indians captured at Ácoma were condemned to lose the right hand and to be sent home as a warning to others. In a leaflet by Villagrá, printed at Madrid probably in 1612, he tells about taking, himself, on the order of Oñate, sixty or seventy young girls to Mexico, who had been captured at Ácoma; these were delivered to the viceroy and were distributed among the convents (Wagner, *The Spanish Southwest*, Berkeley, 1924). In all Indian history it is doubtful if anything more barbarous was ever inflicted on members of the white race. See Hammond, *Don Juan de Oñate, op. cit.*, pp. 122-123, 183-184, from original documents.

2. The apparition is also said to have been that of Saint James or Saint Paul. Hammond, *ibid.*, p. 120, note.

3. See Canto 20, note 1.

## APPENDIX A\*

### CENSOR

THE *History of New Mexico*, an heroic poem by Captain Villagr , contains nothing contrary to the teachings of our holy faith or to good morals; on the contrary it praises and uplifts by relating how a great number of souls were saved to the true faith and brought to the Spanish crown with great sacrifice and hardships. The verses are many and though lacking in imagination and poetical worth, are a true and connected history. The variety of such extraordinary events will please many; some will seek to imitate the deeds therein related, others will praise them. It is well that this book should be placed in the hands of all.

PROFESSOR ESPINEL

By order of the Council, I have examined the *History of New Mexico* by Captain Gaspar de Villagr , which through its pleasing variety and true history does credit to our Spanish nation. It is my opinion that it should be printed.

Dated at Madrid this 18th day of December, 1609.

DOCTOR CETINA

CENSOR OF FRAY DOMINGO DE LOS REYES, TEACHER OF DIVINITY  
AND GENERAL CUSTODIAN OF THE ORDER OF SANTO DOMINGO

As ordered by your highness, I have examined the *History of New Mexico* by Captain Gaspar de Villagr  and have found nothing in it derogatory to our faith or contrary to good morals. On the contrary, in pleasing style it relates the deeds of those valiant captains and soldiers who in remote regions serve your highness and their holy church. This book will encourage others to do likewise. It should be printed.

At St. Thomas College, Madrid, this 20th day of December, 1609.

FRAY DOMINGO DE LOS REYES

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\* Appendices A to D were printed in the first pages of the original edition of Villagr 's work.

## APPENDIX B

## TAX

**I**, DIEGO González de Villaroel, secretary of the king's Council, hereby certify that, whereas the Council has examined a work entitled *New Mexico*, written by Captain Gaspar de Villagr , and whereas the Council has granted permission that the same be published, placing a tax of three and a half maravedis on each folio, and there being thirty-eight folios, the sum total will be one hundred and thirty-three maravedis.

It is further ordered that this book be sold at this price only.

It is further ordered that this notice be placed at the beginning of each volume.

In order that the commands of this Council and the request of Captain Villagr  may be known, I have certified to the above this 27th day of April, sixteen hundred and ten.

DIEGO GONZ LEZ DE VILLAROEI

## ERRATAS

I, Sebasti n de Lirio, professor of Greek and censor of books in the University of Alcal , and I, Francisco de Murcia de la Llana, attorney and servant to the king and his official censor of books in this kingdom, each certify that we have examined a copy of the *History of New Mexico* written by Captain Gaspar de Villagr , which with the following corrections corresponds to the original.\*

Given at the University of Alcal  this 10th day of April, 1610.

PROFESSOR SEBASTI N DE LIRIO  
MURCIA DE LA LLANA, *Attorney*

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\*The corrections were observed in making this translation and are therefore omitted.

APPENDIX C  
AUTHORITY TO PRINT  
THE KING

WHEREAS, Captain Gaspar de Villagr , you have brought to our attention the fact that you have written a volume in verse entitled *New Mexico*, which work is the result of careful study and great labor, and whereas you have served honorably in the discovery, pacification, and settlement of New Mexico, and whereas you have written a true history of the events of said conquest and now seek the exclusive privilege of printing and publishing it for a period of twelve years:

The Council having made due inquiry as is customary in these cases before it is permitted to print works, and whereas it has reported favorably upon your request,

We therefore grant you permission that the same may be printed for a period of ten years from this date, by you or the persons you may designate and no others.

We hereby authorize any printer in this kingdom whom you may designate, to print the same during the period stated, from the original only. Each sheet of the original is to be sealed and signed by Francisco Mart nez, the secretary, and by another member of this Council. Before it is sold, you shall bring it to them, together with the original, that due comparison may be made to ascertain whether it be identical with the original as corrected by the official corrector named by me.

We command the printer that before he print the first copy or deliver a copy to anyone, he shall see that the same has been corrected and taxed. When it has been so corrected and taxed he may print the first copy and deliver the book to the author or anyone else at whose direction it is printed. Not a copy shall be sold until it be certified and approved. This we order under penalty of incurring the punishment provided for in such cases.

It is also ordered that no one but you shall during this period publish or sell this book, under penalty of forfeiture of all his books, molds, and tools, and the payment of a fine of fifty thousand maravedis for each offense. This fine shall be divided as follows: one-third for the judge who passes sentence, one-third for the informer, and one-third for the Council.

We also order the Council, the judges and members of our courts, the alcaldes, sheriffs, and justices of every part of our kingdoms, present as well as future, that they carry out and protect the orders contained in this decree and do not tolerate its violation under penalty of a fine of ten thousand maravedis which shall be forfeited to the Council.

Done at Valladolid this 7th day of March, 1610.

I, THE KING

By order of the king, our lord.

JORGE DE TOVAR

## APPENDIX D

### VILLAGRÁ TO THE KING. [1610(?)]

HAVING sought permission to relate the adventures of those Spaniards who so sacrificed themselves with the sole object of serving your majesty, it would be presumptuous in me to ask further favors.

I know that the entire world acclaims that so high and worthy a prince as you well deserves the title of defender and protector of the Roman church, as well as the title of protector of all those true sons of Spain who strive to extend the limits of your holy empire. For these reasons you find yourself lord of both the Old and the New World. So many years after the creation of the universe, divine Providence still reserved the conquest of New Mexico for your glorious reign. All the grandness of this noble land had been hidden from so many adventurers and even from your most worthy fathers, of holy and Catholic memory. Learned men affirm that after the creation of the world and the Passion of our Lord, the next greatest event was the discovery of America. I pray your favor for those few Spaniards who have remained in these lands with the purpose of colonizing them and carrying the gospel to the many and idolatrous peoples who inhabit these regions. Look upon these lands with favor as the baptismal font at which these many souls may receive the sacraments of holy church which God has blessed us with. To Him devoutly and sincerely we pray that He may guard you many years that our Catholic faith may rest secure; that heresies and the vile idolatry which the devil our great enemy sows and cultivates may be extirpated for the relief of the many souls who cry out for the holy aid of your majesty.

GASPAR DE VILLAGRÁ



QUIVIRA SOCIETY

VOL. IV, PL. XII



VIEW IN THE YAVAPAI COUNTRY OF ARIZONA FROM NEAR THE TOP OF FISH CREEK GRADE

## APPENDIX E

TITLE OF CABALLERO AND HIJO-DALGO IN  
FAVOR OF CAPTAIN GASPAR DE VILLAGRA  
AND HIS DESCENDANTS. 1603

**D**ON Juan de Oñate, governor and captain general, adelantado, discoverer and pacifier of the kingdoms and provinces of New Mexico and the adjoining and neighboring regions, in the name of the king, our lord:

To you, honored sir, brave and discreet, Captain Gaspar de Villagr , procurador general of the army, judge advocate [for *juez asesor*] of the church, of the council of war, head and agent of the royal hacienda:

Whereas the majesty of Caesarean and royal liberality is evidenced in no better way than by fitly rewarding those who deserve its benefits, honors, and dignities, that they may on the one hand receive proper remuneration and recognition for their virtues and deserts, and on the other hand that others may, with hope of such rewards, take notice and aspire with greater fervor and increasing virtue to like recompense, lending similar service; and although it be true that virtue is its own reward, yet it is always fittingly followed by such remuneration as its glory, honor, and excellence entitles it to. But especially is this proper when great princes by their decree and order approve and honor them.

For the above reasons, considering the many and good services you have rendered to the king, our lord, and the outstanding virtues of your person, and their just deserts; the noble and exemplary habits of your life, your great experience in many affairs, your good judgment, industry, and skill, your ability in war, all of which virtues you are endowed with, as I well know, having witnessed them on many occasions, in peace as well as in war. And so, fittingly to reward your efforts and labors and that you may enjoy the privileges which pertain to hijos-dalgo, and so be known, having complied with your duty, and in furtherance of what his majesty has promised to the pacifiers and conquerors of these kingdoms, newly affirmed and renewed in a royal decree referred to the secretary, Juan Ibarra, which is as follows:

Don Philip, by the grace of God, king of Castile and Aragon, [etc.].

Whereas the viceroy Don Luis de Velasco by virtue of a royal decree of the king, our lord, may he live in glory, entered into a contract with Don Juan de Oñate, for the discovery, pacification, and settlement of the provinces of New Mexico, which is in New Spain, and among other things he granted to him what is contained in one of the chapters of the instructions on new discoveries and settlements in the Indies, which is as follows:

That those who bind themselves to settle and shall have settled in these lands and have complied with their agreement, in order to honor their persons and their descendants, and that a glorious memory may remain of them as the original settlers, we declare them and their legitimate descendants *hijos-dalgo de solar* (of the lands owned by them) that in the settlements they establish and in any other part of the Indies they may be *hijos-dalgo* and persons of noble lineage and as such may be considered and known and enjoy all the benefits, privileges, and immunities thereto pertaining and do all things that *hijos-dalgo* and *caballeros* may in the kingdoms of Castile, according to the privileges, laws, and customs of Spain.

With reference to the petition of Don Juan de Oñate, I have been requested to grant him the grace to approve the above, notwithstanding the limitations made therein by the Count of Monterey, and I have considered it proper to apply said prerogative to those who served five years in the conquest with the proviso that if any have died before serving five years in the conquest then their sons and descendants shall enjoy said prerogatives; for the present I order that all those who may have gone to serve me in said conquest, pacification, and settlement, and according and in conformity with said chapter, and remained five years in said conquest, and all those who in said conquest died, they and their sons and descendants shall be guaranteed all the preëminences, prerogatives, exemptions, and liberties, according to and as conceded them and set forth in said chapter, entirely and completely, failing in nothing.

I order the *infantes*, *prelates*, *dukes*, *marquises*, *counts*, *knights*, *priors* of the Orders, *prefects* and *sub-prefects*, *alcaldes* of the castles and walled towns and of my council, *presidents* and *judges*, *alcaldes*, *sheriffs* of my household and of the court, and the *judges* of this kingdom and the *seigniories* of the Indies, *isles* and *tierra firma* of the ocean, and other persons of every character or quality and condition, to guard, comply with, and execute this my

franchise and grace that it may have the full force of law, as though it were executed and promulgated by the courts, and that it may be announced in such parts and places as convenient.

Given at San Lorenzo, July 8, 1602.

I, THE KING

I, Juan de Ibarra, secretary to the king, have done this, his command.

By virtue of the above, I declare you, the said Captain Gaspar de Villagr , as such a pacifier and conqueror of those kingdoms, and having served the royal crown of Castile like a most noble soldier and prudent captain, for which you merit the enjoyment of those liberties and privileges, exemptions and immunities by which *hijos-dalgo de solar* are recognized and held, fully and to all effects, in favor of yourself, your sons, descendants, and successors.

Given and sealed with the seal of my arms in the villa of San Gabriel of the province of New Mexico, on October 1, 1603.

JUAN DE O ATE

By command of the governor,

JUAN MART NEZ DE MONTOYA, *secretary*

## APPENDIX F

### CERTIFICATION OF THE MERITS OF CAPTAIN GASPAR DE VILLAGR  AND NOTES ON HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE. 1604

VICENTE de Zald var, *maestre de campo*, general of the province of New Mexico, through the king, our lord:

I certify that Captain Gaspar de Villagr , *procurador general* of the army and conquest of the said New Mexico, is a man of some fifty-three years,\* more or less, of small stature, heavy-set and well-formed; his heavy beard has turned gray; he is bald, and two deep furrows, one more prominent than the other, line his forehead.

He is esteemed and honored by all in the camp of the *adelantado*, Don Juan de O ate, and is always welcome at our table. The many experiences with him both in peace and war where he has accompanied me as a companion and comrade enable me to so judge. Such a man was this captain that after serving his majesty

\* See the Introduction, page 17. Villagr  was about forty-nine years of age in 1604.

well in the first conquest he went for reinforcements, from New Mexico to New Spain, and arriving at Santa Bárbara he organized one of the most distinguished companies ever seen in Peru or New Spain, for the reason that it was composed of soldiers, captains, and officers who assembled themselves and asked Gaspar de Villagrà to enlist them under his standard and command them, so great was the confidence they had in him.

Such was the man as I saw him, when undergoing trials, suffering hunger and thirst and dangers, aiding others in their hunger and thirst and sufferings; he was loyal and the very first to quell discontent among the soldiers, courteous and kind. In battle when strong arms were needed, not a person in the army was his equal. He has served his majesty well, at his own expense as he still is, from the beginning of this conquest to the present, going on seven years, during which time his house has been a refuge for soldiers, captains, and officers where his table and hospitality were always ready, such was his liberality and generosity.

I have certified to the above at Mexico, this 25th day of the month of August, 1604.

VICENTE DE ZALDÍVAR MENDOZA

Signed in the presence of

NICOLÁS DE IROLO, *scribe to his majesty*

## APPENDIX G

### COMMISSION AS PROCURADOR GENERAL.

1596

**D**ON Juan de Oñate, governor and captain general, caudillo, discoverer and pacifier of New Mexico and of all its kingdoms and provinces and of those neighboring and adjoining, through the king, our lord [etc.].

Whereas by request of my officers, major and minor, captains and soldiers, of the entire army, I have been asked to leave in New Spain a procurador general, an able person of character and confidence, that he may take charge of all the interests of the army and keep in touch and deal with the king, our lord, his viceroys, prefects, audiencias, and governors, and for whatsoever purposes as may be necessary for the proper administration of the extensive properties which the officers and other persons of my army own in this land and which they cannot personally attend to for lack

of time as they have set forth to serve their God, our Lord, and his majesty.

Having advised and considered this matter with my council of war and after due deliberation, knowing that the request is necessary and of importance and feeling so disposed, therefore I have resolved to grant this request. We have agreed that we should name as such procurador general, and we do name as such to act for and represent all our officers, major and minor, captains and soldiers, who are about to enter upon this journey of conquest, Captain Gaspar Pérez de Villagr , he being a person of character and qualified for said post and competent to act in matters of importance which we understand will come up.

In order to carry out this order and because it suits me so I command my lieutenant, Juan Guerra de Resa, that as soon as this order reaches his hands, he notify the said Captain Gaspar P rez de Villagr  and command him to accept this post of procurador general and take charge of such matters as I may refer to him, as well as of all the interests of my officers, major and minor, captains and soldiers, who accompany me on this journey of conquest, so that in my name he may appear before the king, our lord, and before his audiencias and courts of chancery, and other courts, and there may request and command all things as are necessary for myself and my officers and soldiers, for which I here give full power, as is required, with free, complete, and general administrative authority.

I command that he accept this post of procurador general under penalty of a fine of six thousand ducats of Castile for the expense of this journey which I hereby sentence him to should he act to the contrary.

Given at the Mines of Av o, this 23d day of the month of July, 1596.

DON JUAN DE O ATE

By order of the governor,

ALONSO DE LA FUENTE, *secretary*

APPENDIX H  
VILLAGRÁ COMMISSIONED CAPTAIN AND  
MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF WAR.  
1596

**D**ON Juan de Oñate, governor and captain general, caudillo, discoverer and pacifier of New Mexico and of all its kingdoms and provinces and of all those neighboring and adjoining, through the king, our lord [etc.].

Satisfied with the qualities and merits of Captain Gaspar de Villagr , he having served his majesty on many occasions, in peace and in war, with credit to his person, serving his king, our lord, with his arms and horses at his own expense, for all of which I name and appoint him, in the name of his majesty, as captain and chief of all the men he may enlist under his banner or standard. In like manner I give him power to sound the drum and fife and unfurl his banner and do all things which may be done by captains in the army of his majesty; in like manner I give him power and authority to name ensigns and sergeants and the other officers of his company.

Whereas I have named the said Gaspar de Villagr  as procurador general of this army, and whereas being occupied with these duties he will be unable to go on this first journey, I give him authority to go on the second or third journey, as he may choose, when he shall recruit his men. He and they shall be subject to and under my lieutenant governor and captain general.

If the said Gaspar de Villagr  should deem it necessary to remain to take care of the duties of said office of procurador general he may do so.

In like manner I name the said Captain Gaspar de Villagr  as one of my council of war and I command the sergeant major, my officers, major and minor, captains and soldiers that they esteem the said Gaspar de Villagr  as my captain and member of my council of war and extend to him all the honors, privileges, and liberties that all captains and members of my council of war should enjoy since I name and receive him as such from thenceforth, according and as his majesty has authorized and provided.

Given at Av o, July 23, 1596.

DON JUAN DE O ATE

By command of the governor,  
ALONSO DE LA FUENTE, *secretary*

## APPENDIX I

VILLAGRA BEGS TO BE EXCUSED AS PRO-  
CURADOR GENERAL, BUT IS ORDERED  
TO ACCEPT. 1596

IN the Villa of Llerena, July 25, 1596.

I, the undersigned scribe, at the request of Juan Guerra de Resa, lieutenant to the captain general of New Mexico, read the order naming Captain Gaspar de Villagr  as procurador general, to him, advising him of its contents so that he may accept said post and comply with its obligations, under penalty of the fines therein specified, "*verbo ad verbum*," to which he replied that he had spent of his personal fortune, as he is accustomed to do in similar enterprises where he has the opportunity to serve God, our Lord, and his majesty; that on this occasion he has offered himself with his own company, arms and horses and other accoutrements of war; that it will be very inconvenient for him to leave this conquest on the one hand because he will lose the opportunity to serve his king and lord, and on the other hand because it will leave him impoverished, without a means of livelihood, due to the heavy expenses he has incurred for this conquest.

For the above reasons he begs the lieutenant to the general to intercede in his behalf before the general and plead the justice of his cause and that he be given just consideration; and he signed the same before witnesses, who are Joseph Paredes, alcalde, and Gaspar Gonz lez.

GASPAR DE VILLAGR 

I give faith thereof,  
ANDR S ALVAREZ, *public scribe*

IN said village of Llerena, this 26th day of July, the year aforesaid, Juan Guerra de Resa, lieutenant to the king, having seen the answer given by Captain Gaspar de Villagr , says: that despite said answer he commanded and commands the said party to accept the post of procurador general, as stated in said order, this under the penalty of the fines therein specified which shall be executed against his person and effects if he act to the contrary.

Thus I provide and sign in witness thereof.

JUAN GUERRA DE REZA

Before me, ANDR S ALVAREZ, *scribe*



APPENDIX J  
VILLAGRÁ OFFERS EQUIPMENT TO OÑATE.  
1596

**I**N the villa of Llerena, July 31, 1596, before his highness, Don Juan de Oñate, governor and captain general of New Mexico, chief, pacifier of all its kingdoms and provinces, neighboring and adjoining, through the king, our lord, was presented the following:

I, Gaspar de Villagr , captain and procurador general of all the camp of discovery and pacification of New Mexico and of its kingdoms and provinces and of those neighboring and adjoining, appear before your highness and say that having offered myself with a company of men for the conquest, having pledged myself thereto before Juan Guerra de Resa, and having duly pledged myself to the duties assigned me as captain, your excellency for reasons deemed proper has recently issued an order notifying me to accept the post of procurador general under penalty of incurring a fine of six thousand ducats should I act to the contrary, all as set forth in said orders, and in order to safeguard my honor in my older years I have accepted. Since I have expended large sums in recruiting and outfitting said company, catering to the soldiers and men, having for my personal use supplied the following: six coats of mail, six thigh pieces, six beavers, six arquebuses with complete equipment, six strong suits of armor, six war horses, six mules with complete pack equipment, a riding saddle with bridle and equipment, twelve sets of armor resembling deerskin for six mounts, with guards for breasts, forehead, and flanks; all of which I am unable to use by being forbidden to make this journey, contrary to my wishes; wherefore it is my desire and wish to serve the king, our lord, and your excellency by offering all this equipment for use on this journey of conquest. Therefore I request your excellency to take over all the aforesaid equipment and order the present scribe to make record and receipt thereof to me. I moreover state that I again present my new commission of captain and as a member of the council of war and accept the same and pray that I be received and be permitted to make oath thereto as I should as captain; further I ask justice, etc. . . .

CAPTAIN GASPAR DE VILLAGR 

## APPENDIX K

## VILLAGRÁ'S PERSONAL EQUIPMENT. 1596

IN the Villa of Llerena, July 31, 1596, before me the undersigned scribe and witnesses appeared Vicente de Zaldívar, sergeant major, personally known to me, and says that he has received from Captain Gaspar Pérez de Villagrà the following: six coats of mail, six cuishes and beavers, the cuishes lined with cloth and provided with straps as is customary, and the beavers with helmets; and also six arquebuses, each with its case, some of the arquebuses carved and inlaid with gold; six powder flasks, large and small; six leather jackets lined with double deerskin, some trimmed with gold passementerie, others with silk, and one plain; twelve hides resembling deerskin [*contrahecho de anta*] to make six three-piece suits of horse armor, including that for the breasts, forehead, and flanks; six mules and jacks [*mulas y machos*] equipped with packsaddles and trappings; a riding saddle with its stirrups, caparison of cloth, breastplate, and French crupper; six war horses; all of which the said Captain Gaspar de Villagrà delivered to the said Vicente de Zaldívar, and the latter received the same and gave receipt therefor in the presence of the undersigned scribe and witnesses, of which delivery I, the scribe, bear witness that the sergeant major received the same and gave receipt thereof in due form and signed the same before the witnesses, Joseph Paredes, *alcalde ordinario*, and Luis de Reza.

VICENTE DE ZALDÍVAR

Before me, ANDRÉS ALVAREZ, *public scribe*

## APPENDIX L

## COMMISSION TO ROUND UP SOLDIERS. 1597

DON Juan de Oñate, governor and captain general of the kingdoms and provinces of New Mexico, by grace of the king, our lord [etc.].

Whereas Juan de Frias Salazar, inspector and lieutenant of the most illustrious viceroy of New Spain, has required of me, in his majesty's name, that without delay I set forth for the said kingdoms with his majesty's army upon the conquest entrusted to me; and since many captains and ensigns and soldiers from the army

are scattered over the kingdom under permission I have given and which has expired, and others without authority, attendants, Spaniards, half-breeds, Indians, and mulattos alike, have deserted the royal army, it is necessary that they be gathered under the royal standard;

Confident of the person, fidelity, and diligence of Captain Gaspar Pérez de Villagr , procurador general of this army and conquest, for the present I order and command that you go to the mines of Sombrerete and vicinity and the neighboring mines in the valley of Suchil, Apuana, and Nombre de Dios, and notify every person enlisted in this army, non-combatants, captains, ensigns, soldiers, and attendants, that under penalty of death and confiscation of their properties and of being declared rebels and disobedient to their king, our natural lord, they immediately repair to the royal standard and present themselves before me, where it shall be raised in his majesty's camp, and to them . . . [words illegible] and confiscate their goods as you see fit, punishing the delinquent according to the usages of war.

If in order to comply with these orders you should require assistance, I shall if necessary order the entire army to assist you; I urge the justices of his majesty to do likewise and therefore give you this authority and commission, according to the power conferred upon me by the king, our lord.

Dated at this valley of San Bartolom , November 19, 1597.

DON JUAN DE O ATE

By order of the governor,  
JUAN P REZ DE DON S, *secretary*

## APPENDIX M

### APPOINTMENT AS JUEZ ASESOR IN FAVOR OF CAPTAIN VILLAGR . 1598

FRAY Alonso Mart nez of the order of St. Francis, commissary of the provinces of New Mexico and delegate and apostolic commissary in the same "*cum plenitudine potestatis*" [etc.].

To you, Gaspar P rez de Villagr , graduate of the University of Salamanca, captain and procurador general of this his majesty's army, peace and health to you in the name of the Lord.

In conformity with the example of that wise Council that with divine wisdom and saintly prudence, as is stated in Holy Scripture

in the 18th Chapter of Exodus, Jetro, the high priest presented to Moses, the great chieftain and pastor of the Israelites, his son-in-law for the wise government of that chosen people of God which was not that he should rule and govern alone but in company with wise, prudent, and God-fearing men, men free from greed who knew well how to do the divine will of God, teach His law and the ceremonials of His holy faith, and point the way they should travel and the deeds they were obliged to perform.

As a council named from above it had the approval of God setting aside from the people the judges named by Moses and making them worthy of His sight and presence, which the others never saw. Following this holy and wise example, having considered the many merits of your person, your Christian prudence, fear of God, hate of envy, scientific knowledge, experience, valor, age and gray hairs, all good recommendations; also that you are a graduate of the University of Salamanca, learned in letters, qualifications so necessary for this post, I have determined to name and appoint you and by these presents do elect, name, and appoint you, Gaspar Pérez de Villagrà, as my assistant and counselor, juez asesor, in matters purely ecclesiastic as well as in mixed matters which pertain to my tribunal or may in any way pertain thereto in this new conversion, ordinary as well as by express pontifical commission, with reference to Spaniards, secular persons, Castilians, half-breeds, mulattos, and enemies, all of which I command under penalty of excommunication, *ipso facto incurrenda, trina canonica monitione præmissa* and the withholding of absolution, they to consider and esteem you as such juez asesor and assistant and as such to obey and respect you in all things and in all matters as may occur, such as clemency, due execution, and prudence, things which for some time past I have seen in you and in which I have confidence.

In evidence whereof I give testimony of this my will and appointment, signed with my name and sealed with the seal of my office. Dated at the Lake of San Benito, on the day of the Annunciation of Our Lady, March 25, 1598.

FRAY ALONZO MARTÍNEZ,  
*Apostolic Commissary*

By command of the Father Commissary,  
FRAY CRISTÓBAL DE SALAZAR, *notary*

## APPENDIX N

VILLAGRÁ APPOINTED CHIEF OF EXPE-  
DITION TO MEXICO. 1599

ON Juan de Oñate, governor [etc.].  
Whereas important and meritorious services should be recognized and their authors commended for the faithful discharge of their duties, and since the captain and procurador general Gaspar Pérez de Villagrá is worthy of honor and is one of those who has served his majesty best in this journey in the many trips he made from the valley of San Bartolomé and the mines of Caxco to the cities of Mexico, Zacatecas, and many other different parts where, with care and diligence, traveling by day and by night, he rendered services by which his majesty's army was able to set forth sooner than would have been possible otherwise; also while on the journey he returned to escort the Franciscan fathers whom he met and brought to the royal camp at the river of San Pedro; again he was the one who carried assistance to the twelve soldiers who had gone forth to seek a passage across the Rio del Norte; these had already gone for days without eating anything except roots when he met them and saved all their lives. On another occasion in company with the sergeant major he discovered a pass through which the army could follow, through mountains, meadows, and stretches of sand. When it was necessary to cross the Rio del Norte he found a ford, risking great danger in so doing, for the river is very swift and mighty; traveling along the same river with the sergeant major and four companions many savage Indians came down from their habitations; he dealt with these and made peace, learning from them the way the army could best follow. He was with me on the trip made to the different pueblos where we secured the submission of more than seventy thousand of their inhabitants; in all of these cases he assisted me, explaining to the Indians the advantages that would accrue to them through this vassalage. On the trip the sergeant major and fourteen companions made to the salt lakes he was also present. They discovered extensive deposits, as great as any in Christendom, of white salt of excellent flavor. While on the journey of conquest I sent him to apprehend the five who had deserted. Traveling day and night with four companions, he overtook and apprehended these and executed them as I had com-

manded.\* At this time finding himself without supplies and being near the mines of Todos Santos he journeyed to New Spain and from there wrote the viceroy of New Spain of the events of this journey. This trip he made in sixteen days, journeying among savage Indian tribes. On this trip he gave the Indians even his wearing apparel, leaving them all happy, contented, and peaceful. On his return when he had arrived at the pueblos, he learned that I was absent from the capital and a great distance from him, securing the obedience of certain provinces to his majesty; in order to report he followed after me alone and arriving at the powerful pueblo of Ácoma, seeing that the Indians did not act friendly and did not give him provisions, he proceeded on and fell into a pit the Indians had prepared to entrap and kill such Spaniards as should pass; his horse was killed, but he escaped afoot and for four days was without food or water; he escaped by means of a clever ruse, turning his shoes backward; at the end of four days, being on the verge of succumbing to hunger and thirst, he met five soldiers who were looking for their horses; and he having carried his arms day and night like a true soldier and having traveled by land within a year more than fifteen hundred leagues, eight hundred by land in winter enduring colds, snows, ice, hunger and thirst, served his majesty well and those who remained at the capital were benefited; and lately he served in the conquest of the fortress and pueblo of Ácoma where like a valiant captain he was foremost in the battle, fighting bravely and encouraging the soldiers, aiding in all parts those who needed his support by means of which one of the most distinct victories against unequal forces ever heard of was achieved, because seventy Spaniards conquered, killed, and captured more than fifteen hundred persons, the enemy having such great advantage in the strong fortress where they were situated.

For all the foregoing I elect, name, and appoint him as captain and chief of all those persons of peace and war who at this time are going to New Spain to ask for a new expedition of conquest, whom I command to obey, observe and recognize his orders in everything, under penalty of such punishment as he may impose; besides [I name him captain] of all those whom he may enroll under his standard in the City of Mexico or in other cities of New Spain or in the kingdoms and possessions of his majesty; these he shall

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\* The *Historia* and the judgment following the trial, before referred to, mention only four deserters, of whom two escaped or were liberated.

govern as their captain and they shall follow him in war on all occasions in the service of his majesty as he may see fit; also he shall have authority to post sentinels and guards, give signs and countersigns, and do all things necessary, according to the exigencies of the occasion, and all this subject to the authority of Juan Guerra de Reza whom I have named as my vice-governor and captain general to lead the second journey to these kingdoms, and who was first and prior hereto so named and commissioned before the viceroy of New Spain, who will give him permission and before whom he will render due homage to the power of Spain, as have the said Juan Guerra de Reza and my sergeant major and maestre de campo, faithfully and diligently to comply with the duties of said post and observe all the rules of war; and I command the soldiers who enlist under him that they recognize and hold him as their captain, obey and respect his commands, under such penalties as he may impose; and to my maestre de campo, my officers major and minor and the soldiers and men of peace and war of my army I command they consider and esteem the said Gaspar de Villagr  as said captain of cavalry and recognize and observe all the privileges, pre minences, and liberties that pertain to him by virtue of said commission without omitting any which for the present I have received and receive for his benefit and for him, for which I give this authority and commission as I have it from the king, our lord.

Given and signed at the pueblo of Santo Domingo, March 10, 1599.

DON JUAN DE O ATE

By command of the governor,  
JUAN BOCANEGRA

## APPENDIX O

### VILLAGR  APPOINTED A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF WAR. 1599

**D**ON Juan de O ate, governor and captain general [etc.].  
Whereas in matters of importance and note it is essential to choose persons worthy and qualified for the same, which in this case is the service of God, our Lord, and his majesty; for the common good of the natives and in order to inflict the just punishment which I have ordered on the Indians of  coma for having killed

by base treachery Don Juan de Zaldívar Oñate, *maestre de campo*, general of the army of his majesty, and ten other captains and soldiers and two youths, I have named Vicente de Zaldívar, sergeant major, captain and head of the companies, as my lieutenant and vice-governor and captain general. And for the same purpose I name a council of war; and since Gaspar de Villagr , captain of horse and procurador general of this army, has served his majesty in this journey faithfully on all occasions, in all the advances and expeditions that he has made, giving good account always of every trust he has been given, and owing to his experience in war and trusting in his ability and good judgment and that his present task will be well done, in the manner that will best serve God, our Lord, and his majesty, and that the universal peace we seek and long for may be made certain:

For the present in the name of the king, our lord, I elect and appoint you as one of the council of war which according to my orders, under command of the sergeant major, is to inflict the punishment aforesaid. I command all my major officers and all the men of war and of peace that they regard and consider the said captain and procurador general as such with all the honors, liberties, privileges, and pre minences that by reason of said office pertain thereto.

From the present I consider and admit you to said office and authorize you to use the power thereto pertaining whenever you see fit in the same manner as I have the same from his majesty.

Given and sealed with the seal of my office at this pueblo of San Juan Bautista, January 11, 1599.

DON JUAN DE O ATE

By command of the governor,  
JUAN GUTI RREZ BOCANEGRA

## APPENDIX P

### LETTER FROM FRAY CRIST BAL DE SALAZAR TO CAPTAIN VILLAGR .

1599

TO Captain Gaspar P rez de Villagr , *Vtere, q. Gladi d. C  en Acoma* (You who fought at Acoma).

For the old, a seat by the fireside; enough of new conquests; you leap from limb to limb and from rock to rock with the strength



of youth, though toothless, gray, and bald. I will swear, without fear of committing perjury, that you have me bewitched; not bewitched with sorcery but by your virtues; not by charms but by your personality and by the knowledge of the many services you have rendered this republic, and in truth you have converted your cuirass into a crown which in this life honors you, a crown adorned with achievements in the service of his majesty and which will glorify you in the eternal.

To the good Captain Farfán, Hierónimo Márquez, Ensign Lizama, Dionisio de Bañuelos, Hernándo de Hinojos, Juan de Carbajal, Cristóbal Sánchez, and to all of ours, I send my particular greetings and embraces.

From this real [San Juan Bautista], January 30, 1599.

Your chaplain,

CRISTÓBAL DE SALAZAR

## APPENDIX Q

### LETTER FROM OÑATE TO CAPTAIN VILLAGRÁ. 1599

TO Gaspar de Villagrá, captain and procurador general of the council of war of New Mexico, governor of Ácoma.

A hundred times I congratulate myself on having such captains and such worthy and successful soldiers; and since it is nothing new for you to distinguish yourself in the service of God and your majesty, as you did in the conquest, both will fittingly reward you; and for me, believe that I have lost all ill-feeling for you whom may the Lord preserve as I well desire.\*

At the capital, May 30, 1599.

DON JUAN DE OÑATE

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\* These letters are translated as literally as possible, yet in correct English. In order to assure Villagrá of his esteem, Oñate says he has "lost all ill-feeling" for him!

## APPENDIX R

CERTIFICATION OF VILLAGRÁ'S  
SERVICES. 1610 \*

I, NICOLÁS de Zepeda, accountant and chief scribe of the office of the armaments and fleet which are being made in the contracting yards of the Indies of this City of Seville, by command of the king, our lord, certify, that in the records of the expenses of the armaments and fleet which were sent to the province of New Spain in the year past, 1608, and returned the next year, 1609, and of which Don Lope Diaz de Almendariz was captain, there appears a declaration which Alo (Alonso) de Camino, scribe to your majesty and mayor of said armament and fleet, gave, wherein he makes account and report of the men of war who served the fleet; among them appears the name of Captain Gaspar de Villagr , a native of Puebla de los Angeles, son of Hern n P rez, well built, gray-haired tinged with red, fifty years of age. He enlisted as a soldier in said expedition and served with it from the 8th day of June of the said year of 1609 [1608], until the 7th day of September of the next, and was discharged in the Port of San Lucar de Barrameda with the rest of the men of war of said fleet; that in said place he served in place of Anto (Antonio) Ro, soldier, who absented himself from his in the said fleet in September of the said year 1608, in New Spain, as is more fully set forth at length. It appears by said book and declaration of said scribe to which I make reference and to his petition of said Captain Gaspar de Villagr . I gave the present declaration which he wrote, in Seville, in the said contracting house, on the 10th of the month of May, 1610.

In testimony of the truth,

NICOL S DE ZEPEDA, *chief scribe*.

[*On the reverse*] Captain Villagr  prays that for the love of God this petition be granted.

\* Copied by Fanny R. Bandelier, A. G. I., 148-7-26.

## APPENDIX S

VILLAGRÁ PETITIONS FOR RETURN TO  
NEW SPAIN. 1613 \*

**C**APTAIN Gaspar de Villagr . As he requested in capacity of soldier on July 8, 1613.

Most Powerful Sir:

Captain Gaspar de Villagr  declares that as it appears by this certification which he presents, he came from New Spain where he served your highness in the expedition in which Don Lope Diaz de Almendariz was general, and being here petitions your highness that he be received in your service in view of the services he has rendered on the occasions presented, and now it has come to his attention that these services have been criticized and belittled, imputing that he was more than five hundred leagues from there when they occurred, and so for his honor and innocence and person it is necessary for him to return to New Spain.

He humbly prays that your highness will grant him permission to return to the said New Spain and, having no other means of going, that he be given free passage and a poor ration in this expedition which is to leave for said New Spain that they may receive him and give him lands in accordance with his person and deserts, which favor he humbly prays for; when he could, he graciously served your majesty with many thousands of ducats gratuitously loaned, and with his person and life, and that in this God will be served and to him favor.

GASPAR DE VILLAGR 

## APPENDIX T

## THE PUNISHMENT OF VILLAGR . 1614 \*\*

**I**N the criminal case which has been officially tried by prosecution of your majesty's fiscal of this royal audiencia of Mexico against Captain Gaspar P rez de Villagr  concerning his service in

\* Copied by Fanny R. Bandelier, A. G. I., 148-7-26. This petition apparently was made owing to Villagr 's desire to return to New Spain to answer the charges that had been preferred in connection with the cruelties inflicted in New Mexico. See the following document.

\*\* From A. G. I., *Audiencia of Mexico*, 28.

New Mexico, for having left those provinces in pursuit of Juan Rodríguez Moreno, Matias Rodríguez, Manuel Portugués, and Juan González, soldiers, as they were said to have fled from the army:

Having overtaken them near the Valle de Todos Santos he beheaded Manuel and Juan González without trial and without giving them time to confess, and he let the other two go for various reasons. From this same place, moreover, he wrote a letter to the viceroy of New Spain praising in very high terms the goodness, richness, and fertility of the provinces of New Mexico while the land was in fact very sterile, poor, and contained fewer people than claimed.

For the guilt revealed in this trial I sentence the said Captain Gaspar Pérez de Villagrà to banishment from the provinces of New Mexico for a time and space of exactly six years, to exile from this court for five leagues roundabout for two years; and during the said two years of expatriation from this court he may neither possess nor use the office or charge of captain. In addition I condemn him to pay the costs of this case.

And by this my sentence, judging thus, I so order and proclaim, with the agreement of the licentiate Antonio de Morga, my asesor.

THE MARQUIS OF GUADALCÁZAR  
DOCTOR ANTONIO DE MORGÁ

#### *Pronouncement of the Sentence*

In the City of Mexico, May 13, 1614, the very excellent Don Diego Fernández de Córdoba, Marquis of Guadalcázar, viceroy and lieutenant of the king our lord, governor and captain general of this New Spain and president of the audiencia and royal chancery there, etc., gave and pronounced the above sentence as written, it being first signed by him and by his asesor. Witnesses

...

### APPENDIX U DESCRIPTION OF PLATE X

THE inscription shown in Plate X reads, "*Paso por aqui el adelantado Don Juan de Oñate del descubrimiento de la mar del Sur a 16 de Abril 1606.*" With respect to the date, Bandelier in an unpublished "Preliminary Report on the most val-

uable Inscriptions still visible on the 'Rock of El Morro'," dated October 30, 1888, and addressed to Frank Hamilton Cushing (original in possession of F. W. Hodge), comments as follows: "The inscription is genuine, only the year, which has been reconstructed as 1606, is erroneous. Oñate left San Gabriel on the 7th of October, 1604, and returned thither on the 25th of April, 1605. The date must therefore be 16th of April 1605. Not as I myself suggested 1604. But of the genuineness of the inscription there is not the least possible doubt."

If the date has been altered and is not an error on the part of the petrographer, then the change was made before September 17-18, 1849, when "Lt. J. H. Simpson USA. & R. H. Kern Artist, visited and copied these inscriptions," for in Simpson's *Journal of a Military Reconnaissance from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to the Navajo Country* (Washington, 1850, pl. 69), the date is plainly given as 1606.

The inscription, it will be observed, was carved across an ancient Indian pictograph.—F. W. Hodge.

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